

VERY DRUNK AND DISORDERLY

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Summary

Will is a young beat cop in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Halfway into a very long shift, he gets called to a bar fight in progress. And guess who just happens to be smack dab in the middle of all the ruckus?

Or the one where Will meets the Bad Man from Bucharest and gets more than he bargained for....

Notes

CS here, this is the first collaborated work between myself and you_are_as_alone_as_I_am and of course, we got dirty. Please, please, if dubcon is not your cup of tea, pass on this. It is marked as such for REASONS! Nigel is NOT a nice man in this one, and the word no is not in his vocabulary. But if this is your kind of kink, please read on and let us know what you thought of our first venture in writing together!

Chapter 1

If he didn't appreciate socializing before, Mardis Gras was a full-color illustration of all the reasons Officer Will Graham wouldn't enjoy the company of several hundred of his intoxicated fellow citizens. He was a beat cop in New Orleans and it was late February in the heart of the most hectic season of the year. He'd spent the last two shifts pulling prostitutes off the streets, breaking up drunken fights, drug possessions, vandalizations, you name it. Rum and an influx of tourists made it a week from hell for the young policeman. He was exhausted, he wanted a drink, but he was still on shift another...well, way too many hours, he thought, looking at his watch. He rubbed his hand over his face and popped another aspirin when the next call came in. Public intoxication and a disturbance in progress, a brawl going down in a pub in the French Quarter. Great, nice and relaxing.

Will pulled the squad car up in front of the place, lights flashing. Sirens were useless; the racket and music would drown it out. Pushing his way through the door where people were gathered around, the sound of shattering glass punctuated the scene clearly. Even intoxicated, most people knew to move out of the way, and he looked down at the fight in progress. A long-haired, somewhat muscular-looking man loomed over another, fist pulled back, blood pouring from his victim's face. He held out his hand and approached the aggressor, trying to make eye contact even if briefly to see just exactly how inebriated he was. "Stop! That's enough for tonight, come on," he said in a firm voice, loud above the din. Things had quieted a bit since he'd walked in, luckily.

Nigel had been having a wonderful night, enjoying the unique festivities of Mardi Gras as only a first time participant could, soaking up the sin that seemed to scream through the air and bleed into his skin with every pulse of the riotous, joyful music that fueled the seething mass filling the streets of New Orleans. The irony of it all was not lost on the bad man from Bucharest, the fact that the entire city was hell-bent on celebrating every conceivable form of debauchery that it could pack into the next few days just so they could repent of it all in the Holy Days that followed.... It almost felt like home.

And then some fucking twat had decided he didn't like the look of Nigel's face or the oddness of his accent or whatever the fucking excuse had been and had thrown a haymaker in his direction.

Well, if Nigel was familiar with any particular sin, wrath had to right up there at the top of the list.

Grinning like a madman, Nigel had abandoned his beer at the bar and given his full attention to the man who seemed to want it so badly. As friendly bar fights went, this one wasn't bad, his opponent not so intoxicated as to make the brawl completely one-sided to the point Nigel would become bored, but not dangerous enough to be a true threat and force the gangster to escalate from gratuitous violence to deadly seriousness. It was all in good fun, after all.

The brawl was winding down, the local boy all but out of it and dangling from the grip Nigel had on his shirt when a firm, authoritative voice ordered a halt to the proceedings. Well fuck. It sounded like some spoilsport had gone and called the cops.

Releasing the half-conscious man to thud back onto the floor of the now quiet bar, Nigel tossed the hair out of his eyes and stood to his full height. Looking towards where the voice had come from, his eyes confirmed what his ears had told him. Sure enough, the law had arrived but Nigel couldn't quite remember the law looking quite this good before. Lean and lanky, the officer appeared to be a good decade younger than Nigel, clean cut and square-jawed. Dark curls framed a face that managed to be both delicate and masculine at the same time and those baby blues flashed in annoyance, the younger man all too aware of how Nigel was looking at him.

Smirking at the uncomfortable look in the other man's gaze, Nigel let his amusement show. "What seems to be the problem officer?"

Oh. When the man stood to full height, Will felt the heat rising up in his cheeks. Clearly rough-looking but devastatingly handsome, with exotic features, high cheekbones that looked like they could cut glass, and penetrating amber eyes. "Yeah, I'd say it's clear what the problem is. Stay where you are, hands above your head," he directed in an even voice, though it didn't come out as firmly as he'd intended.

Letting his smirk evolve into a full-blown leer, Nigel let his gaze wander over the young officer once more before returning it to the now blushing face of the other man. "Gorgeous, there are a lot of places I'd like to be putting my hands right now, but above my own fucking head is not one of them." Nigel knew it wasn't a bright idea to antagonize a cop, but damn that blush was so fucking pretty. Nigel wanted to see just how deeply he could make it go. Well, this wasn't the first time he had let his dick do his thinking for him.....

Will's mouth fell open slightly in shock at the forward comment. Was he...flirting? He shook the thought as best he could. He couldn't place the accent- something European, he guessed - but it dripped off his tongue and right down his spine. He chose denial, not answering in an effort to keep control of the situation, instead licking his lips; they were suddenly so dry.

With one hand on his sidearm, the other on his radio, Will spoke into it, kneeling to check the unfortunate man crumpled on the floor for injuries. They seemed to be superficial wounds, a cut on his jaw and a bloody nose. He was conscious and sitting up and Will requested an ambulance on his radio before standing. "Help is on the way. I'll get your details from the paramedics. Come on, let's get you moved," he said, nodding for the barkeep to help get him out of the way of foot traffic.

The injured man relatively safe now, his gaze flickered over to the blond man. "Okay, come with me. Outside," Will said, taking him by the arm and trying not to notice how thick his bicep was. "Tell me your name," he demanded as he led him to the sidewalk and to his car.

Nigel allowed the smaller man to lead him out of the still crowded bar and out onto the equally crowded street to where his squad car was parked, flexing his arm slightly just to feel those long, delicate fingers dig into his muscle in reaction. Nigel found he liked the sensation and wondered how those fingers would feel clawing down his back or gripping his ass as he drilled into the tight, lithe body so perfectly showcased by the officer's fitted uniform.

Smirking slightly at the images dancing through his head, Nigel stopped when indicated, turning to lean casually against the side of the black and white he had been led to. "Now why would I do that, Officer..." Leaning in a bit to peer at the little name tag pinned under the shiny badge on the officer's chest, Nigel continued, "W. Graham is it? And even if I fucking did, I might lie."

Leaning back again, Nigel's smirk only curled his lips higher at the way the younger man had flinched just the tiniest bit at the close proximity and the way his eyes had gone wide and blown. "Probably best if you just make fucking sure, right? Passport's in my back pocket, Officer Graham. But since you don't fucking know for a fact what else might be in there, maybe you want to fucking reach in there yourself darling? Just to be safe? And if you ask very fucking nicely, I might even assume the fucking position..." Nigel watched with growing lust as his taunt had the desired effect, making that lovely blush reappear on the fair-skinned officer fidgeting in front of him.

Will swallowed thickly; the nearness of the taller, broad-chested man was unnerving. Beyond unnerving really, especially for a man who cherished his boundaries and personal space. This guy didn't seem to care about his discomfort, in fact he seemed to enjoy it.

Will could hear his own blood in his ears as Nigel crowded him. He realized how tightly he was gripping his thick bicep, and let go quickly, like he was made of fire. He was teasing him. Will's blue eyes darkened, and he looked at the man's pocket, where he'd indicated his identification was; he didn't trust at all that he wasn't armed, in fact, he knew he needed to check him for that anyway. "I'm glad you know how this works. It'll make it easier," he gestured to the back of his squad car. "Make your way slowly and put your hands on the trunk. Any funny business and you'll be in far worse trouble than you are now," Will said, trying to sound stern in spite of his pounding heart. Why did this guy have to be so hot? He needed to get ahold of himself and be professional about this.

"Oh darling, I don't think I'm the one in fucking trouble here, but we can play it your way for now." The words were an easy drawl as Nigel moved to the back of the car, deliberately brushing his body against Will's as he passed. Placing both hands flat on the lid of the trunk, he casually spread his legs and looked over his shoulder, waiting.

The brunet looked him up and down, feeling his legs frozen in place as he stared. His shirt clung to his long, broad back, which was arched just enough to accentuate a firm, muscular backside and thick thighs encased in tight denim. Will licked his lips, nostrils flaring.

When the younger man didn't move after a minute, Nigel cocked a mocking eyebrow at him. "Are you going to frisk me boy, or you just going to stand there all night enjoying the fucking view?" That delightful blush deepened as the officer startled, Nigel's voice spurring him into motion as he moved towards where the older man waited. Nigel couldn't help but goad him further, loving how the young police officer got more and more flustered every time Nigel taunted him. Nigel could see the desire blooming in the other man's eyes as clear as day and it was turning him on as well. What made the situation even more enticing was the very clear fact that Officer Graham had no idea as to what to do about it, and didn't that just make this fucking fun as hell? "I'm beginning to think you aren't entirely fucking focused on your job here, Officer Graham. Something distracting you, maybe?"

"I'm focused, don't worry about that," Will shot back defensively, the words spurring him into action. He ran his hands up and down the older man's arms, down his torso, trying not to linger too long past the sinew of thick forearms, over his abdomen and down to his hips. He skated briefly down his thighs and up to his backside, locating several weapons; a gun tucked in the small of his back and a knife clipped to the inside ankle of one boot. Will reached

around and finally pulled his passport out, leaving Nigel to stand close a few moments longer than necessary. "Nigel Ibanescu. Bucharest Romania. Hmmm." He pocketed them and then pulled a pair of handcuffs from his belt. "Please stand and put your hands behind your back," Will started, launching into a rather unconvincing version of the Miranda Rights. It was for the assault, and he was trying to tell himself there was surely nothing exciting about having this man restrained in the back of his squad car, but his body seemed to be having other ideas. Long fingers curled into the thick wrist as he secured him and began walking him back to the door of the car.

"So fucking polite, Officer Graham, with your pleases and rights and such. And you didn't even take the opportunity to fucking get a feel of what you've been staring at so fucking hard at since we met. What a good and proper boy you are...." Nigel grunted softly as he was shoved against the side of the car, his back hitting it with a bit more force than the officer had used on him before. That told Nigel he was getting under the other man's skin and he absolutely loved it. Will leaned across where he held Nigel against the car to open the backseat door and Nigel took the opportunity to lean in close, inhaling the younger man's scent loudly and humming in approval. Will had frozen in place at the close proximity and it took nothing for Nigel to tilt his head down to close the inches that separated his mouth from the other man's ear. "Tell me, darling, what would it take to break you out of that shell of yours and make you moan for me?"

A small whimper escaped his lips at the gruff man's words, and he was furious with himself for letting it happen. He smelled of bourbon, cigarettes, leather and musk, an intoxicating blend that sent heat shooting to his groin. "Goddamn it," he cursed, partly at himself and partly at the other man. "That's enough. J-j-j-just...just watch your head, will you?" he snarled, guiding him inside with a frown. He just hoped he wasn't showing his half hard state through his trousers.

Closing the door, he paused before opening the driver's side door, taking in several gulps of air to try and clear his head. He had to get ahold of himself. It was probably just stress and lack of sleep, he reasoned, and climbed in, adjusting his mirror and trying to avoid the amber gaze that looked back at him. He hoped there wouldn't be small talk, but the silence might make it almost worse. "What brought you here to New Orleans, then?" he finally said, needing to do something to bridge the tension in the air.

"Small talk then, heh? All right, Officer Graham, why the fuck not. I came for business, and stayed for pleasure." Nigel shifted in the backseat as if trying to get comfortable when in reality he was working the slim, tiny pick in his back pocket loose with careful fingers. A stroke of luck that Will had been too distracted to find it during the brief frisking he had performed. Well, good for Nigel anyway. Maybe good for Will, too. The kid was all but squirming in the front seat and Nigel could smell the musk of his arousal in the close

confines of the squad car. Nigel had just managed to get the slender piece of metal out of his pocket and turned towards the cuffs restraining him when the car hit what felt like one hell of a pothole in the road and the pick fell from his awkward hold to bounce across the seat and out of reach.

“Doamne nenorocitul!” Nigel all but spat the curse, the loss of the pick making his plans for getting his hands on the hot little number in the front seat that much more difficult. He could always dislocate his thumb, but Nigel wasn’t sure how much time he would have to pop it back into place before the other man might realize what he was about. Best just to wait for an opportunity to present itself. Nigel could be patient, for now.... Shifting in his seat again, Nigel sent a scowl towards the rearview mirror to cover the reason for his sudden outburst. “Watch the fucking potholes, would ya? It’s fucking uncomfortable enough back here without you bouncing me the fuck around.”

The smoky accent made it hard for the cop to think straight, and he tried nonchalantly adjusting himself as he drove. When he hit the pothole, it caught him off guard as much as it had Nigel. “Yeah, yeah,” he muttered. His radio blared unexpectedly, the station trying to reach him about his arrest.

“Yes, subject detained. No, no, wait, what?” Will sputtered. The muffled voice at the other end of the radio advised him both Central Lockup and Orleans Parish were full, crowded with drunks from Mardi Gras. Even Metairie was full. They were being rerouted to Gonzales. A full hour away, and it was going to be a long drive through empty swampland. “Fuck my life,” he muttered under his breath.

“Well, Nigel, get comfortable. We’re going for a drive,” he said, finally making eye contact again through the bars with the man in his back seat.

“Don’t know if I can manage that, gorgeous, but I’ll do my fucking best. Though it doesn’t fucking hurt that my chauffeur is so damned pretty....” The older man just laughed at the glare sent his way before settling back to see where this night was going to lead.

Pretty? How dare he. Will’s scowl deepened as his cheeks burned even brighter. “I’m not a chauffeur, I’m an arresting police officer and you...you attacked a man. You’re probably still drunk. Try not to...to uh, vomit back there, especially with these potholes,” Will snapped sarcastically, trying for all the world to sound intimidating but coming off more like an

adorably angry puppy. He licked his lips again, suddenly very thirsty and looking around for a bottle of water. He found one and unscrewed the top with one hand, tipping his head back to take a long drink as he navigated the roads. He told himself this guy must still be tipsy to be trying to flirt with him like that. It had to be that. No one ever looked twice at him, that he ever noticed.

Nigel stayed silent until he noticed that they were heading into a less populated area of the city and before long, even past that. Wherever the officer was taking him, he was using the backroads to get there. Perfect. "I'm not going to puke in your car little man, but I might piss in it if we don't get to where we're fucking going fairly quickly. Otherwise, I suggest you find a nice, deserted place to pull the fuck over." The idea was far-fetched, but with as distracted as the younger man was acting, Nigel figured it was worth a shot.

Will pondered Nigel's request, blinking as he tried to think of any solutions that ran counter to his suggestion and coming up empty. No rest stops, no gas stations, nothing. "Yeah, alright," he relented and turned off down a dirt road. Gravel crunched beneath his tires as he finally brought the car to a stop and unbuckled himself, opening the door. They were in the middle of fucking nowhere. He just had to keep his wits about him and remind himself he was trained and this guy wouldn't get the upper hand. He'd have to force himself not to look at those alpine cheekbones or full lips. Certainly not how his biceps strained at his short sleeved shirt. Nope, none of that.

He opened the car door and pulled him out and upright. With a grunt, Will manhandled him to the side of the road and into the grass. He paused as he realized he'd have to uncuff him and eyed him warily. This was a horrible idea. "Are you going to cooperate if I uncuff you?" he asked, trying to get a read on the man, but unable to. He was far too distracted and it was ramping up his anxiety.

Allowing himself to be hauled from the back of the car and steered towards the side of the road, Nigel laughed at the absurd question the younger man posed to him. Was this kid for real? "Whether I fucking will or won't, don't see how you have much fucking choice in the matter. Unless of course, you're offering to unzip my pants, pull out my cock and fucking hold it for me while I piss, Officer Graham? Your choice gorgeous. Can't say I'll fucking mind either way."

Nigel leered evilly at the other man, knowing before he spoke that the cuffs would be coming off. There was no fucking way the blushing, uncertain young officer was going to willingly

touch Nigel that way. Not yet, no matter how much Nigel could see the lustful want in his guilty blue eyes.

Dark curls fell across Will's face into his eyes, and he shook his head in frustration, refusing to make eye contact. Unfortunately, that left his gaze to land right on the area in question, the Romanian's fly. Will felt his mouth go dry at the suggestion in his thickly accented voice. "That won't be...necessary," he said with a sniff, still trying to maintain the upper hand and failing miserably.

He tried to control his breathing, but it was audible through his nostrils and even he noticed it. He let his lips part and tried steadying his respiration. "Let's just get this over with quickly, and no shenanigans, I'm warning you," he said, the keys jangling in shaky fingers as he pulled thick wrists free of the cuffs and stepped back.

Nigel rolled his shoulders to loosen the tension built up from being restrained behind his back and then moved as if to undo his fly. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Will still staring at him. "Don't want to touch it, but you sure as fuck want a look, don't you boy? Either come over here so you can see better or turn the fuck away."

Will's blue eyes finally met Nigel's as he tried to gather his courage. "You may think I'm easy, but I'm not stupid enough to take my eyes off you for a second," he countered, but even as the words left him, sweat gathered at his temples as he tried to resist the urge to look down. He folded his arms across his chest stubbornly and nodded. "Go ahead. This isn't a show, as much as you'd like it to be," he said, a hint of flirtation in his voice that he immediately regretted.

"Oh angel, you really should have just turned away.. Then I wouldn't have had to do this..."

Not giving the other man a chance to react, Nigel's arm snapped out, swinging wide and catching the unprepared officer in a harsh, backhanded blow. Hard enough to stun but not enough to seriously damage, the blow did what Nigel had intended it to, snapping the kid's head around and causing him to stumble blindly, his back now to Nigel's advancing form.

Will saw stars as he felt himself fall backwards, and he shook his head to try and recover, reaching for his sidearm. "What..." he started as he began to turn.

Wrapping both arms around the still stunned man, Nigel pinned his flailing limbs tight to his sides to prevent him from drawing his weapon. “Now now darling, there’s no need for that. We wouldn’t want you to hurt yourself.” Using his greater strength to his advantage, Nigel hauled the struggling officer back over to the squad car, forcing him over the top of the trunk and keeping him pinned there with a hard hand between his shoulder blades.

Will tried to calm the rising panic in his mind, and jerked back, the back of his head catching Nigel’s forehead as he attempted a headbutt. He wrenched at his arms, desperately trying to knock himself free. “Fucking....stop! You...you can’t,” he stammered, grunting with effort as he struggled.

Nigel grunted in annoyance as the boy’s head made glancing contact with his own forehead, doing no damage but making the larger man jerk back enough to almost lose his hold on the writhing body beneath his own. Something banged against Nigel’s thigh and when he looked down, the nightstick hanging from Will’s duty belt made him smile. Reaching for it just as Will gave another heave, trying to buck his way out from underneath the weight pinning him, causing Nigel to have to scramble to hang on to him.

“Oh no gorgeous, you’re not fucking going anywhere just yet.” Yanking the baton from its holder, Nigel managed to get it around the younger man’s neck, exerting just enough force to threaten his air supply but not enough to crush his windpipe. Pulling until Will was forced upright and arched backwards into the hard plane of Nigel’s chest, the older man controlled the weakening struggles easily, taking the opportunity to press a kiss to Will’s sweaty temple, watching dispassionately as his face rapidly turned a deep magenta. “Don’t struggle darling, it won’t do you any fucking good and it only makes me want to hurt you,” Nigel cooed in his ear, smiling because he knew the other man wouldn’t give up or in just yet. And the was fine. Nigel did love a challenge and the fire still flashing in those baby blues despite the suffocating hold Nigel had around his throat promised one hell of a fuck once he had the smaller man properly helpless.

Will continued to fight, but when the nightstick hit his throat, he knew if he was going to get out of this alive, he had to change tactics. “Okay, okay,” he protested in a choked whine “I’ll do what you want. What do you want from me?” he implored. Oh, he was so fucked. He just hoped somehow he could regain control of the situation but for right now he had to convince Nigel he’d relax and cooperate.

Not believing the sudden cooperative note in the smaller man’s voice for a minute, Nigel decided to play along, curious as to just how far the officer would go. “That’s better, gorgeous. Now, where did you put those lovely little fucking handcuffs of yours, Officer

Graham? I think they'll look much better on you than they did on me, don't you agree?"

Nigel eased the pressure of the nightstick just enough for the choking man to breathe. It would be no fun if his new friend passed out now.

"Behind you. I dropped them," Will replied. "What do you want?" he asked again, trying to breathe normally as he took in huge gulps of air.

Nigel laughed low and mean as he glanced over his shoulder and located the cuffs lying in the dirt on the side of the road before turning back to nip at Will's ear with sharp teeth. "Oh, quite a fucking lot, I'm afraid. If you haven't figured that out yet, then you haven't been paying fucking attention, darling." Pushing his groin tight against the lush curve of the smaller man's ass, Nigel let the hard, bulging length of his cloth-covered erection emphasize his statement. "Do I have your fucking attention now, boy?"

Will was heaving trembling breaths, adam's apple bobbing up the length of his neck as he realized his fate. Bile rose in his throat and sweat began to drip down his brow. "Please, please don't do this," he begged. "I'll let you go. No charges, nothing, please..." He could feel his spine lock in fear as he struggled to keep his stomach from lurching.

"Sssshhh, darling," Nigel cooed into the suddenly pale man's ear, "it's far too early in the proceedings for you to be begging already. And as to what you will *let* me do, I think we both know you're not the one in charge of this fucking situation and I'll be doing whatever the fuck I want with you."

Will hated himself for the whimper he let out, knowing it was the worst possible thing in this situation but feeling helpless. His police officer mind still churning, he wondered what he could even do at this point. Maybe he'd have to wait it out. He just knew for the moment he would have to do as Nigel said and pray he could come up with a plan before...before Nigel got what he wanted from him.

Releasing the nightstick to clatter noisily to the ground, Nigel wrapped one big hand around the slender column of Will's throat, not choking, but the threat that he *could* was blatant. The other hand made short work of undoing the duty belt from Will's waist, tossing it casually onto the hood of the trunk before that long arm was wrapping tightly around the younger man, moving him with Nigel as he turned back towards where the cuffs lay in the dirt.

“Now, tell me pet...what does the *W* on you shiny little name tag stand for? I can hardly keep calling you Officer Graham while making you scream for me...”

“It’s...W-w-w-will,’ he stammered. “I can do other things for you, you know, I’ve never...I’ve done that, with a man, but I can...use m-m-my mouth,” he offered, trying to sound unthreatening, soft, meek if it were possible. Perhaps if he could get into that position he could disarm the man, he hoped, at any rate. He couldn’t see behind him and getting any read other than hostile and dangerous was utterly impossible.

Nigel’s grip tightened reflexively on the slender body he held against his own at the soft admission. *God*, a fucking virgin.... How someone as alluring as Will could have gone untouched for so long was beyond Nigel, but he wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Will would be so *sensitive*, every touch Nigel gave him new and overwhelming. And he would be so fucking *tight* when Nigel slid into him for the first time. Fighting the urge to just strip the younger man bare and have him then and there, Nigel pressed a harsh kiss to the side of Will’s neck.

“Have you never, darling? Well, that’s a crying shame. But don’t worry, we’re about to rectify that quite fucking thoroughly, I promise. And as for your little offer to suck me off with that pretty pink mouth of yours? Yeah, we’ll be getting to that, too.” Not waiting for a response, Nigel shoved a knee into the back of Will’s thigh, forcing the younger man to his knees and quickly following him down. Snagging the cuffs up from the ground, it was the work of only minutes to wrestle the trembling man into the restraints and leave him kneeling at his feet when Nigel stood.

Big, blue eyes, rimmed with dark lashes and damp with fear looked up at Nigel, desperately hoping to find a shred of humanity or pity there, to somehow convey how sincerely he wanted to extricate himself from this, but there was nothing there. Nigel’s eyes looked blood red, a deep crimson shade of brown, dark with his obvious enjoyment and lust. Will’s gaze dropped then, to Nigel’s fly, the ridge of his erection visible. Will knew better than to fight against the cuffs; it was futile and would only weaken him. He licked his lips, eye flitting back up to Nigel. Whatever happened, he was going to have to tough this out until he could figure out what to do - if anything. The man was attractive, but that was rather besides the point. He knelt there, breath coming in harsh, panicked pants. “I don’t understand why you’re doing this,” he said in a broken voice.

Nigel’s hand snapped out, snagging in Will’s curls, jerking his head back and forcing Will’s upper body into an uncomfortable arc as Nigel crouched over him. Using the hand he had fisted in the other man’s hair, he brought their faces close enough to brush his lips gently over

Will's in a mocking parody of a lover's kiss. "That was almost believable, darling. If not for the fact that, despite the pretty tears you're trying so very fucking hard to hold back, you're half fucking hard in those tight blue pants of yours." Nigel's free hand cupped the younger man high between his spread knees, roughly massaging the flesh there mercilessly. "Almost as good as a fucking invitation to have you, if you ask me..."

Will reeled backwards and gasped, a needy little sound that he cursed himself for, nonetheless it was out, betraying him. The scent of cigarettes, whiskey and musky sweat filled his flared nostrils, and he kept as still as he could, stiffly meeting Nigel's "kiss" with nothing. His tongue darted out immediately afterwards as if to clean the contact from his mouth, but all that succeeded in doing was giving him a better taste, and his cock twitched again tellingly..

Nigel was of course right, his body was responding in spite of - or maybe because of- his fear. "It's just physical response to stimulation, I...I truly *don't*," he protested. A sharp intake of breath punctuated his words, his own dick taunting him as badly as Nigel did. He knelt in front of the other man, arms behind his back, arched uncomfortably as he waited in anticipation of what would come.

"Oh darling, you really shouldn't. I was going to be so *nice* to you, but if you want to hang on to that little lie a bit longer I am more than fucking ready to oblige you. Pretend this is rape if that's what turns you one. I don't mind." Cranking Will's head back to a painful degree, Nigel slammed his mouth down, forcing Will's jaw wide to accommodate the press of teeth and tongue in a devouring kiss. Plunging deep into the wet heat of the younger man's mouth, Nigel mapped it thoroughly, refusing to release him from the embrace no matter how much he squirmed in his hold until the smaller form he held in his arms was trembling and a shuddering against his own. Pulling back enough to be able to take in the wrecked look on Will's face, Nigel smiled wickedly. "Still sure you don't want this?"

Panting hard, Will's voice came out in a high-pitched tone he'd never before heard from himself. "Yes. Yes, okay, Nigel," he said, forming his name deliberately and slowly to try and focus. "Anything you want, anything. I'll do it," he said, hoping to the gods he'd somehow be able to get through whatever was about to happen. As if on cue, the wetness from the tip of his hard cock spread over the fabric inside his briefs and darkened a small patch on his police trousers. "Oh no," he said, eyes motioning down, almost like a child being caught.

Tracking down to where Will's gaze had gone, Nigel's smile turned positively wolfish. "You may not believe a word of what you just said angel, but your body doesn't fucking lie and

that will fucking do for now. But trust me, darling, it won't be long till you're moaning for it."

Releasing the restrained man for now, Nigel stood and moved back to the car. Snagging the keys from the duty belt still laying on the trunk lid, he quickly opened it, rummaging around a bit before finding what he was looking for. Trust the American police to have just about everything under the sun in their first aid kits. Including medical grade lubricant. Slamming the trunk closed again, Nigel turned back to where he had left Will kneeling in the grass.

Holding up the tube so Will could see it clearly, Nigel offered an evil grin. "It's your lucky day, gorgeous. This should make taking my cock the first time a bit easier, maybe the second time, too if I haven't fucked you nice and loose by that point."

The gravity of the sight hit him hard. Will swallowed slowly and blinked, his gaze falling over the gruff, muscular man. God, he'd occasionally looked twice at a buff guy here or there in training, in the gym, the locker room, hell, he'd seen a lot even for his relatively young years, and he'd had a few forbidden thoughts that made him realize maybe he wasn't completely straight, but the way he felt that slow heat settling his belly at something that should strictly be terrifying for him gave him pause. His lips damp with sweat and his own spit from licking them way too much, he nodded. "I'm grateful for the...uhh...consideration," he said quietly. The fact that he was getting more and more turned on by this was a thought he had to put away for now.

"As well you fucking should be." Walking back to where Will still knelt, Nigel pulled him to his feet and steadied him against his bigger body when the younger man's legs threatened to give out. Pressing another hard, quick kiss to Will's lips, he lingered close enough that their breaths mingled. "I'm fucking hard enough I would have taken you dry if need be, and spit can only do so fucking much, gorgeous. Be glad I fucking bothered to look for the lube.

Now be a good boy and do exactly what I tell you and I'll make you feel so damned good you'll beg me for more."

"God, yes," came his breathless reply before he could even think to protest. His erection was throbbing now, and he bit his lower lip, looking up at Nigel through thick lashes. "W-w-what do you want me to do, Nigel?" he asked, chocolate curls falling into his face. He began to accept his fate and was now driven by his own lust and curiosity, though he was still terrified what might happen. The pain...would it be too much to bear?

“Much better darling. See, you can be good when you want to be. Now go over to the car and bend over the trunk for me, legs spread wide and ass in the air. Show me what an obedient boy you can be, angel.” Nigel’s voice came out a thick purr, please with the sudden capitulation and the lust he could see in the younger man’s eyes.

“I think...you’ll have to....undress me first, right? To present properly. Can only spread so far in these cop pants,” he said with a shaky chuckle, the heat of his blush blooming over his cheeks. God, was he flirting now? Will was more than a little ashamed of himself and burned bright pink as he looked down at himself, cock tenting the aforementioned pants obscenely.

Grinning at the playful sass, Nigel reached between them and began unfastening Will’s pants with dexterous fingers, laughing softly at the other man’s blush when his fingers brushed over the evidence of Will’s desire for what Nigel was about to do to him. “We fucking can’t have that, now can we?” Pushing the fabric from where it clung to Will’s hips, Nigel frowned at the problem presented by the sturdy boots on the boy’s feet. The narrow legs of the uniform pants would never fit over them, and Nigel, while enjoying the sudden change in the other man’s attitude, didn’t feel like giving him a chance to knee him in the face while he bent down to remove the boots.

Eyeing the trunk of the squad car for a moment, inspiration struck and Nigel bent down, throwing Will over his shoulder long enough to take the few steps needed to reach his destination. Lowering the boy to the lid of the trunk, Nigel had him sprawled out on his back, pants down around his ankles as they hung over the edge and his pretty pink cock laying hard and leaking against his uniform shirt. Working quickly to rid Will of his boots and pants, Nigel went further and ripped the boy’s uniform top open, sending buttons flying and leaving it to hang from his bound arms. “*Fuck*, don’t you look good enough to eat...”

Will was positively mortified, the apples of his cheeks beet red as he was rendered bare. He’d never felt so exposed and vulnerable before, and even in his consensual sexual experiences he had certainly never brazenly flaunted his nakedness like this. He always felt he was too scrawny to be considered attractive, and while being a cop had put a bit of muscle on him, he felt ugly, just pale, hairy legs and what he perceived to be a disproportionately fat ass that didn’t “go” with the rest of him. But the way Nigel was looking at him, combined with the air hitting his bare skin, Will only seemed to get more aroused, a long strand of precome bobbing from the end of his cock to his belly. His mouth dropped open at the Romanian’s words, blinking in some disbelief. “I...I don’t know why you say that, but thanks, I guess,” he mumbled.

Smiling at the obvious embarrassment that had the younger man squirming and blushing, Nigel's hands drifted down the flat plane of Will's stomach, caressing around his hips to finally squeeze the back of boy's thighs gently before lifting them up and out, forcing Will to spread wide and leaving him completely exposed to Nigel's hungry gaze. The older man groaned with lust, mouth watering and cock throbbing painfully in his pants as he stared down at the beautiful youth spread so helplessly beneath him. Pale and smooth with long, lean limbs that flexed and twitched under his hands, Nigel couldn't resist pushing those lovely, trembling thighs just a bit wider so he could watch the tight furl of his little pucker flex and flutter at the unfamiliar stretch. Mouth watering at the sight, Nigel didn't hesitate to lean down, pressing the flat of his tongue against the twitching muscle, licking a long, wet path from that clenching hole to the tip of his swollen cock as Will writhed and bucked beneath him.

"Oh! Oh, wait, no," Will shouted at the warm wet sensation. His hips bucked up involuntarily, so whorishly eager he was yet again horrified at his body's betrayal. It felt so foreign, so strange. "Why, you don't, you *want* to do that, do you?" he asked, panting raggedly as he craned his neck to look at Nigel. The man had a perverse look in his eyes like he did indeed want it - he wanted to lick him there. Heat pooled in his belly and his back arched as his head lolled to the side, eyes closed as he gave into the pleasure of it. "Oh, fuck," he finally sighed, his whole body alight and responsive.

Nigel huffed a laugh against the skin he was thoroughly exploring, reveling in the innocent responses that Will could not control. "So sensitive, darling.. The way you squirm for me, I fucking *love* it. Let's see what else I can make you do." Diving back in, Nigel teased the sensitive flesh of Will's rim with the wet press of lips and tongue, varying between long slow licks and sucking kisses. Slowly the tight flesh softened beneath his mouth and he was able to sink inside, twirling the tip of his tongue against the nerves just inside. Will all but bucked out of his hold then, forcing Nigel to tighten his grip to keep the writhing man in place.

Leaning back, his breath a bit heavy from his labors, Nigel let a deep growl rumbled from his chest. Soft and wet and still terribly tight, Will's hole all but begged to be touched as it tried to clench around a tongue that was no longer there. Sliding one hand down, Nigel circled the pink flesh with one big thumb before slowly pushing just the tip inside, a hiss of lust escaping between his teeth as Will immediately clamped down on the intruding digit, squirming away from the unfamiliar touch.

Will's eyes flew open at the invasion. A sharp gasp escaped his red lips and he shifted his hips, feet scrambling on the hood. It felt wrong, completely wrong, and Will had never done anything like this. He'd never so much as touched himself that way, in fact, he'd not even had a doctor touch him there. The brunet screwed his eyes shut. "Please, it - it hurts," he whined. He knew it sounded stupid given the circumstances, but he couldn't stop himself from

hyperventilating. His wrists fought the handcuffs, an automatic response to the fear and metal dug into his skin, undoubtedly bruising him.

“Easy, easy baby....” Nigel's voice was low and soothing, the boy's thrashing forcing him to remove his hand from between Will's cheeks to grip his hips instead. Using his greater strength, Nigel hauled him closer, ignoring the churning legs to press open-mouthed kisses to the soft skin of his stomach and chest in an effort to calm the panicking youth pinned beneath him. “Ssshhh, darling. It's ok, just breathe. There's always a little pain the first time Will, everyone knows that. But if you let me, I'll make it *so* fucking good.” Doing his best to curb his impatience, reminding himself that this was Will's first time, Nigel did his best to gentle his voice. “But you have to calm down gorgeous. If you keep fighting me, it's just going to fucking hurt, period. Trust me darling, you don't want that. So just breathe and try to fucking relax.”

Following the smoky, thickly accented voice, Will took a deep breath and relaxed. The cuffs still bit into his wrists, but not as badly, and his thighs went lax against Nigel's hands. He took a few more deep, slow inhales, the wet kisses doing a lot to calm him. He opened his eyes and looked down at him; warm amber eyes seemed to still be looking at him *that way*, as though he were someone to lust after, and a ruddy blush darkened alpine cheekbones. God this man really was very good looking under the rough edges. He licked his lips slowly and nodded. “I'm... I'm relaxing,” he said, though his cock twitching against his belly answered for him.

“Hmmmm....I can see you're *trying*, love. But I think you might do better if you can't move around so fucking much. Come here.” Hauling the boy off the trunk, Nigel turned him as soon as his feet hit the ground and pulled him back to lean against his own, larger form.

Holding him steady with a firm grip on those slender hips, Nigel mouthed along the soft skin of Will's neck and jaw, nipping and licking as he went. Sucking a tender earlobe into the hot heat of his mouth, the older man chuckled when the boy shuddered and pushed back against him.

Taking his time, Nigel slowly slid his hands from Will's hips, across the sensitive plane of his belly until they met at the base of his cock, long fingers wrapping around the achingly hard length and beginning a slow, teasing rhythm. Pressing his lips to the sweaty curls at Will's temple, Nigel breathed filth into the boy's ear.

“Here's what's going to happen, my pretty Will. I'm going to get you good and worked up, use my hands to stroke you till you're about ready to fucking shoot your load and then I'm going to *stop*. You'll whine and beg, but that's exactly what I fucking want. You're going to

want to come so fucking bad, you're not going to be thinking about the pain of taking my cock for the first time or being afraid or anything else except about how fucking hard I'm gonna make you lose it so that when I bend you over this fucking trunk you'll go easy for me. No fighting, just nice and fucking pliant. Then I'm gonna lube you up real good, get you nice and wet so that it feels so fucking good when I slide my fingers inside of you the only squirming you'll be doing will be trying to get them deeper in that tight little ass of yours."

Keeping the pace slow yet, Nigel watched over Will's shoulder with growing arousal as the pretty pink cock rutting up into the tunnel of his fists darkened, flushing a deep, lustful red. Thumbing the tip, Nigel growled as a thick bead of pre-come bubbled up from the slit to smear across the swollen head.

Every inch of his skin was on fire as Nigel played Will like an instrument. His own voice sounded so foreign to him, all needy moans and panting. Looking down at the huge, veiny olive hand gripping him, he rolled his hips as much as Nigel's tight embrace would allow, the pressure of his rough palm just enough to edge him further. Every filthy word from the Romanian's mouth dripped down his body and pooled between his legs and the promises he made filled Will with images he'd never even fantasized about before. Feeling a little bolder, Will thought it couldn't hurt to encourage a little, particularly now that he was actually enjoying this. "You r-r-really are going to fuck me good, hmm? I've never even had a prostate exam much less anything the size of your...mhhhh..." he stumbled, groaning as Nigel's thumb rubbing a clear strand of pre-come over his slit.

"Fuck yeah baby, I'm going to do you *real* good." Nigel's voice was harsh with the lust that was riding him, watching the younger man begin to come apart in his arms. "Look at you, fucking my hand like a good little slut, making all kinds of dirty little noises for me. Fucking hot as hell, gorgeous. Keep going, Will. Make yourself feel good baby, but you fucking tell me when you're close. You're not allowed to come yet." Nigel panted the filthy words into Will's ear, his own cock throbbing in complaint at the delay. Nigel was going to have to move things along before he came in his damn jeans from just watching the moaning man in his arms fuck himself into his fist. Speeding up the pace, Nigel pumped Will's cock with intent, driving him closer to orgasm that much faster.

Sweat dripped down his temple, his head thrown back, sagging against Nigel as he moaned with abandon now. Will was so close, his balls painfully full, and the words of encouragement only served to make him almost cry for how desperately he wanted to come. When Nigel said he couldn't, his eyes flew open and he stilled. "I'm going to come, oh fuck...please, please, F--f-f-fuck me, Nigel," he begged, biting down on his bottom lip so hard it beaded with blood from a sharp canine. He couldn't remain still, Nigel fisting him punishingly fast, and he pushed back against the bigger man's body, shaking.

Stopping mid stroke as the boy bucked in his arms, Nigel gripped the base of Will's cock mercilessly, halting the building orgasm before he could find release; the whines and mewls falling from Will's mouth sweet in his ears. When he started begging, it drew a growl from the older man's lips. "Not fucking yet, Will. Not until I'm buried balls deep inside you."

Once he was sure that the younger man had backed off the edge of climax, Nigel nudged him forward, guiding him over the top of the trunk with a firm hand on his back, brooking no hesitation or resistance. Nigel had waited long enough and now he would have what he wanted from the beautiful boy spread out before him.

Once Will was settled in place, Nigel retrieved the lube from his pocket and quickly uncapped it. Spreading the lush mounds of the younger man's ass with one hand, Nigel squeezed the clear, cool liquid directly onto the little pucker nestled there. Recapping the tube and pushing it back into his pocket for easy retrieval later, Nigel's fingers smeared the slick over and around gently, but there was an edge of eagerness to his touch now. Nigel's earlier attentions had done half the work of loosening the clenched opening, but enough time had passed that Will had started to tighten up again. Releasing the cheek he held in one hand, Nigel ran it up Will's back soothingly before wrapping around the nape of his neck firmly, holding him bent and in place.

"Easy now darling. Try and relax and you may even enjoy this." Without further warning, Nigel eased the tip of his index finger into the flesh he had been teasing, pressing forward slowly but inexorably. When the younger man predictably began whining and squirming in discomfort, Nigel's grip only tightened, clamping down cruelly on the slender column of Will's neck as he continued to press inside his tight heat. "You might as well just settle the fuck down, boy. This is happening, one way or another. It's up to you how much damage gets done. If you don't want fucking tore up, I suggest you fucking lay still like a good boy and let me stretch you out. Or if you prefer, we can skip the preliminaries and I can just fuck you open with my cock. Your choice, but better make it fucking quickly." Nigel had no real desire to hurt the young man bent over so enticingly in front of him, but his patience had come to an abrupt end the minute he felt Will's soft, wet heat wrap around his probing finger.

Will was panting and disheveled, his cheek pressed against metal, hands still behind his back and twisting around in the cuffs as Nigel probed him. It felt wrong, and he struggled to quell the panic that rose over and over with every press of the older man's thick digit inside him. At least he had the benefit of lube to ease the passage. Most disturbing to Will though was how fast he felt himself harden again over the sensation. Moments earlier he had been near the brink of orgasm. Nigel had dragged him back, but now, as he relaxed more and more, he

felt pre come yet again dripping from his slit as his hips pressed down, rutting his cock on the car beneath him.

The cop felt that burning press and then just as suddenly, Nigel's thick finger sank in all the way, almost as though it was sucked into his body, the tight ring of muscle giving way finally on one deep inhale. It didn't hurt as much, and he relaxed a little more, eyes squeezed shut as he gave in to the sensations wracking his body.

Nigel felt the moment Will's body finally surrendered, breath hissing through his teeth as he sank into that silken heat to the last knuckle. "That's it, gorgeous. Just like that. So much easier when you don't fight it, isn't it? Now I can make you feel good, make you want what I'm doing to you." Working his finger in and out of the boy's passage, he encouraged Will to relax further with the crooning words and the kisses he pressed against the long line of the younger man's spine. Twisting and twirling as he pumped the wet opening, he waited until Will was pushing back against his hand before gently adding a second finger. Still gripping him by his nap, Nigel held Will through the slight burn the addition caused, rubbing the side of his neck soothing with his thumb when the boy whined at the slight pain.

"Relax, darling. Just like before. A little burn at first and then you'll start to fucking love it. Especially when I fucking do *this*." Rotating those probing fingers down towards the boy's pelvis, Nigel searched for that one spot guaranteed to make Will forget that he hadn't wanted what was being done to him. Finding what he was looking for, Nigel crooked his fingers and rubbed gently across the sensitive bundle of nerves and smiled wolfishly at the reaction his touch provoked.

Will's mouth flew open and a long, low moan came out as a feeling unlike anything he'd known before shot from the base of his spine all the way up his body. "Oh my fuck...oh my fucking god, w-w-w-w-what...oh fuck..." he trailed off, nearly drooling, hips bucking back against Nigel's hand. The shock of pleasure licked over him like flames and he moaned until his voice felt raw, writhing wantonly on the trunk of his own vehicle. "God, more, more," he begged raggedly, feeling that low boil of heat churning in his balls again.

"Told you you'd fucking like it, boy. Knew you'd buck and writhe on my fingers once I got them in you." Pumping in and out of the slowly loosening channel, Nigel began scissoring his fingers open, adding to the stretch and burn he knew would be singing through the other man's body right now. Adding a third finger as soon as he was able, Nigel groaned as he felt the flutter and flex of that tight ring of muscle almost suck his thick digits in, promising that it wouldn't be much longer before Will would be begging for his cock.

Will couldn't even try to hold back anymore, and somewhere outside himself he felt humiliated for the pornographic sounds coming from his throat. He keened, spreading his legs over the car as much as he could to encourage the magic Nigel was working with his hands. His cock throbbed, and he humped the metal shamelessly, seeking more friction, or at least as much as he could. He tried to look back, his curls now wet with sweat and clinging to his forehead, and he tossed his head to clear his field of vision and look over his shoulder. He licked his lips. "Well, are you going to fuck me?" he whispered harshly, blue eyes glinting with fire and sass.

Throwing back his head, laughter rumbled up from Nigel's chest at the sassy look and words from the younger man who had not long ago been begging him to stop. Pulling his fingers from between Will's cheeks with an obscene slurping noise, Nigel smacked one buttock sharply. "Damned right I am, Officer Graham, and you're gonna fucking beg me for more before I let you come." Quickly undoing his flies, Nigel groaned as he pulled his aching cock from the confining cloth to let it lay long and heavy in the crease of Will's ass as he pulled the lube from his pocket.

Will almost whined when he felt the large, heavy weight of Nigel's erection hot against his skin, and he couldn't prevent himself from trying to push closer. He was fueled by arousal, curiosity and fear, but mostly by the aching throb between his own legs. "Do it, then," he growled back, hoping to any gods that didn't exist he wouldn't have to hold back his orgasm too long.

Slapping the other cheek to make it blush a matching pink, Nigel notched the head of his now slicked cock against Will's opening. "You're turning into a demanding little fuck, darling. You should really be careful what you ask for." Gripping those slender hips tight enough to leave bruises, Nigel began to *push*. Slow enough to give Will the time to feel the full stretch and burn of every inch boring into him, Nigel didn't let up until his groin was pressed flush against the round cheeks of the bent man's ass. "Fuck, baby...so *goddamned tight*...."

Will's vision went white from the pain, and instinctively he held still, adjusting his breathing deep and slow. He can't imagine how much this would have hurt if Nigel hadn't prepped him as well as he had. Mercifully, Nigel paused after he drove into the hilt, the pain subsiding once he got past the first tight clench of muscle. The brunet's hips twitched experimentally, and he felt full, so full. "You...oh fuck...you're so big," he rasped, not even aware of how cliché it may have sounded. It was hard to think of anything when he felt like that man was in so deep he was up to his diaphragm.

Leaning down, blanketing the body beneath his own with his bigger frame, Nigel pressed close to Will's sweat-slicked skin with his chest as he panted hot breaths in his ear. "Yeah I am, and every fucking inch is buried in your tight little ass and you're loving it." Rolling his hips, Nigel pressed deep, rubbing against the rippling walls clenching him so tightly it almost felt like his cock was being strangled. Pulling back until just the fat head remained inside, he pushed back in just as slowly, making sure to brush just *so* over Will's prostate to make the boy squirm in pleasure.

"Niiiiiiiiiiigel," Will cooed, throwing his head back as much as he could and rocking his hips to get more, more of everything. The way the big man dragged his cock in and out achingly slow drove him out of his mind and he just knew he'd come soon. Every time he felt that uncut cockhead hit him in just the right way, his whole body shook and he began trying to clench and unclench his gluteals in an effort to encourage Nigel. "Harder, you can move more," he said a little bossily, impatient and making every effort to grind back against him.

Growling at the bossy whine in Will's voice and the way the younger man was squeezing his dick with every wiggle of his plush ass against Nigel's groin, the older man reared up behind him and snapped his hips forward, setting a brutal pace. "Greedy," *thrust*, "Little," *thrust*, "Brat." Every word was punctuated with another snap of Nigel's hips slamming into the tight grip of Will's body. "This what you want boy? Me pounding your sweet ass with every inch of my big dick? You like the way I'm fucking you, Will? Like me stretching you out, fucking you good and hard?"

When a whimper was the only reply he received, Nigel released his hold on one hip to reach up and bury a big hand in the sweaty curls clinging to Will's skull, jerking his head back harshly. "I can't hear you Will. Or maybe you want me to stop? I could always just pull out, jerk off all over your back, leave you hard and wanting, baby. That what you want?" Nigel pulled out, dragging the thick length out inch by inch until the head popped out with a lewd noise. Pushing between the cleft of his cheeks, Nigel rutted against the sweat-slicked skin, teasing over Will's gaping hole but refusing to enter him again until he answered Nigel's taunting questions.

"Fucking god...don't you dare stop," Will huffed in a strained voice, the squeal of pain from the shock of pain in his scalp disappearing immediately as a thick strand of pre-come dripped from the tip of his cock. Will had never had his hair pulled like that, but instantly he knew he loved it. Being handled so roughly, the pain, the fullness, brought him to entirely different headspace, and he was responding in ways that shocked even him. "Don't you...don't you want to feel me come while you're...i-i-inside me," Will rasped back, trying to hold his own through the manhandling. He bucked backwards in spite of the grip Nigel had on his hair, desperate to feel more of that maddeningly intense fullness.

Groaning with lust, the idea of feeling Will's body ripple around him in the throes of climax, Nigel drove back into that tight heat, thrusting balls deep and pulling back to do it again and again and again. The older man was close now, probably as close as the boy bucking beneath him. Reaching between Will's trembling thighs, Nigel took his weeping cock into his fist and began to jack him off with merciless strokes. "Fuck yeah, I want to feel you come on my cock baby. You gonna come for me, Will? You gonna give it up for me like a good little cock slut?"

The filthy, evocative words elicited a deep moan from Will, grunting as he pumped his hips against Nigel's thick cock and right into his tight fist. Sharp, staccato pants spilled through his wet, red lips, darkened from sharp teeth biting down to try and hold back the orgasm that threatened to burst. Sweat dripped down his smooth chest, shirt still torn open and wrist pulling painfully at the cuffs that still bound him. Entirely at Nigel's mercy, he dug his toes into the bumper of the car and shoved as hard as he could, slamming into Nigel to get his cock as deep as he could. The gruff man was pounding against his prostate and Will was unraveling fast. "I'm such a fucking whore for this, fuck, god, I'm going to....going to..." he gasped, arching back and howling as white, thick ropes arced from his cockhead, shooting all over Nigel's hand and the trunk of his cruiser. "Fuck...!"

"Nnnngghhhh.... *Fuck!*" Nigel could only grunt and huff through the pleasure, Will's body clamping down so hard on his cock he could barely continue to thrust through the tight clench of muscle. "*Godfuckingdamnit*, so fucking good baby. Gonna come so hard inside you, fill you up so fucking full you'll be leaking my spunk for days...." Nigel's hips jackhammered into Will erratically a few more times before the pleasure became too much and his climax ripped through him, flooding the clinging flesh still sucking him greedily in.

Panting with exertion, Nigel leaned heavily on the Will's back for a moment, nuzzling into his nape to press lingering kisses to the sweaty flesh. Pulling out with a groan, Nigel leaned back enough to watch his spend dribble out of the boy's well fucked hole, running a thumb through the mess and rubbing it back into the sensitive flesh of Will's ass with satisfaction. Sweet, innocent Officer Graham had been one of the best lays of Nigel's life and he enjoyed the idea of marking the other man as his.

Will was surprised at the tenderness of Nigel's kisses, but it wasn't at all unwelcome. He was still restrained, and frankly blissed out of his mind. "Hard to believe I'm saying this, but that was the best sex of my life," he said with a rough laugh.

Nigel laughed as he fished the keys for the cuffs from Will's duty belt and unlocked the metal restraints from around the smaller man's wrists. "I was just thinking that very fucking thing, gorgeous. And I definitely think it's worth repeating, don't you?"

With his hands finally free, he turned and took Nigel's head in both hands, emboldened, and kissed him back. His tongue snaked into the other man's mouth, exploring freely with a moan before he pulled away, blushing. "Yes, I think that could work if you're sticking around New Orleans that is."

"Oh, I think I've got several good reasons to hang around, Officer Graham. After all, you made me a promise about that pretty fucking mouth of yours that I fully intend to collect on." Grinning wolfishly at the deepening blush coloring the other man's cheeks, Nigel stepped back and tucked his spent cock back inside his jeans before scooping Will's pants up off the ground and handing them to him. "Question now is, what happens next? You still taking me to jail, Officer Graham?"

Will winced a little at the soreness in his ass, though he had to admit it gave him a thrill to know he'd probably be feeling this for a while. He gingerly dressed and looked up at Nigel, cocking an eyebrow. "Shame about all the paperwork that gets lost around the precinct Mardis Gras weekend. Don't seem to have that file or prints on this one perp," he said with a smirk. "I may need to get in touch with you for...further questioning, though."

Nigel laughed at the bold sass Will was displaying, loving the fire the younger man contained inside of himself. Beautiful, passionate and willful, Nigel knew he could easily become obsessed with Will Graham. Not necessarily a bad thing, in his fucking opinion.

"Well, if that's the fucking case, it's a good thing you're giving me a ride back to my hotel then darling. That way you'll know exactly where to find me if you feel the need to get in fucking touch." Drawing the younger man in for another scorching kiss, Nigel all but purred his satisfaction with the situation, squeezing Will's ass in one big palm for emphasis. "I will definitely be making myself available to anything you might need, Officer. Always happy to oblige the law, you know."

As he was about to get in the car, Will spotted his come on the trunk and pulled out a handkerchief to wipe it up. "Well, I have to say, that was certainly the best arrest I've ever made. I think I will be bringing you in for questioning again. Say, Friday?"

Lighting up a smoke, Nigel laughed. “I think that can be fucking arranged, darling.....”

Consequences and Conversations

Chapter Summary

One week passes after Nigel and Will's torrid roadside encounter, and they both find themselves wanting more. Agreeing to meet at Nigel's hotel, Will shows up late, and the man teaches him there is a price to be paid for disobedience. Fortunately for both, the punishment winds up being more pleasure than pain though for the young police officer.

Chapter Notes

CS here-Sooooo... There was enough interest in this little fic to warrant a second chapter, and maybe more, you'll have to let us know.

This time around, there is a bit more discussion between our boys as to where this relationship (yes, this is a relationship, jeez!) is going and a few other things. But don't worry, there is still smut to be had, no chance of that not happening between these two.

That being said, this scene is much more consensual from the get-go but is still full of D/s content. So if that is a trigger for you, as always, we would rather you pass on it than chance getting squigged out. But if you decide to read, we really hope you enjoy and will take the time to let us know!

Love and Hugs!

It had been a long fucking week. Nigel had managed to keep busy enough during the days with the business that had brought him to New Orleans in the first place, tying up loose ends and finalizing details, but thoughts of ocean blue eyes and sable curls had continued to plague him, especially at night. The memories were there, waiting for him as soon as he closed his eyes; memories of smooth skin, slicked with sweat and marked by Nigel's hands and mouth, tight flesh gripping his own and soft, mewling cries that had begged him for more...it was enough to drive a man mad with the waiting.

Friday had finally come, and here Nigel sat, an hour past the time Will has texted him he would show. Lighting up another smoke, the bad man from Bucharest shifted restlessly in his chair, fighting the urge to hit the streets in search of his wayward playmate. He could find the boy easy enough, having put his free time this week to good use learning his way about town, and his new contacts and business partners had been more than happy to throw in a few

bits of useful information to make the touchy man happy. Nigel now knew where Will lived, where he worked, and most of his history since coming to New Orleans, so locating the lovely young man would not be an issue. But like any good predator, Nigel knew sometimes the best thing you could do was to lay in wait, letting your prey come to you. And the boy would come. He may be nervous, or even second-guessing himself and his decision to see Nigel again, but the lust burning in those baby blues when they had parted all but guaranteed that Will would eventually come back for more.

The only question was, would he show up before or after Nigel's patience was exhausted? The former would mean a sweet, passionate reunion after a week's long separation. The latter...well, it would still be passionate...just of a harsher nature.

Forty-five minutes later, soft knocking on his hotel room door drew him from his brooding, and Nigel smiled around an exhale of smoke. Picking up the handgun from where it rested on the table beside him, Nigel checked the chamber quietly before bidding whoever was on the other side to enter. In Nigel's line of work, one could never be too careful. And if it was Will out in the hallway...well that was ok, too. He knew what kind of man Nigel was. And it had better be Will. Nigel's patience had evaporated about half an hour ago. Young Officer Graham was about to find out just *why* it was never a good idea to keep Nigel waiting.

It would be a lie to say Will wasn't nervous. He'd hesitated, debated, paced around his apartment, and finally closed his eyes, remembering the last time he'd seen Nigel, which had incidentally been the first and only time he'd seen him.

For Will, life was naturally very stressful and full of pressure. As a police officer, he was always in control - his life and job depended on it - but many days, that was an illusion he put up to help him cope. The truth was most of the time he felt out of control, the emotions and pain of everyone he encountered bombarding him unless he kept up strong forts, boundaries that were more like brick walls he used to protect himself. When he came home from work at night, the whiskey was all he had to take the edge off, take off the mask and breathe...until he'd met Nigel.

OK, so it had just been the one encounter. But when he revisited those memories, he knew why it was he liked it so much. It wasn't just the sexual satisfaction, it was the relief in relinquishing his control, losing himself in the fear and anticipation, not knowing what Nigel

would do. Weirdly, the days following his little escapade were the most relaxed he'd been in years.

As a result, here he was at Nigel's hotel room door, much, much later than he'd agreed to on the phone with the man. He knocked and hoped he'd even still be here. Hearing that familiar, rough voice call out to enter, he tried looking through the window, but the curtains were drawn with not even a sliver open to see through. He touched the knob and then turned, swinging it open. To his left, one lamp glowed near the door. Further inside, plumes of smoke curled up from the shadows, where Will could see a man sitting in a chair, his face concealed in shadows, though he knew from voice and form, it was Nigel.

Stepping into the doorway slowly, he walked in, hesitating as the door came just shy of closing behind him.

"Nigel?" he asked, a little uneasy and still looking around to make sure they were alone.

"Who the fuck else would it be, boy? Close the fucking door, but stay right there in the light." Nigel's voice was all growl, making no effort to hide his displeasure from the obviously nervous young man. "Don't move until I fucking tell you to."

Will cleared his throat and immediately debated if he'd made the wrong choice. "I-I shouldn't have come. I'm...I'm sorry," he stammered, swallowing thickly though closing the door exactly as Nigel had instructed.

Leaning forward in his chair so Will could see him better, Nigel let his expression show what he thought of that statement. Letting the gun dangle from the hand resting on one knee, he took a long drag from his cigarette, blowing the smoke towards the ceiling as he let his eyes wander over the slender body he remembered so well. Not that he could see much of it. Will was wearing a salmon colored chamois shirt that was two sizes too big and loose khaki pants that did nothing to flatter the lithe figure Nigel knew was beneath the clothing. They would have to go, and right fucking quickly.

"No darling, what you *should* have done was to show up when you fucking said you would. It's not fucking polite to keep a man waiting, Will. Now strip."

Will's mouth opened, somewhat in shock. "You want me to undress?" he asked, his voice not as assured as he wished it were. Why was he so fucking nervous around this guy? He'd arrested worse than him, though the nerves were likely simply because he vividly recalled how the last meeting with him had gone.

"Did I fucking stutter? Best get a move on, boy. If I have to do it for you, you won't fucking like it," Nigel rumbled, his voice harsh with all the impatience of his week and edged with the displeasure Will's tardiness had caused. He was in no mood to brook disobedience, and the longer Will hesitated, the tighter the beast that lived inside of Nigel coiled, ready to snap and spring. Rising from his chair, Nigel placed the gun back on the table, safety on, before prowling towards the younger male, deliberately crowding close, forcing Will to tilt his head back to maintain eye contact. Looming over him, Nigel bent until their mouths were almost close enough to brush together and hovered there, not quite touching just yet, his proximity a taunt and a tease for both of them. "You came here of your own free will, knowing exactly what you'd be getting. No way for you to claim innocence this time, darling. Playing coy now is only going to make things worse for you in the long run. Now, *strip*."

A long, deep, shaky breath pressed itself from his lungs as Will met the taller man's gaze then. Standing in the dim light, amber eyes gleamed with that same heat he'd experienced before. The brunet swallowed thickly and began unbuttoning his shirt, tugging it from his pants and doing just as Nigel asked, as quickly as he could. "Of course, N-n-Nigel," he stammered, blushing as he pulled the shirt from his shoulders. He made quick work of his shoes and trousers too, and the way the Romanian looked at him made him nearly dizzy.

When he finally pulled off his white briefs, his cock sprang free tellingly, his cheeks burning with embarrassment, and he wondered briefly what kind of man he was to be simultaneously humiliated and aroused by his nudity while Nigel remained clothed. Finally naked, he put his hands behind his back and stood obediently waiting for further direction, but unable to meet that heated gaze. "Good?"

Still standing too close, Nigel watched Will obey him with a passive expression that hid the desire raging through his blood, only the heat in his eyes giving away the storm brewing inside of him. With every article of clothing removed, with every inch of pale skin revealed, Nigel could feel it growing, clawing at his guts for release. Will was lovely, fine bones overlaid with whipcord muscle that spoke of both strength and flexibility. But it was his reactions to Nigel that made the boy so enticing. The lowered gaze, the telling blush, the way those delicate, long fingers trembled as they worked to remove the offending garments....

And it wasn't fear that had him shaking like a leaf in the wind. Will needed the dominance Nigel forced upon him as much as the Romanian craved his submission. As nervous and uncertain as the younger man may be feeling at this moment, his body language and the

leaking cock between his legs were all but begging Nigel to put him on his knees where he so longed to be.

And Nigel was eager to oblige him. But first, they needed to clear the air. Will was going to have to learn that hiding from Nigel was futile. Not his feelings, not his body, and sure as fuck not his desires.

Placing two fingers under the smaller man's chin, Nigel tilted his face up, forcing Will to meet his gaze. "Very pretty, darling. But tell me, why were you late tonight?"

Will wanted to look at anything but those penetrating eyes, and he desperately glanced over those bulging biceps, the chest hair peeking out from the v of his open collar, and yet the fingers under his chin forced his gaze up into honey colored eyes. "I was nervous. I was debating coming if I'm being honest," he whispered breathlessly. He was sure he might get addicted to the way Nigel looked at him. His eyes devoured him like he was something to be savored, the kind of person one pined over, and Will wasn't used to it at all. Sure, he'd seen people look at him, but he always imagined they felt sorry for him. The quiet weirdo with all the dogs, the guy that never went out with the other cops, preferred to drink alone. He stood and waited after the words left his lips, terrified and thrilled at once.

Nigel hummed, pleased that Will answered him honestly without trying to evade the question as he undoubtedly wanted to. Running his thumb gently over Will's bottom lip, he smiled.

"Good boy. Always be honest with me Will, even when you think it's going to be something I don't want to hear. I might get angry, yell a bit, but it's far better than you lying to me. That will only catch up with you eventually and trust me, darling, you won't like the consequences. Now tell me you understand."

Heart shaped lips, red from being bitten, parted like petals at Nigel's deep, rough, soothing voice. His accent was like a heavy syrup that dripped down his spine, hot and thick. "I understand," he said softly, feeling himself relax a little more. How could it be comforting to anticipate being told what to do, instructed, guided, dominated? Somehow it truly was. He looked up at Nigel with a hooded gaze through thick lashes.

"I sincerely hope you do, darling." Deciding Will's honesty deserved a reward, Nigel tipped that lovely face a fraction more, bringing their mouths together for a deep, thorough kiss.

Slotting their lips together with gentle pressure, Nigel's tongue teased at the seam of Will's lips, coaxing them to open and sweeping inside when they parted obediently for him. The

hand holding Will's chin moved to cup his jaw as the older man deepened the kiss, holding him steady under the increasingly forceful press of Nigel's mouth. He had intended to keep the kiss light, to just have a taste of Will's sweetness, but just as last time, a taste wasn't going to be enough. Forcing himself to ease back before he ended up taking the boy right there against the door, Nigel ended the kiss with a nip to that sweet, kiss-swollen lower lip, sucking it into his mouth before releasing it.

"If I remember correctly, Officer Graham, you made me an offer the last time we met. I think now would be the perfect fucking time for you to make good." Sliding the hand cupping Will's jaw up into his hair, Nigel gripped those soft curls in his fist, enjoying the way the cool strands tangled around his fingers. Watching the other man's expression carefully for any signs of panic, he slowly but firmly urged Will to his knees.

The kiss alone left Will breathless. He couldn't ever remember being touched the way Nigel touched him, and the gesture was surprisingly tender, laced with a certain power that made him want more. It was addictive, the pull on his curls, and every movement was thick with a barely controlled longing, as though at any moment Nigel might haul him up, throw him on the bed, and do unspeakable things to him. By the time he was pushing him to his knees, he'd almost forgotten what Nigel was even speaking of, but then he remembered his own words, bargaining to be spared. Looking straight ahead, his eyeline hit the bulge pressing against the fly of his jeans, and Will knew what it was he wanted then. Nodding shyly, he kept his hands behind his back and looked up. "Do you want..." he trailed off, having no idea how he could do this. "I-I should tell you I've never done this before. I can, I can try," he said.

"Have you never, darling?" Nigel teased, repeating the words he had given Will that first night. Running both hands through Will's hair soothingly, Nigel kept his voice light and reassuring as he encouraged the kneeling man to look up at him. "First time for fucking everything, isn't there?" Meeting eyes blown wide with nervous excitement, Nigel's own gaze became hooded with the lust brewing in his gut. The boy was beautiful like this, naked and at Nigel's feet, lips red and swollen from Nigel's kisses and his pretty little cock hard and dripping with need. "Unfasten my fucking jeans, Will."

With trembling fingers, the cop pulled Nigel's fly down, over the tented bulge, and was greeted with a pair of black boxer briefs. A wet spot had formed already, and he rubbed him through the fabric, yanking his jeans down a little further for better access. Staring up at him, he tugged down the elastic waistband, wetting his lips as he pulled him free. Nigel's cock was fat, dark and veiny, bigger up close like this than he'd remembered from their previous encounter. "O-O-Ohhh," he gasped softly as he looked at it, almost hypnotized. Will was big too, but not as girthy as the Romanian. He'd never seen another cock besides his own...well not in person at any rate, only in the occasional porn film. Nigel was just as impressive as those professional actors were, and there was awe on his face as he wrapped his hand around him.

Breath hissing between his clenched teeth, Nigel fought to stay still as Will wrapped his hand around him, stroking his length with cautious and hesitant tugs, his inexperience evident in his too loose grip and the nervous glances he kept aiming up at Nigel's face. Despite the lack of expertise involved, or maybe because of it, Will's hand on his cock still felt divine, and the urge to rut against the flesh wrapped around him was driving the older man mad. But Nigel remained as he was, giving Will a chance to get used to the feel of him, letting him move at his own pace as he explored Nigel's hard flesh. When the younger man unconsciously licked his lips as a fat bead of pre-come bubbled from Nigel's slit, it was too much for the other man to take.

"Taste me, Will." Nigel's voice came out raspy with lust, his heavy-lidded gaze burning with prurient heat as he stared down at the beautiful creature at his feet. Grazing his nails gently across Will's scalp, he encouraged him to lean forward, coaxing with touch and words.

"Look what you do to me, gorgeous. Making me leak for you already. Taste me, Will. You know you want to."

Will leaned forward, preening at the commanding way Nigel directed him, and he darted his soft, pink tongue out to taste. He lapped at it, a hesitant, almost kittenish lick, and was surprised; salty, but not at all bad. His own cock dripped just being in this position, and encouraged by the moans above him, he experimentally mouthed the head, French-kissing the tip. Nigel was uncircumcised, and Will pulled the delicate skin down to more fully expose him. Looking up, he fastened his lips at the head and sucked at it, stroking up and pulling back to watch the foreskin glide over the glans again. Blue eyes flitted up to brown again to see if Nigel approved. "Don't really know..." he started, trailing off.

Groaning at the gentle little licks and sucks being pressed against his dick, Nigel continued to make encouraging noises while fighting the need to just *thrust* balls deep into the wet heat of Will's mouth until the boy was gagging on it. "You're doing fucking fine darling," he crooned, tugging gently at the curls crushed in his fists. "Your mouth is fucking heaven and hell, baby. So sweet and hot I want to fuck it until you cry pretty tears for me. But I won't, not yet. Not until you're ready for it." When Will took the head into his mouth and suckled, the need to hold back made Nigel's thighs tremble with the strain. "Fuck, gorgeous, can you take more? Show me what a good little cock sucker you can be...slide that hot little mouth of yours down my dick nice and slow..."

The heat spread up Will's cheeks at the praise, and he tried to take more. Awkwardly pulling his lips up, he strained to carefully avoid scraping his teeth on the hard flesh, and opened wider. Will flattened his tongue along the length of Nigel's cock, saliva pooling in his cheeks and dripping down over the other man's balls. When he felt the hot press of a thick head closing the back of his throat, he choked, panicking a little, and pushed on Nigel's thighs to breathe as his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, god," he gasped. "Sorry, I'm- I'm sorry..."

“Sssshhh, gorgeous. You’re being so good for me. You have no fucking idea how beautiful you look gagging on my cock. Just take as much as you can for now. Deep-throating someone as fucking big as I am isn’t for beginners. We can work on the finer points of this particular activity another time. You ready to try again, darling?” Nigel coaxed Will back onto his dick, petting him soothingly while guiding the younger man into a pleasing rhythm. “Breathe through your nose and relax your jaw, baby. Come on, you can do it. Relax for me, Will.”

God, it was killing him to keep his pace slow, watching his cock slide in and out of Will’s mouth, wet and glistening from the spit the boy couldn’t keep from leaking out of the corner of his lips. When Will had gagged on him, Nigel had almost lost it, the constriction of his throat muscles massaging the engorged head and sending sparks of pleasure down Nigel’s spine like lightning. Someday, and it would have to be fucking soon, Nigel was going to fuck that pretty mouth until he came down that tight throat, giving Will so much to swallow he would choke on it.

But for now, his darling wasn’t ready for that kind of loving and the last thing Nigel wanted to do was discourage Will from *wanting* to go down on him. Plenty of time for the things Nigel wanted when Will was more comfortable with the feel of Nigel’s cock in his mouth.

Following his directions, Will tried to steady his respiration and breathe through his nose, and that did seem to help. That rough, rasping accent and the way Nigel ran thick fingers through his curls made the young police officer moan, vibrating down the Romanian’s shaft as he messily sucked him down. His own cock was achingly hard between his legs, and without thinking anything of it, he pressed down on himself, desperate for friction. He stroked with one hand, trying to relax more and get the hang of it, build a rhythm, sloppy as it was. He timed it so when the man’s head hit the back of his throat, he was on an exhale, and that made it much easier, for now.

Increasing the pace and depth of his thrusts as Will became more and more confident, Nigel continued to run his fingers through the boy’s soft curls, continued to let noises of pleasure rumble from his throat, knowing they would only encourage Will to greater efforts. The younger man had an inborn desire to please that Nigel had picked up on during their first encounter. The more he was praised, the harder the boy would work to earn more. It was one of the things that made him a perfect submissive. Perfect for Nigel.

As Will became bolder, taking more and more of Nigel in with every downstroke of those sweet lips, sucking and licking every inch he could fit into the warm, wet cavern of his

mouth, Nigel could feel his release building. Lightning arched up and down his spine, setting his balls on fire as they swelled and then drew tight in pending orgasm.

“Fucking close, baby. Gonna come so fucking hard for you. Can you take it, Will? Take what I give you and swallow me down, darling?” Nigel’s breath came hard and fast now, his hips pistoning faster as he got closer and closer to his peak. Releasing Will’s hair so the boy could pull off if he started to panic or choke when Nigel came, the older man planted both palms flat on the wall to steady himself as he reached the point of no return.

“I want to try, please, ohhh-hh-h-h, come in my mouth, yeah,” Will panted, one hand gripping his muscular ass and the other rolling his balls against his rough palm. Hearing the way the exotic man moaned, the filthy things he said, it made Will feel powerful, and was far more arousing than he ever imagined he’d find something like this. Will saw himself as such a mousy, unremarkable young man, and the fact that this incredibly handsome and exotic stranger was so sexually drawn to him, well, it was something he thought he might get addicted to.

He let go of his ass to wrap his hand around the base of Nigel’s cock, stroking behind his balls and up the shaft in a faster rhythm, lips firmly fastened to the tip as he swirled and sucked with more confidence. He even arched his back a bit, his ass sticking out as he knelt at the man’s feet worshipfully. Every cell in his body was geared to make him come.

Thrilling at the eager words and the excitement in his lover’s voice, Nigel let go, thrusting once more deep into the welcoming heat of Will’s mouth and flooding it with his release.

With every spasm of his cock and balls, more and more come pumped from the pulsing tip and into the desperately swallowing boy at his feet until finally, Nigel had no more to give.

Holding deep for just a moment longer to prolong the exquisite pleasure, the older man groaned as he watched a thin line of his spunk dribble out from one corner of Will’s mouth from where it was still sealed tight around Nigel’s cock, escaping the kneeling youth’s efforts to swallow everything Nigel had given him.

Will moaned around Nigel’s girth, and while he was anxious about the taste, it wasn’t as bad as he worried it might be. Salty and a little bitter, but there was an allure to knowing he’d been the reason this powerful, exotic man lost control. Will made him come, he’d done that. As he pulled off, he wiped a bit of drool and come from his chin, making a show of swallowing slowly. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down his long neck as he leaned back on his heels and looked up at Nigel.

“Fucking beautiful.....” Nigel pulled his flesh from the boy’s clinging lips and lowered himself to his knees, pulling Will close and kissing him deeply, chasing the taste of himself still lingering on the other man’s tongue. Will was beautiful and passionate and perfect and deserved to know it. Nigel loved seeing the sensual confidence that had shone from his boy’s eyes as he knelt at his feet, using his mouth and hands to drive his lover to orgasm. There was power in kneeling and hopefully Will was realizing that. “So fucking gorgeous...”

Will’s own cock bobbed, a long clear strand of pre-come connecting between his thigh and the tip, and he stroked himself a few times indulgently. He met Nigel’s tongue boldly, his lips swollen and red with abuse, and he swirled and sucked his tongue in response. “Mmmm, glad that was good enough,” he hummed, curls clinging to the sweat glistening over his skin.

“Mmmm....it was more than good enough, love. And just what I needed to take the edge off.” Nigel purred the words against Will’s lips as he slid one hand down the boy’s side before snapping it out to wrap around a slender wrist, halting the jerking motions as Will pleased himself. “But tell me, darling, just what the fuck do you think it is that you are doing now? I don’t recall giving you permission to touch yourself. You’re being naughty again, Will. Not very fucking smart, adding more on top of what you already have coming for making me fucking wait on you to show tonight.”

The brunet gasped when Nigel yanked his wrist away from his own flesh, and he bit his lip in frustration and fear. At the same time, he found himself just as aroused as he was the first time the rough man pinned his wrists down. God, he was discovering this whole part of himself he never knew existed, one that was apparently sexually responsive to being submissive. “Of course, I’m...sorry. W-what are you going to..do?” he stammered, his big blue eyes still damp from the blowjob. He wanted to come so badly already. Being manhandled only made it worse.

Laughing low, Nigel brought the hand he held in his own to his lips, pressing a lingering kiss into its palm before nipping lightly at Will’s fingertips teasingly. “Something I am going to enjoy very, very much, pretty Will.” Nigel hadn’t missed the spark of heat in those blue eyes his rough grasp on the boy’s wrist had caused. It seemed his little lover liked to be manhandled and restrained. Good, because Nigel really loved doing it. Rising to his feet, he tugged Will after him, leading him to the bed and pushing him lightly down upon it so that he lay on his back looking up at Nigel.

Will landed with a thump on the bed and leaned back on his elbows with flushed cheeks as his eyes roamed over the older man, waiting for what would happen next.

Standing between Will's spread knees where they hung over the edge of the bed, Nigel slowly unbuttoned his shirt, shrugging it from his broad shoulders and tossing it carelessly to the floor. Reaching for his belt, he tugged it from the loops with a soft hissing noise, smiling at the way Will watched his movements with almost fevered attention. It wasn't just fear making the younger man's eyes gleam in anticipation. There was a certain amount of nervousness to be sure, he didn't know what Nigel intended to do with the belt he tossed casually onto the bed to lay beside him, but that nervousness couldn't hide the *want* Nigel could see in both in his eyes and on his face. Oh, the possibilities swirling in Nigel's mind...the things he could do to this beautiful boy and make him *love* it.

Thick, coarse hair covered broad, bronzed sinew, and Will's throat went dry with how sexy the Romanian looked disrobing. Even the clang and hiss of his belt coming off made him harder, and it was painful to ignore the ache between his legs. He was sure the sound of his heart hammering against his ribs was audible.

Stepping back, Nigel finished stripping off his remaining clothes, his cock heavy and twitching between his powerful thighs. He was already half hard again, despite having come not twenty minutes ago. That just was what the beauty laying across his bed did to him.

"Stack two of the pillows in the center of the bed, gorgeous. Then I want you across them, face down and arms stretched up towards the headboard." When Will didn't move, Nigel leaned down, planting one hand next to the reclining man's thigh to hold his weight while the other reached for the belt lying next to Will on his other side. The supple leather creaked in his fist as he ran the folded length down the center of Will's chest, making him gasp. "The offenses are fucking piling up, darling. I *really* hate repeating myself. You gonna make me do that, Will?"

The cop's jaw went slack with shock, but he gave a breathless "*No*" after only a second of hesitation. Will did exactly as he'd been told, moving the pillows to the middle of the bed and flipping onto his belly over them, ass up, long lines of muscle stretched as he reached above his head. Turning his cheek to one side, he looked back at Nigel coquettishly, trying to image how debauched he must look in this position, thighs spread, fat balls hanging between his legs. "Like...this?"

Growling in appreciation at the filthy display Will was putting on, Nigel climbed onto the bed and prowled his way up it until he knelt between the younger man's spread legs. Running a possessive hand over Will's upturned cheeks, Nigel hummed his approval. "Fucking perfect,

angel. Just one minor adjustment..." Moving forward until he straddled the prone man's hips and could reach his hands, Nigel wrapped the supple leather of his belt around Will's wrists, binding them together and thus denying Will the use of his hands. After making sure the binding wasn't tight enough to cut off circulation, Nigel pressed Will's hands to the mattress firmly, the command that they stay there unspoken, but clearly implied. When Will groaned beneath him, Nigel smiled wolfishly. Repositioning himself between Will's spread thighs once more, Nigel gave into the urge that had hit him as soon as Will had draped himself over the pillows, showcasing that delectable ass to perfection. Bringing one large hand down, he delivered a sharp slap to the younger man's left buttock, immediately rubbing the sting into the blushing flesh before doing it twice more. "Dirty little boy, getting turned on by being tied up. What am I going to do with you, darling?"

The belt around his wrists was not completely unexpected, nor was his reaction to it, but the slap pulled an obscenely loud groan from Will that left him crimson with embarrassment. It was a needy, whorish moan, no two ways about it. Before he knew what he was saying, the words left him... "P-punish me?" he whispered rhetorically, his face burning an even deeper shade of red. He tried feebly to tug on the leather that bit into his skin, mostly a small struggle for show, but god fucking damn did he love this feeling. It was fear and excitement but more than that - his dick was hard as a rock and leaking all over the sheets beneath him. With a small voice, he added, "S-s-s-sir?"

Will's soft voice went straight to Nigel's dick, thickening the already hardening shaft and making it jump eagerly against the warm skin of Will's thigh. He would have never guessed that being called *Sir* would just flat out do it for him, but hearing the title spoken in his boy's sweet, stuttering voice did just that. Delivering another stinging slap to Will's reddening backside, Nigel let a rumbling growl of approval escape him. "What an excellent fucking idea, darling. So glad we are on the same fucking page." Leaning over to reach the nightstand, Nigel located the bottle of lube he had purchased in anticipation of seeing Will again and casually flicked it open as he settled back on his heels. Pouring a generous amount out onto his fingers before tossing it casually down within easy reach, he reached forward and ran a wet finger down the crack of the boy's ass. Parting Will's cheeks further with his clean hand, Nigel spread the slick around a bit before shoving one finger unceremoniously deep into the tight clench of the younger man's body, soaking up the surprised, pained cry that flew from the boy's lips. "Ssshhhh, darling. This is what you wanted, what you asked for."

Working his finger in and out of the writhing man's ass, Nigel began to spank him again, starting slow with light, stinging slaps that built a gradual heat in the flesh squirming under his blows until Will's bottom was glowing a bright red for him. Adding another finger, Nigel stretched the boy cruelly, all the while keeping up a running dialogue of both praise and admonishment.

“Look at you, such a naughty, dirty thing... Fucking writhing on my fingers while I punish your tight little hole and turn your ass red. Enjoying being spanked like the filthy little brat you are. Are you hard and leaking onto my pillow, Will? I bet if I were to reach under your belly and fist your pretty little cock right now, you’d come like a fucking geyser. But too bad for you, you’re not coming yet, darling. And not for a long fucking time. I’m going to play with you for *hours*, Will. Until you’re a crying, sobbing mess. I’m going to fucking *wreck* you, boy.”

Will kept his wrists firmly in place, the leather of Nigel’s belt ensuring his obedience. “I need to come, Sir, please,” he begged. “That feels so good, fuck. I want more,” he gasped. He wiggled under Nigel, every sharp slap against the soft curve of his ass pulling a cry of desire from his throat. He rocked his hips against the pillow, trying to stave off his orgasm, but he was truly about to come any second. “Just fuck me already, okay?” he huffed out sassily, the demand a slip in the role he was enjoying playing.

Delivering a much stronger slap to Will’s well-spanked ass, Nigel leaned down to nip at the tip of the boy’s ear, soothing the hurt with a wet swipe of his tongue. “Demanding little brat, do you think I’m going to make it that easy for you? But since you want to come so badly, I’m going to oblige you. And then I’m going to make you come again. And then again, over and over until coming is as much fucking pain as it is pleasure. And oh, darling...when you think you can’t take anymore, when you’re begging me to stop, to let you rest and stop torturing your sweet little hole because it just hurts too fucking good to bear anymore, then beautiful boy, *that’s* when I’m going to fuck you. You’ll cry and beg and fucking scream for me because it’s just too fucking much. But I won’t listen and I won’t stop. I’ll fuck you right through it, use you for my pleasure and yours because that’s what we both know you want.”

Thrusting his fingers deep, Nigel rubbed brutally over Will’s prostate, refusing to let up despite the way the younger man moaned and bucked beneath him. “That’s it Will, feel how good I can make it for you baby. Fucking come for me darling so we can start all over. We have *hours* to play, Will, and I’m going to enjoy every fucking minute.”

Will screwed his eyes shut as sweat dripped down between his shoulder blades, the pleasure building to a fever pitch. He bucked wildly into the pillow and back against Nigel’s thick fingers. “Want your cock, fuck...oh fuck that’s it...I’m going to...” With a strangled moan, his balls emptied and he shot all over the pillows. He twisted as far as he could to look back at Nigel with a hooded gaze, trembling. “How the hell do you do that?” Will whispered harshly.

Nigel drank in the sweaty, moaning, thrashing boy beneath him, watching in awe as Will’s orgasm swept over him. So fucking beautiful and Nigel knew right then that he wasn’t ever

going to let Will go. When Will looked back over his shoulder at him and panted his question, Nigel could only smile, his eyes hooded with banked lust as he slowly began to move his fingers over the boy's prostate again. "Just like this, darling..."

Overwhelmed from his orgasm and too sensitive to bear the stimulation so soon, Will thrashed against Nigel, trying to throw him off but helpless with his wrists bound. He cried out desperately in protest. "No, no, it's too much, please...fuck!"

It was too soon, Nigel knew, but that was the point. He wanted to hear Will's cries, listen to him mewl in overstimulation and see those pretty blue eyes shimmer with tears as he squirmed for him. Holding the smaller man down with a firm hand in the small of his back, Nigel continued to stroke the pads of his fingers over the sensitive bundle of nerves, forcing pleasure to run like quicksilver through the boy's bloodstream with ruthless intent. Despite the whines of protest streaming from Will's mouth, his hips lifted into the thrust of Nigel's hand, giving the older man delicious glimpses of his rapidly hardening cock between his thighs.

Will's cock burned and stung painfully, too raw from everything, not enough time for him to recover. His vision whited out a second as he hyperventilated, his back arched as he tried to buck the man off to no avail. He knew his body was betraying him already yet again, and it was humiliating to be this needy. It made him even hotter for the delicious abuse.

"Greedy boy, already hard again for me. Crying for me to stop, but your body knows it needs this, doesn't it, Will? Needs my fingers in your ass, not giving you a choice, just making you take what I fucking give you. Isn't that right, darling?" Nigel's voice was cooing and gentle, a stark contrast to the way his hand moved between the trembling globes of Will's bottom, twisting and thrusting fast and hard, forcing the clenching muscles there to widen and accept the rough treatment. "You need this boy, almost as fucking much as I need to do it to you."

"Ahhh fucking god, please stop, fuck," Will ground out roughly, voice hoarse from screaming and pleading to the man. The truth was, he was hard as a rock again, his own come crying sticky along the turgid flesh, and he was already pushing against his hand, to get more or to get away, it was unclear. But while his lips begged the man to stop, his body told a completely different story. "Nigel....I mean... *Sir* ...please..."

"Oh no, you little brat. You begged for this...begged me so sweetly to let you come, so fucking come you will. Again Will, you'll fucking come like this again because you can't

help it...because I'm not giving you a fucking choice...because it's what I want and you're so fucking desperate to please me..." Corkscrewing his fingers as he thrust them inside the clenching heat of Will's ass, Nigel added more lube before working a third in beside the others, rubbing the walls of the boy's silken channel and lighting the nerves there on fire. Reaching under the heaving body trapped beneath him, Nigel fisted Will's cock and began jerking him off with tight, fast strokes as Will screamed for him in pleased pain. "That's it, darling...give in to what I'm doing to you, to the pleasure I give you. Fuck Will, you're so fucking gorgeous like this, trembling and moaning for me. You're so close, I can feel you tightening down on my fingers, so fucking hot and tight. Come on, baby, give it up for me. Let me see you come, Will. I need it.."

A choked cry came from Will's lips, the brutal way Nigel jerked him off pulling another orgasm out of him. He'd never in his twenty-some years come twice in a row so soon like this, and he felt like he was falling down a staircase, euphoria forcing itself so fast through his body that he thrashed on the bed, leather digging into his wrists. The seed shot from the tip of his red, angry cock, and he collapsed bonelessly, tears smarting at his eyes. That was when the floodgates opened, and he cried raggedly for a moment, feeling completely spent. Surely there could be no more left, and he gathered himself again, sniffing loudly. "I can get you off again, just..." he trailed off.

Withdrawing his fingers gently from the tender opening still clinging to him tightly, Nigel shushed the still teary boy with soft sounds and gentle touches, removing the soiled pillows from beneath Will before turning him to lay on his back. Reaching above Will's head, Nigel unwound the belt, freeing his wrists and massaging the reddened skin where the soft leather had bit into them when the younger man had struggled. Pressing a kiss to each wrist, Nigel released them to lay on the bed at Will's sides before moving to settle himself into the cradle of the reclined man's spread thighs, resting most of his weight on his elbows as he brought their faces close. Nigel gentled the boy with tender kisses pressed to his cheeks and eyelids, lapping up the few tears that had escaped from the corners of those beautiful blue eyes and savoring the flavor on his tongue.

The intense emotions roaring through the brunette in that moment meant Nigel's tenderness was received with a far higher degree of vulnerability. Will clung to Nigel as soon as his hands were free, greedily seeking his kisses and curling slim fingers into his furry chest.

"My poor darling, you're so tired and sore... And you've been so good for me, but we're not quite done just yet, are we Will? I'm a man of my word after all, and I did make you a promise about when and how I was going to fuck you..." Nigel's voice never changed from the soft, gentle tones he had used to sooth the younger man, so it took a minute for his actual words to penetrate the fog Will was drifting in.

Will opened wet blue eyes again, the words sinking in. “Oh, Nigel, I can’t. I can suck you off again, jerk you off, but...” he looked up, searching Nigel’s face but the sweetness he’d expressed moments earlier had vanished. The rough, thickly accented voice was still a quiet, hushed tone, but there was the dominant fire in those amber eyes that sent a flutter to the pit of his stomach.

Pressing slow, sipping kisses to Will’s pleading lips, Nigel whispered softly. “You can. You will. And oh, it’s going to fucking hurt your poor, sore little hole so, so much, darling.”

Running one hand down the boy’s side to cup the curve of his ass, Nigel’s fingers slipped between his cheeks to rub and prod at the abused flesh nestled there. “You’re swollen and tender, I know. And it’s going to feel so fucking good to have your raw little pucker stretched around my cock while I fuck you nice and hard, so fucking hot and wet as your body opens for me and sucks me inside. And it will, you know. Suck me deep inside your hot little body and squeeze me tight, no matter how much you say you don’t want it. Because, my beautiful, gorgeous boy, I know something you don’t. You were fucking made for this, Will. Made for me. Your body is a greedy little thing, hungry for every inch of my cock fucking in and out of you as hard and fast or as slow and sweet as I fucking decide to give it to you.”

Maneuvering over the squirming man pinned beneath him, Nigel notched the fat, leaking head of his cock against the wet, puffy flesh of Will’s opening and began to push inside, hissing through his teeth as the hot ring of muscle parted reluctantly to grant him entrance. “Still so *fucking* tight, darling.”

Will was incredibly sensitive, overstimulated and sore, but the more Nigel touched, feasted on and used him, the more he craved it. He opened his lips over Nigel’s neck, teeth grazing down his skin as sharp mewls of pain and need escaped him. Fingernails dug crescents into tanned muscle as he held on, panting through the pain as his headspace shifted dramatically. On an exhale he felt himself melt into the bed, Nigel’s cock so deep inside he could’ve been in his chest. The Romanian was so thick and long, every inch of him displacing lube deep within him as wet, squelching slapping sounds echoed between his breathy moans throughout the room. “Fuck, fuck, oh Nigel,” he grunted.

Rocking slow and steady into his moaning lover, Nigel bit back his own sounds as Will’s body stretched to accommodate the thick length forcing its way inside of him. Will’s thighs were wrapped around his waist tightly, trying to pull him impossibly closer while his arms held Nigel in a death grip around his shoulders. The blunt nails digging into his skin sent little bursts of pain straight to his groin, making the older man thrust harder against the hips rocking up to meet him. All of it was divine, the most pleasure Nigel could ever remember experiencing with a lover, but it was the mewling cries and Will’s sweet voice begging for

more that finally tipped the older man into madness, into the blind need to *rut* and *take* and *own*.

Rearing back onto his knees, Nigel settled onto his heels, spreading his powerful thighs wide and tugged that lush ass up into his lap, driving deep as he forced Will to spread for him.

Pulling one slender leg up onto his shoulder, Nigel pushed the other up and out, baring the younger man completely to his hungry gaze. Will was red and puffy, the abused flesh of his opening stretched tight around Nigel's pistoning cock, twitching and clenching with every thrust in and out. The sight was almost enough to have Nigel coming there and then.

Gritting his teeth against the urge to spill inside his boy, Nigel slowed his pace until the pleasure backed off, concentrating instead on angling his hips just right to hit Will's needy little prostate with every stroke. He wanted to watch Will come apart for him one more time before he let go.

Releasing Will's thighs, Nigel wrapped his arms around the boy's waist and back, hauling him upright and against his chest so they were belly to belly, Will's cock caught between them. Urging him to wrap those long legs around Nigel's waist, the older man gripped his waist with both hands, moving Will on his cock as he encouraged the younger man to ride him.

The change of angle sent a shock of pleasure from the gravity that drove Nigel's cock harder against the overstimulated little gland inside. Sweat-slicked arms wrapped around his neck, and Will locked eyes with the Romanian, his own cerulean gaze blown nearly black. Bouncing up and down in his lap, he wasn't even registering anything now except needing to come again and wanting to feel Nigel's come cover him. He was babbling incoherently, voice raw and ragged. "Fucking split me in two with that cock, oh god, give it to me, come on Nigel...won't be able to walk tomorrow, and I don't fucking care," he whispered, his moans getting higher until he was almost keening, riding Nigel wildly.

Nearly incoherent with the pleasure, an almost continuous growl rumbled from Nigel's chest as they moved in sync, Will's hips slamming down to meet Nigel's upwards thrusts as he jackhammered his way in and out of the writhing boy in his lap. The filthy, lewd words his lover breathed against his skin only drove Nigel deeper into the madness consuming him, making him near desperate to come.

"*Godfuckingdamnit*, so fucking good, baby. Gonna make me come so fucking hard for you. Nnnngghhh...." Reaching up to sink his fingers into the sweaty curls at the back of Will's head, Nigel brought his face down and captured those sweet lips in a consuming kiss, feeding all his lust and want and need into Will's mouth and swallowing down his cries in turn.

Panting as he broke the kiss, he pressed their foreheads together, keeping their gazes lock. “Want you to come for me, darling. Want to feel that perfect little ass clamp down on me as you come on my cock, want to feel you milk me so good that I can’t help but fucking give you everything I’ve got.”

Will bit ferocious kisses against Nigel’s full, plush lips, his ass flexing and undulating, his pace increasing, getting rougher and more urgent. His cock was bobbing between them, the head dripping copiously with pre-come, and he had no idea where it was coming from but he threw his head back, coming a third time with a broken howl. What little seed he had left spurted from the slit over his belly, untouched and throbbing as he dared not touch himself again as he’d been instructed. “Oh f-f-f-fuck, yeah, yes, oh Sir, oh fuck...” he moaned, continuing to grind his ass against Nigel’s cock, determined to feel him paint his insides with come.

Groaning as he felt the hot clutch of Will’s body tighten down on him, Nigel crushed the slender body in his arms, burying his face in Will’s neck and biting down on the taunt tendon there, the boys shuddering cries and helpless squirming dragging the older man into orgasm with him. Rolling his hips to get as deep inside his lover as he could, Nigel groaned his release, every contraction of his swollen, aching balls sending another spurting stream of come to splash against the overheated walls of Will’s still spasming channel.

Minutes or hours later, it was finally over, leaving both men spent and trembling with exhaustion. Nigel gently separated them, chuckling sympathetically at Will’s wince of discomfort and lowered the younger man to the bed. Ignoring the mess clinging to both of them for the time being, Nigel wrapped his arms around Will and pulled, tucking him tightly to his side and running soothing, possessive caresses down his back and waist. He’d clean them both up in a minute, but he wanted to make sure Will was good, mentally and emotionally. The boy had sunk deeply into his headspace during their lovemaking and Nigel needed to know he was ok before doing anything else.

“All right then, darling?”

Will wrapped his arms around Nigel’s neck, kissing beneath his stubbled jaw, and laughed lightly, his body and every cell completely spent. “Better than alright. I never had any idea sex could be...like that,” he purred, eyes closing again in exhaustion. “I don’t think I can...get up just yet. Can I...uh, sleep here?” he asked timidly, not entirely sure what Nigel felt for him. He’d been so tender at the end, in the middle, here and there, but Will couldn’t assume it meant anything really. Maybe to Nigel, this was just sex, and really he wasn’t sure what he even felt about it just yet, except that it was addicting as hell and he really really liked him.

All but purring in male satisfaction at the sated tone of his lover's voice, Nigel pressed a kiss to the damp curls of Will's crown. "Of course you fucking can, darling. I love the idea of sleeping with you curled up next to me. Rest now, and in the morning we'll talk."

The early morning light was peeking in between the cracks of the drawn curtains, falling across the bed in a haze, giving the sleeping form there an otherworldly glow. Nigel sat, casually naked, in the same chair he had waited for Will in the night before, this time watching his angel dream. The older man had spent most of the night awake, wondering at the luck that led him to Will and sorting out what he planned to do next. Oh, there was no fucking doubt in his mind he wanted to keep the boy, but he wasn't sure how the younger man would feel about it. After all, Will was a cop, and Nigel a criminal. Not to mention the fact that they barely knew each other....

And none of that mattered in the fucking slightest to Nigel. The idea of letting the younger man go wasn't even worth considering. Nigel hadn't felt in years even one-tenth of the things this beautiful creature conjured up in him just by being near him, and he wanted more of it, was greedy for it. Passionate and possessive by nature, Nigel wasn't about to let something so good slip between his fingers without a fight. But they would need to talk, get things out in the open so there would be no misunderstandings between them.

Will stirred, opening his eyes to the light pouring in the room. His first thought was realizing he was not in his own bed, and then as he moved, moaning from the ache in his ass. He was in spectacular physical shape from being a police officer, but his muscles were sore; his rear was more specifically feeling the effects of Nigel's generous cock. He rubbed his eyes and saw Nigel sitting in that chair again, and the sheet covering him fell to his waist. "Oh, uh, 'morning," he said with a shy, sleepy smile as he sat up.

"Good morning, angel. Did you sleep well?" Nigel couldn't help the smirk as Will moved, looking like a sleepy little kitten stretching and groaning as he felt the after-effects of their activities the night before. "There's painkillers on the nightstand if you need them."

Will saw the bottle and the glass of water there and moaned as he swung his legs out of bed. "Fuck," he mumbled, taking a couple of the pills and knocking them back. "Thanks. Quite a night, huh?" he replied, rubbing his hand over his face and pushing his curls from his forehead. He looked over Nigel, and it really hit him again just how handsome the guy was. Tall, with that dirty blonde and silver hair, the tattoo adorning his long, thick neck and that

dusting of soft hair covering his chest. All muscles and edges and a well of heat in his eyes that Will found himself falling into again. He looked down and blushed with an impish smirk, rubbing his thighs.

“Come over here darling, we need to talk.” Nigel’s voice was quiet, hiding just how nervous he was about how wrong this conversation could go. Patting his lap, he indicated he wanted Will to straddle him in the chair so he could hold him close. Hopefully not for the last time.

Wincing only a little, the young man rose and downed the rest of the water before walking gingerly over to Nigel. He picked his underwear off the floor and blushed somewhat, leaning on the arm of the chair and bending to put them on. “Just, uhm one second,” he said, hopping on one leg to step in.

Reaching out with one hand, Nigel gently disentangled the cloth from Will’s fingers, tossing them back towards the bed. “Just as you are, gorgeous. Nothing between us.” Tugging just as gently on Will’s wrist, he helped the blushing youth clamber into his lap and settle.

Will was still nervous and bashful about his body, not at all used to the way Nigel looked at him like he was dessert or something. Still, he was driven by this continued desire to please him, get his favor and approval, so he carefully sat down, the curve of his round ass soft against Nigel’s thighs. “If you don’t mind this. What...what did you want to talk about?” he asked, resting the flat of his palms against the Romanian’s bare chest.

Pushing a wayward curl behind Will’s ear, Nigel softly caressed the side of his face, rubbing his thumb lightly over the younger man’s morning stubble. He had thought long and hard about what to say in this moment but faced with the innocent beauty that was Will, all that came out was the bald truth.

“This isn’t a one night stand or some kind of fling for me, Will. I need you to fucking know that. It’s fucked up, I know, but it doesn’t fucking matter to me. I want to keep you, be with you, all the fucking time. This last week, waiting to see you again, it was fucking hell on me and I don’t want to go through that again. Nearly drove myself crazy wondering where you were, who you were with... I need to know if you feel the same way, angel.”

Will’s mouth opened in surprise, and he darted his tongue out, sweeping it over the defined crest of his cupid’s bow. “Who I was with? Nigel, I’m not...not seeing anyone else. I’m not

exactly social. I mean,” he paused. He felt weird telling him he didn’t have any friends, hadn’t really even dated much due to how painful he found most social interactions. Being a cop was hard, but at least he didn’t exactly have to form close relationships, and the few extroverts at the precinct learned early on Will wasn’t that way. Most of them thought he was a little weird anyway, and it was lonely, but he’d become accustomed to it.

He examined Nigel’s face, brushing his fingers along the man’s defined, stubbed jawline. “I ahh...I like this. I haven’t looked too closely at why, or what it says about me, but fuck it. I feel good. I’m always so damn stressed out in my line of work and...I don’t know. This was way fucking better than the half a bottle of whiskey I usually use to wind down. I...I like you, Nigel. I want to keep seeing you if you, uhh, want to as well...”

Smiling in relief, Nigel couldn’t resist pressing a grateful kiss to Will’s mouth, tongue delving in to tease against Will’s before pulling back. “Oh, I want, darling. No doubt about that.” Expression turning serious again, Nigel weighed his next words carefully. “But I think we need to discuss how this is going to work between us, angel. It’s not going to be fucking easy, and we’re going to have issues to work around. And I don’t just mean you’re being a cop and me being...well, who and what I am. I’m not a nice man, Will. And being with me won’t always be easy. I’m possessive of what’s mine and love...well for me it’s a kind of madness. Can you handle being my obsession, gorgeous?”

Will couldn’t even fathom anyone being obsessed with him. He didn’t know what it meant or how it would look in reality. In truth, he was overcome with the flattery of someone as powerful and handsome as Nigel being so interested in him. And certainly given the kinky dynamics of their encounters, it surprised him that the man was concerned about his feelings and actually wanted to talk about this. He was frankly impressed. “I mean, I’m a cop of course. I think it would be best for both of us if you kept...whatever it is exactly you do, to yourself. As far as possession and madness...well, Nigel, I’m flattered but I don’t exactly think I’m anyone to be too *mad* over,” he chuckled, the apples of his cheeks pinkening to a bright red again. “What is it you want from me, exactly?”

Growling softly at the disparaging remarks Will was aiming at himself, Nigel fisted a handful of his curls and yanked hard, forcing the younger man’s head back and baring his throat.

Nipping harshly at the tender skin, Nigel worked his way up to Will’s ear. “Oh, darling, that’s where you are so very fucking wrong. You. Are. Perfect. Perfect for me in how you respond to everything I do to you, the way you mewl and cry and beg for more. Perfect in how you submit so beautifully for me, bending without breaking. Do you know how fucking rare it is to find someone who is so fucking compatible, that can take what I dish out over and over like you do? I don’t have to hide who I am with you or what I want, Will, and that is fucking addictive as hell.” Bringing the younger man’s face back to level with his, Nigel pressed a harsh kiss to his lips. “You asked what I want from you.” Staring into those wide blue eyes, Nigel all but snarled his answer. “I want fucking *everything*. And if you stay with

me, choose to be with me, I will have it. You will give it to me or I will take it, but I *will* fucking have it.”

Will's heart hammered in his chest like a wild bird beating its wings against a cage. The man's words excited him - no - they *thrilled* him. He felt worthy. He was stupefied that Nigel would want him *that much*. He stared wide-eyed at Nigel, and while he was never one for prolonged eye contact, with the Romanian, he felt drawn into his gaze. With his head pulled back, he looked down at him, panting a little at the display. “I do seem to really, uhm, respond to all this,” he stuttered, his cock already twitching with renewed interest, though he figured he'd die if he tried to fuck again. “I feel I'm very much out of my depth, but I'll...I think I will, Nigel. Take you up on all this. It's terrifying, but, I've never done anything like this before, you know? And don't think you have anything to be jealous of. Not like anyone else is pining for me,” he said quietly.

Privately, Nigel highly doubted the truth of Will's last statement, but he was willing to let it go for now. That was a subject for a different conversation, and they weren't done with this one yet. “Darling, I fucking love the way you respond to *all this*, but that's one of the things we need to discuss if we're going to make things work between us.” At the boy's nervous look, Nigel presses another quick kiss to his lips in reassurance. “Relax angel, you haven't done anything wrong. If anything, it's my fucking fault. I was a little... wound up when you got here last night, so instead of having this conversation then, when we should have, we're having it now.” Will just looked puzzled. “I'm talking about a safeword, Will. You need one, and I need to know you have a way to let me know if something I'm doing is too much for you.”

Understanding washed over Will's features and he nodded warmly. “If it gets to be too much, something I say and you'll...stop? I have to admit, part of what...uhhh...got me off was that helplessness, not being able to stop you. But I can see how it would require trust, I just don't know...” he drifted off, looking down shyly. It was hard to not feel ashamed of himself for this.

“You like to beg, Will. No, don't fucking look away from me when I talking to you. You. Like. To. Beg. It fucking turns you on to know I've got you completely helpless and that I'm going to do whatever the fuck I want to your hot little body, take you in whatever fucking way pleases me, no matter how much you whine and beg me to stop. And there's *nothing* wrong with that. Hell, I fucking love it, hearing you cry and sob for me, the sweet little noises you make when I hurt you so good that your pretty little cock gets so hard you're leaking all over yourself. Drives me fucking mad with wanting you. But I'm not a fucking mind reader, baby. And you need a way to let me know if I push you too far because the things I want from you, Will...they're dark and twisted and fucking filthy. I'm damned good at this, but mistakes happen. And it would kill me to accidentally hurt you in a bad way, push

you into something that you're not ready for. Do you understand, gorgeous? This, what's growing between us, it's fucking precious to me, and I don't want to fuck it up."

The words touched a chord inside Will. His keenly honed empathy, ability to *see* people, vividly showed that this man was being completely sincere. He actually cared. An odd combination of traits given how rough and volatile he was, but what it told him was Nigel had a heart, a good one, a big one, and he obviously must feel something for him to be telling him all this. "I feel it too. Something...something more between us," he replied with a shaky, heavy sigh. "I understand what you're saying. I admit, it's hard for me to understand what you see in me, but it's also addicting and irresistible. I guess I never imagined someone like me would garner such passion from someone like you. You're ahhh...very strong," he said, fingers skimming over Nigel's biceps, and he smiled at him again. " *Whiskey* . What if the word is *whiskey* ? The color of your eyes and my favorite drink, hm?"

"Fucking perfect, darling. Whiskey it is then. One word and everything stops, no consequences, you understand? You don't have to be afraid to use your safe word, that I might get angry or resent you for it. I need to be able to trust you to stop me if things go bad for you, baby. And you need to be able to trust me to stop when you need me to without worrying about my fucking reactions. Trust goes both ways, Will."

Damn. Was this a...a relationship? Will realized it definitely was something along those lines. He already relaxed more, the tense lines of muscles slackened by their activity the night before, but even more so by his words. "It means a great deal to me that you'd care that much. I didn't expect you'd give a damn. I have to admit, I'm grateful. A little excited to explore more of it," Will replied. "Like why I seem to really enjoy... *pleasing* you so much," he said, lips curling into a grin.

"Mmm...I really fucking enjoy it, too, darling." Pressing a kiss to the center of Will's chest, Nigel leaned back in the chair, hands lightly petting at the boy's hips and sides. "But I can understand how you might have gotten the impression I don't care given the way our first time went down. But even then, I could see the need in your eyes, the way your body was reacting. You were so fucking cute, trying to hide how hard you were in those fucking tight pants. And you fought me so fiercely, darling. I wanted you so bad, and the more you fought me, the more I wanted you. Had to have you, sweetheart. But this, what we're talking about, is different. I'll stop if you really need me to. I'm a bad man, darling, but I take care of what is mine. And you're mine now, aren't you, Will? Mine to have and take and fucking *own* any fucking way I want."

He locked his honey-colored eyes on Will's wide, lust-blown blue ones, staring directly into the ocean depths as he made his last point. It was an important one, a line Will needed to know to never, *ever* fucking cross. "I don't share what's mine, Will. You need to fucking

remember that. I. Don't. Fucking. Share. From now on, there's no one else for either of us. Nothing is guaranteed to push me to violence faster than the idea of someone trying to take what is fucking *mine*."

The foreboding tone of Nigel's voice struck apprehension in Will. It was not a threat, but a promise he could read in the older man's dark gaze. It terrified and excited him, part of him screaming that he needed to be careful, the other half wondering when, if ever, he'd have the chance to explore this side of himself. His heart pounded but he licked his lips and nodded slowly, meeting Nigel's look head-on. "I'm yours then," he whispered softly, knowing even in that moment, the gravity of his admission would undoubtedly mark him forever.

Dancing With The Devil

Chapter Summary

Biting back the snarl that wanted to leave his lips, Nigel waited until they were in front of his office on the third floor, shoving the boy against the wall next to it and caging him in with his larger bulk, palms slamming onto the smooth surface on either side of Will's head, making him flinch back. Eyes gleaming in the low light, his gaze pinned the smaller form in place. Leaning in, Nigel spoke low, his voice deceptively soft. "So, you wanted to play. To see what would happen. And, oh my darling, what a very fucking dangerous game it was you picked to play. Tell me, do you remember what I told you about not fucking sharing what is mine?"

Or the one where Will wondered what would happen if he tried to make Nigel jealous.....

Bad idea, Will. Bad idea...

Chapter Notes

CS here...So here we are at chapter 3 of what was meant to be a smutty one shot. Things are a bit more intense in this chapter, and it is leading up to a fairly harsh spanking scene in the next chapter, which by the way is already written and just awaiting editing. If this is in any way a possible trigger for you, please don't read! Alone and I would much rather you skip it than have something we wrote trigger you!!!!

If you're still game, dear readers, then please enjoy and take a minute and share your thoughts!

As always, we don't own it, we just like playing with it. Mistakes are on me since I edited, so yeah...

Love and Hugs,

CS and Alone

Officer Will Graham of the New Orleans Police Department sat at his desk at the precinct in the middle of a busy afternoon, trying to get through a load of paperwork his boss had given him. Being out on patrol was a lot more exciting than being stuck behind the desk, but this was the odd occasion when he welcomed it. He was doing a little side "research" project on his laptop, looking up a certain Romanian who'd recently come into his life.

He'd specifically advised Nigel against giving him any details as to what activities he was involved in, but after awhile, curiosity overwhelmed him. Honestly, he was as bad as a giddy school girl, and when they weren't together, those chiseled cheekbones and deep-set, warm amber eyes were all he could think about. His obsession gave way to actually doing some poking around. The man had recently purchased a nightclub, all above board of course, but it was wildly successfully literally overnight; a bit suspicious for a fledgling *businessman* .

Will knew their pillow talk might lead there eventually, but he didn't want it to interfere with the way they played. To say he looked forward to their dates would be an understatement; Nigel was revealing a side of him that he never knew existed. Spanking, handcuffs, domination, orgasm denial...Will felt alive for the first time in his life, all thanks to that big, bad man.

Will got out of work that Saturday night, looking forward to his "weekend" - it rarely fell on the actual weekend, but for him this week, it was Sunday and Monday he was off. Knowing it would probably be very busy at Nigel's new club, he figured it could be the perfect opportunity to scope the place out. Nigel had, after all, told him he'd be too busy to get together, but he might come over in the wee hours of the night or the morning. Will figured that gave him plenty of time.

Will furrowed his brow as he stood naked in his bedroom, dripping wet from the shower, rummaging through his closet. He never 'went out'. It just wasn't his style. Bars, yes. Not "nightclubs". He went in enough of those places to know he didn't typically get anything out of it but a headache. After all why spend a hundred bucks on drinking a handful of cocktails in a sweaty, crowded, noisy room when he could probably buy three or four times that amount of alcohol and enjoy it in the peaceful repose of his own little house?

Finally, Will found a pair of black jeans that fit him probably a little tighter than he would have liked, and paired it with an old tee shirt he wore in high school - CCR. It was a fair bit too small on him since he'd put on some muscle since his twiggy little school boy days. But it was all he had that looked remotely normal, and he was getting frustrated fucking around with getting ready anyway.

He did his best to dry and brush his mane, but it had other plans, springing up into the usual tight mop of messy curls as they always did. With a sigh, he grabbed his keys, phone, and wallet and headed out.

He timed the whole thing so he'd get there well before it got busy, find some dark corner and hide out, then wander around as the crowd grew. Getting there early was his secret to avoiding a picky bouncer who might not want to let him in after all the cool people showed up.

Just as he'd hoped it would, it worked. At eight, they weren't even charging a cover, and he slipped in amongst the few people that were there, ordering a bourbon and taking it to a booth to nurse slowly.

"I have to admit, I'm impressed. The club is beautiful and will suit our purposes perfectly. Not bad, for a stupid *nenorocitoare*. Not bad at all..." The deep rumble of Darko's voice came from behind Nigel as he stood looking out at the floor of the steadily filling club from behind the one way glass of his third-story office.

Below them, *The Devil's Playground* was starting to come to life, staff and early patrons moving around in the dimly lit club. Walls painted the color of fresh blood provided a vivid backdrop to the pitch-black floor and the two backlit bars that ran on opposite sides of the club. In between were the little tables and stools for patrons to gather around when not out on the huge dance floor whipping themselves into alcohol-induced frenzies as the DJ fed loud, heavy beats into the club, the music pulsing through the air like the drum of a second heartbeat. A winding black metal staircase led to the second floor where the VIP booths were located and then up to the third floor that housed the security hub, a conference room, and Nigel's office.

Nigel felt pride swell in his chest, the casual, backhanded compliment from Darko meaning far more than it would coming from anyone else. Darko wasn't just his business partner, he was his best fucking friend. Raised together in the nightmare of the Romanian orphanage where they had both been dumped as infants, the two men shared a bond deeper than blood. They had fought for each other, killed for each other, shed blood, both their own and others, to rise above their beginnings, and together had built the foundation of their growing empire. Step by step, battle by battle, they had built. Climbing the ranks of the Romanian mafia until they had been strong enough to break away and start their own branch, ever seeking new ways to expand. Now, this was the next step. Nigel's step. And he was proud to be able to do this, for himself and his brother.

“I’m just glad the fucking renovations went quickly. I don’t have the patience to deal with long delays...” Looking out over his domain, Nigel could admit without conceit that it was an impressive site. Not even nine-thirty and the place was filling up. The club was the perfect front, a way to launder money, conceal the movement of product and a safe place to meet with others in the same line of work as they.

“No shit, brother. You don’t have the patience for much of anything. I’m sure it helped that the owner had just built the place when you made him your offer. Tell me, did it take much persuasion to convince him to sell?” Darko laughed, blowing smoke towards the ceiling of Nigel’s office from where he reclined on the dark leather sofa.

Glancing back over his shoulder at his oldest friend, Nigel’s smile was all teeth. “Almost none at all, *broilis*. Not once I convinced him of my *sincerity* in wanting to purchase his fine building, anyway. He was very...eager, you might say. You really should have more faith in my negotiation skills, *idotule*.”

Darko laughed, crushing his cigarette out in the ashtray next to him before rising to stand next to Nigel at the glass. “Oh, I have every faith in you, knowing just how *persuasive* you can be when you put your mind to it. How badly did you have to beat him, Nigel?”

“Didn’t have to lay a fucking finger on the kid. These American youths...easily intimidated. He was nothing more than a spoiled rich fuck spending daddy’s money in an excuse to have a place to play with his friends. Would have run it into the ground in a year. No fucking backbone, men like that. A few subtle threats and he was happy to sell. After that, it was easy. A few bribes here and there to the right people to grease the wheels and get things going, and we’re up and running. No problem.”

“No problems, in fucking deed. The warehouses on the docks look good. And you’ve bought off the inspectors there as well?”

“You worry too much, Darko. I may have just been the fucking muscle when we got started, but I’ve watched. I’ve learned. I’m not the brash, stupid thug I once was. I can fucking handle this, and I will.” There was no reproach in Nigel’s voice, just the calm statement of fact. When they had first set out to build their empire, Nigel had needed to be that angry, brutish man. Ruthless, cruel and bloody was what was required of him back then, and he had filled that role to perfection. And should the occasion call for it, he could be that man again.

But he *had* learned, watching Darko make the deals, form alliances with powerful men and make things happen without spilling blood. Nigel could be that man as well.

“I have no doubt that you can handle this, Nigel. If I did, we wouldn’t fucking be here now. I never thought of you as just a thug, always knew you had a brain in that ugly fucking head of yours. It just took you too damned long to start fucking using it, eh?”

“Fuck you, fucker. Who you calling ugly?” Nigel laughed, shoving the other man lightly before turning back to the view of the club. Darko was talking about the meeting they were having in about an hour with their new stateside partners, but Nigel had stopped listening when he spotted a familiar mop of dark curls tucked back in a corner at one of the small tables. Well, well. Looked like his pet had decided on a night out.

Will was feeling no pain, having lost track of how many bourbons he’d had. There was some guy there, an older man, that had been sending them to him all night, and Will wasn’t usually one to encourage such advances. He didn’t exactly care, wasn’t attracted to him, though it was nice of him to buy him the drinks. He stayed put though, not wanting to go to the dance floor just yet. For now, he simply enjoyed people watching, getting sucked into the swirling lights and music that grew louder with each passing hour.

Telling Darko he had to take care of something down on the floor, Nigel made his way down, careful to stay out of Will’s direct line of sight so he could come up behind him. Looking the seated figure up and down as he approached, Nigel could feel the ever-present *want* curling in his gut. It didn’t matter how much time he had spent in the other man’s company these last few weeks, didn’t matter how many dates they had been on, the hours they had spent just talking and laughing together. Didn’t matter how many times and all the different ways Nigel had had this lovely boy beneath him, the *want* was still there, still took his breath away every time he saw him. The time where this thing was just about sex and possession was long past for Nigel. This had become...complicated. Emotions Nigel hadn’t expected to feel were now involved.

Nigel had gone and fallen in love with the little brat, and wasn’t that just a beautiful, maddening thing....

Will was stunning tonight as always, but dressed as he was now, he looked much younger, and therefore more vulnerable than usual. The tight band shirt clung to his lithe upper body and the way Will was sitting, leaning forward over the table, only emphasized the way the skinny jeans he was wearing were molded to him, showing off the sweet curve of his round ass. Flushed with drink and hair a riotous mess of curls, Will was lovely. Nigel could feel himself hardening with every step he took across the floor as he drew closer to the object of his lust, the urge to take the boy back to his office right then a strong one. There was no time before his meeting, but that didn't mean the need wasn't there. Reaching his goal, Nigel slid both arms around the boy's slender waist, pressing a kiss to his ear before rumbling a greeting. "Hello, beautiful. Having a good time?"

Will gasped and felt his entire face heat up at the familiar voice and muscular arms around him. He hadn't at all intended for Nigel to know he was there, but now that the dark, smoky voice was in his ear, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up, goosebumps covering his skin from instant arousal. His body had developed a Pavlovian reaction to the Romanian, it seemed. He turned slightly and his lips formed into a perfectly round, surprised little "o".

"Uhm...yes I am actually. I...I hope you don't mind...I mean, I..." he trailed off. How would he explain how he'd found Nigel's club? It was easy enough to imagine, with his resources, yet still, his heart pounded as he anticipated the man being angry with him for showing up unannounced.

"As long as you're here tonight as Will and not Officer Graham, I don't mind in the slightest, darling. In fact, I like seeing you here, in my place...enjoying what I've built. My boy, in my club..." Nibbling on the soft skin of Will's neck, Nigel smiled. "Makes me want to do all manner of wicked, fucking things to you, darling. But, unfortunately, I don't have the fucking time right now." Straightening up, Nigel tipped Will's head back against his chest and leaned down to press a possessive kiss to the boy's parted lips. "Stay, enjoy yourself. Drinks are on the house, I'll inform the staff. Just let one of the bartenders know if you need anything. After my meeting, I'll come down and we can enjoy the rest of the evening together in the VIP area. I've an old friend I'd like you to meet."

Will let out a breathless sigh, his cock swelling half hard under the influence of the booze and Nigel's hands. It was frankly an enormous relief that Nigel wasn't upset with him. He turned slightly, looking up at him with heavily lidded blue eyes, a smile curling his lips. "I'm here just as Will," he answered. "I'll just...enjoy myself, as you said, hmmm?" he answered, and gave the older man a saucy wink. Straightening up, he licked his lips, savoring the taste of Nigel's kiss.

Nigel's pupils dilated and his groin tightened further at the tease his boy was putting on.

Letting a low growl rumble up from his chest, Nigel wrapped a possessive hand around the stretched column of Will's neck. "Minx. You're lucky I don't have the time to fucking deal with you right now. But later, oh darling, later I am going to make up for it in fucking spades, I promise you." Pressing a rough kiss to those smirking lips, Nigel released him and turned to go back upstairs. Tossing a final look over his shoulder, he smiled. "Be a good boy for me and stay out of trouble, yeah?"

Oh, the things that hand on his neck did to him. The reminder of Will's submission left his balls aching in his tight jeans, wanting to be taken rough and hard by the muscular man, and his eyes grew dark with need. Just as quickly he'd released him, and a little mewl of protest slipped out, his cheeks darkening as he realized Nigel likely heard it. "I'll *try* to be a good boy," Will answered coyly, leaning back again. "Tell the barkeep I need a fresh drink," he asked with another smirk and pressed the heel of his hand into his lap to calm down his erection.

Raising a hand to let Will know he had heard his request, Nigel made his way through the now packed club to the bar, motioning both bartenders and the two security men working the floor to meet him at one end of the bar. Informing his staff in no uncertain terms of Will's status and importance to Nigel, he made it perfectly clear that the boy was to be kept happy and under careful watch. Nigel wanted Will to have fun, but not *too* much fun. He hadn't missed the blown pupils and alcohol flush on Will's face and knew the younger man was already more than halfway to inebriated. Knew how uninhibited the boy could get under the influence. Until Nigel wrapped up his business and could keep an eye on his boy himself, he would have to trust his staff to keep the impulsive youth out of trouble.

Orders given, Nigel sent a last glance over to where Will sat, smiling as he watched the way Will's curls bounced as he nodded his head to the beat of the music. The kid really was just too damned cute.

Little did he know, in less than two hours, he wouldn't be smiling any more...

As the evening wore on, with all the alcohol in his system, Will was far bolder and less shy than ever. Someone had invited him on to the dance floor - a tall, handsome blond man - and

at first, he declined. Then it started turning over in his mind, and the idea of possibly making Nigel jealous, provoking the possessive beast inside him, suddenly appealed to him a great deal. Surprising the blond, he sauntered onto the dance floor, making eye contact and rolling his hips sensually.

As the music pulsed around him, he felt invincible, sexy, completely and utterly different from normal, and the confidence was in and of itself intoxicating. Raising his arms above his head, he didn't even notice as his tight tee shirt rode up, revealing a toned, taut belly and trail of fuzz descending to the low-slung denim that hugged his hips. He forgot it all as he writhed to the music, only mildly aware of the attention the other gentleman paid him.

He barely noticed as the taller man's hands began to coast over him, fastening to his hips before sliding up his chest. Will was far too foggy with bourbon, the heat of the dance floor and the music, and he simply danced, obviously unaware of how he appeared, or of all the people oogling him - men and women alike.

The meeting was winding down, talk of business completed and now only the usual bullshit discussions of less important matters now taking place. It had gone well, the last details had been finalized, minor changes agreed to and everyone was satisfied with the outcome. Feeling mellow with success and the anticipation of introducing Will to his best friend, Nigel was unconcerned when his phone vibrated in his pocket. Excusing himself from the conversation, he moved towards the glass window at the back of the conference room they were using, looking out and expecting to see Will where he had left him. The table was empty save for some discarded glasses. Scanning the club, Nigel drew his phone from his pocket, a frown creasing his brow. The frown turned into a vicious snarl as he took in the image on his phone.

It was a still shot from one of the security cameras, showing in perfect detail a very debauched looking Will on the dance floor. With hands that were definitely *not* Nigel's in places they had *no* business being. Rage coiled black and ugly in Nigel's gut, his eyes leaving the picture on the screen to scan over the seething mass of bodies on the dance floor. It was far too crowded to make out individuals from up here, but Nigel didn't need to. The image of Will with another's hands wandering his body was burned into the older man's brain like a brand.

He had given the boy *one* warning, one rule that was absolutely not to be broken. And tonight, Will had chosen not only to break it but to fucking *shatter* it. Very fucking publicly,

in a place owned by the very man he belonged to. Whatever game Will thought he was playing, he was about to learn that it wasn't worth the cost.

Reigning in the fury roiling through him for now, Nigel pocketed his phone and turned back to his guests. Most were already making their way towards the door, ready to depart after a profitable evening. One or two lingered, obviously wanting a further word with the Romanian crime boss, but Nigel offered an apologetic smile that did not reach his eyes, cutting them off before they could get started.

"My apologies, gentlemen, but I am afraid you must excuse me. A personal matter has come up that demands my attention. Darko will finish seeing you out."

"Everything ok, Nigel?" One of the local mob bosses asked, lingering despite Nigel moving for the door.

"Oh, it will be." Nigel snarled softly. "Just a little matter of someone forgetting who they fucking belong to." Not giving Darko or anyone else the chance to question him further, the bad man from Bucharest descended the stairs and made his way onto the dance floor.

The thumping music and the heat from so many bodies pressed against Nigel's skin like a heated caress, firing his blood further as he wove his way between the writhing dancers with predatory ease, his quarry in sight now. Will's head was thrown back in abandon, his slender body moving with the music as it thrummed through the air, the beat fast and heavy and screaming of sex and violence. Or maybe that was just the beating of Nigel's heart, pumping fast and harsh in his chest, echoing the fury riding him.

As soon as Will was in reach, Nigel's hands shot out, grasping him by the upper arms tight enough to leave bruises and dragging the younger man nearly off his feet to land against the Romanian's chest. Simultaneously, the two security guards who had followed at Nigel's growled command to follow him grabbed the blond-haired man stupid enough to be caught with his hands on what did not belong to him.

Will was woosy with liquor and at first, giggled, but feeling those strong hands digging into his skin sobered him up rather quickly. "Wait, what? Oh...N-n-Nigel, hi again," he stammered when he realized the man was actually angry. Oh shit, he must have seen him, and maybe this hadn't been as good an idea as he'd thought...

Glaring down into Will's surprised face, Nigel snarled, cutting off whatever the boy had been about to say. "Think very fucking carefully about what comes out of your pretty mouth next, darling. All I fucking want to know from you right now, is did this fucker know you were taken when he touched you?" Jerking Will roughly around so his back was pressed to Nigel's chest, the taller man leaned down, hissing directly into Will's ear, his danger-filled eyes fixed and glaring promises of pain and death at the obviously terrified blond man being held in place by Nigel's men. "Did he fucking know you belonged to me when you let him put his filthy fucking hands all over my property, Will, or did you just let the poor fool sign his own fucking death warrant without telling him what he was doing by touching you?"

The brunet's mouth dropped open in shock, and fear crept up his spine as he realized very quickly that he had definitely angered him, and this wasn't playing. "Fuck," he murmured. "I don't even know him, I d-d-didn't touch him, Nigel," he stammered and was instantly shocked at himself, at how quickly he cowered. His face was crimson with embarrassment, and he shook his head to try and sober up and regain his footing. "I have no idea, I didn't even really speak to him," Will replied, unable to think of anything to possibly quell Nigel's anger, and far too foggy to come up with a fabrication.

"So what you're fucking trying to tell me is that this was all innocent, that you didn't intentionally join him out here, didn't shake that lovely round ass in his direction to lure him in, didn't let this *nenorcitule* paw at you, you just didn't fucking notice it? Is that the story you want to go with, darling? Because I've seen the video feed, love, and it tells a story of its fucking own." The security detail had shown Nigel the feed when he got to the main floor, the come-hither glance the boy had thrown the man plain as fucking day. It was the only reason the blond was still currently drawing air. No man in his right mind would turn down a look like that. Nigel just needed to know what Will's intentions had been before he decided how badly to hurt the idiot caught between them in this ugly little game Will had started.

Will panted and struggled to stay calm; he was breathing too fast and starting to panic. "Okay, okay, okay, stop, Nigel. I'm drunk, goddamn it...yeah, I wanted to...maybe I wanted to make you a little jealous. I swear it didn't fucking mean anything? I was just playing around," he whined, mortified at how high his voice sounded, how pathetic and scared he came off, but he couldn't help it. This man brought it out of him, and he felt so small and weak as Nigel held him up, a painfully tight grip on him.

Nigel closed his eyes briefly, relief dulling the fine edge of his anger marginally. Like any new submissive, Will was pushing at his boundaries, needing to know if they would be enforced, teased by the lure of 'what would happen if...' kind of thinking. It was normal, natural even, for this kind of thing to happen. He just hadn't expected Will to push quite this

hard or in this exact way. But like any good Dom, Nigel would show Will what happened when lines were crossed and boundaries broken. Will may not realize *why* he had acted like this, but Nigel did. Just as he knew Will needed him to enforce those boundaries. Harshly. Firmly. Swiftly.

“Oh, darling....you really shouldn’t have. I warned you about consequences, didn’t I?”

Switching to Romanian, Nigel instructed his men to take the blond out through the back and make sure he knew never to return to the club or contact Will again. “Remind him why it’s not a good idea to trespass on another man’s territory, and then let the fucker go.”

He let Will watch the blond man being dragged off the dance floor and then proceeded to head to his private office, tugging a very reluctant Will behind him.

Will felt like he was being dragged like a naughty schoolboy into the principal's office, except this was ten times worse. Of course, it made him uncomfortably aroused, the way Nigel hauled him around like he weighed nothing, though he started to think maybe his tee shirt was torn, but he couldn't look down to make sure. “I made a mistake, Nigel, please...I just wanted to let loose, have...uh, have a little fun,” he said in a shaky voice, stumbling as he was dragged.

Biting back the snarl that wanted to leave his lips, Nigel waited until they were in front of his office on the third floor, shoving the boy against the wall next to it and caging him in with his larger bulk, palms slamming onto the smooth surface on either side of Will’s head, making him flinch back. Eyes gleaming in the low light, his gaze pinned the smaller form in place. Leaning in, Nigel spoke low, his voice deceptively soft. “So, you wanted to play. To see what would happen. And, oh my darling, what a very fucking dangerous game it was you picked to play. Tell me, do you remember what I told you about not fucking sharing what is mine?”

Will trembled, looking into eyes that burned fiery red, blood red. “I remember, yes,” he said, his voice little more than a whisper. He was so close, the scent that was so uniquely Nigel permeated his senses - cigarettes and a clean, woodsy, musky scent that went straight to his dick. It made no sense for him to be so turned on by this, while his heart pounded in fear. He slowly licked his lips and repeated himself, his cerulean gaze drifting to Nigel’s mouth and back up to his eyes as he tried to fashion his expression into what could best be described as *a scolded puppy dog, hopeful for forgiveness*. “I remember, and I’m s-s-sorry...”

Ignoring the pleading eyes looking up at his, Nigel nodded. "I know you are. Or at least that you fucking think you are. But I don't believe you really understand what you promised when you said you were mine. But don't worry, we're going to sort that out tonight. You need to decide once and for fucking all, Will. Are you mine? Mine and only mine?" Reaching over, Nigel opened the door to his office before stepping back. "Because if you are, you will walk into that room, knowing that I am going to punish you. That I am going to make you cry harder tonight than I have ever made you fucking cry before. That before I am done, you will fucking scream for me, beg for my forgiveness and know in *every fucking fiber of your being who you belong to.*"

Pausing, letting his words set in, Nigel never took his eyes from Will's. "If you can't do that, if you can't commit completely to me and what's fucking between us, if you can't walk into that room knowing what I am going to do to you and accept it, then you are not mine, Will. And that means we are *done* and you will walk out of this building, out of my life and we will never fucking see each other again. It'll fucking gut me to let you go, but I'll do it. I don't have room in my life for half measures or split loyalties. I will have all of you, Will Graham, or I will not have you fucking at all. Your choice." Pushing away from the wall, Nigel walked into the office without looking back.

Are You Mine?

Chapter Summary

The hand petting Will's curls tightened harshly, suddenly, crushing the soft strands in a fierce grip, jerking his head back painfully. Leaning close, Nigel locked his gaze with Will's startled one, letting his displeasure show. "This isn't about pleasure, Will. Fucking playtime is over. You think I've disciplined you before, little boy? Those were lessons, nothing more. What you've earned tonight is punishment. Big fucking difference, darling. I gave you fair warning, just one rule that was absolutely not to be fucked with, but you did it anyway. And now.... Well now, gorgeous, you've got to pay that bill, and you'll pay it in fucking spades."

Or...Will pays the price for a very foolish decision.

Chapter Notes

CS again... Ok boys and girls, this chapter is intense! Trigger warnings for spanking, rough sex and Nigel being Nigel. You do remember he's not a nice man, right? Please keep in mind this is completely consensual, Will has his safe word and Nigel reminds him he can use it at any time.

Also, remember, this is FANTASY and is in no way meant to be a true representation of good BDSM or D/s etiquette. For the sake of this story, we have suspended some rules and such.

Please read and enjoy, but keep these things in mind.

As always, we don't own it, but damn, we do have fun! And all errors are my fault as I edited.

Love and Hugs,

CS and Alone

Will felt the fear sink into the pit of his stomach, but was it fear of the punishment or of losing Nigel? It was the latter. But it was about more than just the aspect of pleasure. Something else coiled inside him, another kind of apprehension. He didn't want this to be over. The idea of never seeing this man again was unthinkable, and it seemed like it was about more than just sex.

No matter the reason, the look on Nigel's handsome face was serious enough - he knew this was no time to play cute or call his bluff. He'd tell him what he wanted to hear, and try and sort it out later.

Pulling his shoulders back, he sobered up and stepped inside, towards the Romanian and into his office, and looked him in the eye. "You can have....all of me," he said finally, and put his hands behind his back, holding his wrists together as he did handcuffed in their first encounter.

Not giving in to the sigh of relief that wanted to escape him, Nigel closed and locked the door to his office, nudging Will to stand in the middle of the room, hands firm on the slender shoulders that trembled beneath his touch. Squeezing gently in reassurance, Nigel pressed a soft kiss to the boy's sweaty curls. "Everything's going to be ok, darling. It's going to be bad, it fucking has to be, you've earned it tonight. But I'll take you through it, I promise. Do you trust me to do that, Will?"

Will couldn't stop himself from leaning into the kiss; it felt so good, and just having that affection from the older man, even if it would be fleeting, meant everything to him. Of course, he knew what followed would be painful, but he wanted it. He needed it, he knew he did. "I do trust you, Nigel. I'll take it. I know it was wrong...I'll take what's coming."

"Good boy." Pressing a final kiss to Will's crown, Nigel stepped back, releasing him completely and turning his mind to what needed to be done. "Now, strip." Nigel's voice was still soft, still deceptively calm, but his tone brooked no argument.

Will ducked his head, and tucking both arms beneath his armpits, he lifted the tight tee shirt over his head, rather slowly, and tossed it on the floor. He looked up timidly at Nigel as he thumbed open the fly of his jeans, one short tug revealing that he'd not worn underwear. He began shimmying them down over the v of his hips, the ripe curve of his ass, and down his legs. When they were at his ankles, he shuffled off his shoes and kicked them away, placing his hands behind his back once again. He looked up expectantly, once more quirking a brow at Nigel, but his smirk was gone. This was, he knew, quite serious.

Keeping his expression carefully blank, Nigel slowly unfastened his belt, pulling the supple leather from his slacks with a few fluid tugs. Palming the buckle once it was free, he wrapped

the belt around his fist a few times, letting the majority of it hang down, leaving a very serviceable strap. Watching Will's face, he couldn't help the small, cruel smile that curved his lips at the wide, nervous eyes that darted between the what he held in his hand and his face. "Ever been struck with one of these, Will? Stings like a fucking bitch. Makes for a very effective disciplinary tool."

"N-no, *Sir*, I haven't," the officer replied softly and swallowed nervously at the dark smile. He remembered of course that he did have his safe word if it got to be too much, but he wouldn't use it unless absolutely necessary. Right now, the anticipation was palpable, far too delicious, and he marveled at how effectively Nigel used fear to his advantage, to gain the upper hand and control the very energy of the room.

Taking a small amount of pity on the obvious fear in the other man's eyes, Nigel allowed his expression to soften a bit. Stepping forward, he cupped Will's jaw in his free hand, tilting his face up to meet Nigel's gaze. "It will hurt, darling, I won't lie to you about that, but it won't fucking damage you. Not in my hands, anyway. And I promise it won't be more than you can bear. And when it's over, it's fucking over. Clean slate, no guilt or anger between us, everything forgiven and forgotten. Do you understand, darling?"

Will swallowed and nodded slowly, Adam's apple bobbing up and down the length of his neck. "I do, Sir. Thank you," he added, daring to let his eyes wander down Nigel's broad frame. His cheeks flamed bright pink as he observed the tuft of dark chest hair peeking from the collar of his shirt, and over to the firm biceps that strained at the short sleeves of his shirt.

Nigel shook his head at the flush of confused arousal on the boy's cheeks, knowing Will had no real idea what was about to happen. For such an empathic man, it was obvious he was missing the mark in this situation. But the older man knew that was mostly his fault, having only shown Will his anger, holding the disappointment and hurt over his lover's actions tonight deep inside, masking it with possessive rage and dominance. Not that he wasn't fucking royally pissed because he was, but perhaps he needed to let Will see just what his little stunt tonight had done to him, how seeing Will allowing another to touch him like that had torn into him and hurt him. Perhaps physical pain alone was not the key to driving home the lesson Will needed to learn tonight...

Guiding the trembling young man to the couch, Nigel placed Will's hands along the back of it, nudging his legs out and encouraging him into a wide stance that left the tender skin of his inner thighs vulnerable and his backside presented for the swing of the belt. A firm hand on the small of his back deepened the curve and Nigel deemed his position perfect. Whether or not Will could hold it remained to be seen. Staying close for the moment, Nigel petted Will's

curls gently, soothing the nervous young man as much as he could considering what was about to happen.

“I told you I was going to punish you, that I would hurt you but not damage you. Do you understand the difference, Will?”

Will turned his head to the side slightly, a shaky but uncertain smile on his face. Was this part of the negotiation? “Y-you’re going to spank me? Whip me, but nothing bad enough that would send me to the hospital or something, right?” he asked, a spark of fear in his eyes. He was sure they were past the point of Nigel actually doing him any real harm like that, but he wasn’t exactly sure what he was getting at. Big blue eyes blinked, hoping he was on the right track. Usually, it was so easy to read people, but with Nigel, it was much trickier, clouded by his attraction to the handsome, exotic Romanian.

Nigel smiled, saddened a bit that Will was in effect asking him if he intended to do him actual harm. It just showed how far they had to go to truly understanding each other. But they would get there. Tonight would be pivotal to that goal. “Hurt is temporary, darling. Harm is fucking permanent. What I am going to do will hurt, will make you cry and beg and leave pretty marks on your skin for days, but they will fade. Nothing done tonight will last, I will never lay a mark on you that will remain past a week, never bleed you or scar you. You need to be able to trust that, to fucking believe that I will never *harm* you in that way, or you will never be able to let go of that fear and truly submit. Do you understand, Will?”

The brunet was out of his depth here, wasn’t sure if this was part of this game the blond was playing or really what exactly was going on. “I understand. I’ll submit to you, Sir, yes,” he answered, believing that was what Nigel wanted to hear, and he arched his back a fraction of an inch more and spread his thighs slightly, lowering his lashes down and then up again at the man. He quirked a brow expectantly. “Maybe you should teach me that lesson then?” he said sassily.

The hand petting Will’s curls tightened harshly, suddenly, crushing the soft strands in a fierce grip, jerking his head back painfully. Leaning close, Nigel locked his gaze with Will’s startled one, letting his displeasure show. “This isn’t about pleasure, Will. Fucking playtime is over. You think I’ve disciplined you before, little boy? Those were *lessons*, nothing more. What you’ve earned tonight is *punishment*. Big fucking difference, darling. I gave you fair warning, just one rule that was *absolutely* not to be fucked with, but you did it anyway. And now.... Well now, gorgeous, you’ve got to pay that bill, and you’ll pay it in fucking spades.”

Releasing the shaken young man, Nigel stepped back, taking his place behind where Will remained bent and displayed. Swinging his arm to loosen his shoulder, Nigel judged the distance between them and took another half step back to give himself enough room to effectively deliver each stroke of the belt.

“You remember your safe word, boy?”

He had Will’s *full and complete* attention now. There was something else in Nigel’s eyes and tone, something that made Will’s heart turn to stone in his chest.

Coldness.

Will had actually, quite literally, upset Nigel. He wasn’t playing.

“Y-y-you’re *really* angry...?” he stuttered to himself in a half whisper, shocked, but it wasn’t a question he needed answered.

“Yes, sir, I remember it,” he said, eyes falling from Nigel’s eyes to his chin and down to the belt as reality set in of what was happening. Well, after all, how bad could it really be?

“Good.” It was the only response Nigel offered before he swung his arm back, bringing it forward swiftly. Warm-ups were for good boys. And Will had been very, very naughty. Nigel needed to get through to him, to drive home the lesson behind this night so that Will would never, *ever* test him this way again. Would never hurt him like Will had hurt him tonight again. For his own safety and Nigel’s sanity. He would never harm Will, but the urge to kill the blond man who had dared touch what was Nigel’s had been almost too much to resist, and the fact that Will had *allowed* it, that had cut Nigel to the bone.

The first stroke landed high on the back of Will’s thighs, just where the flesh was the most tender and where he would be sure to feel it for days every time he sat down. An angry, red welt immediately appeared, stark against the pale skin. It was closely followed by the next, giving Will no time to react beyond a startled gasp. By the third, Will had found his voice, filling Nigel’s office with his cries as the whipping continued. There was an art to a whipping, and Nigel was very, very good at it. To punish without damaging, to making each

blow land evenly, distributing the force and lay of the leather against soft skin so that it marked but did not break, wheeled but did not cut. Nigel stepped into each swing, snapping his arm forward with controlled force as he stripped Will from the top of his lovely ass to just above his knees.

Will's eyes flew open as wide as his mouth, a high-pitched cry at how fiercely sharp and unexpectedly intense the pain was. He expected pain of course, but it was a biting sting, and the repeated blows felt harder and deeper layer upon layer as they fell one after another without reprieve. Hands scrambled to hold fast to the couch and not let go, even as urgently as he wanted to protect himself, and even still, his right hand flailed backwards, overriding his brain's commands to be still. He knew it would come with a price, of course.

Nigel watched as his boy struggled to stay in position, fighting his natural urge to protect himself from the pain inflicted upon him. He was doing so well, even the slip of one hand coming back was quickly corrected, only forcing a few seconds delay of the next fall of the belt. Nigel felt a sense of pride swelling in his chest, tenderness right there alongside it and cooling some of the rage that had been eating at him since seeing the images of Will on the dance floor tonight.

"Good, Will. You're doing so fucking well darling." Will deserved the praise and Nigel freely gave it. It was no easy thing to stand and let another beat you, no matter how well deserved it might be. But Will wasn't where Nigel needed him to be emotionally just yet. Will was still focused only on *what* was happening to him, not the *why* of it. There was still work to do. Considering the angry, reddened skin of the younger man's buttocks, Nigel's gaze traveled to the as of yet unmarked flesh of Will's inner thighs. Will would be so sensitive there, the skin soft and tender.

The brunet swallowed hard at the praise but tensed up, knowing more was coming, expecting it, though somewhere in the darkness of his mind he knew the anticipation would only make it worse when the blows finally landed. Gritting his teeth, he fought to remain still,

Giving Will a moment longer to collect himself, Nigel chose instead to speak, to let what he had felt seeing Will with another's hands on him out, let the hurt and disappointment bleed into the deep timbre of his voice. "Do you understand why I'm doing this, Will? Why this fucking *had* to happen? Do you have any idea what it felt like to see you letting that fucking bastard of a pissant paw at you, touching what should only be mine to touch? Dirtying you with his fucking hands, rutting up against you like a fucking dog after a bitch?"

“I understand... I-I do. Nigel, please, no, please, please, stop...!” Will’s voice came out far more broken than he wanted it to, though under the circumstances it was the best he could hope for. He knew it wouldn’t do any good but it was compulsive.

He wasn’t getting through to the boy. Will was simply saying whatever he thought Nigel wanted to hear, what was needed to make the spanking stop. But he hadn’t safeworded, and so they would continue. Nigel was going to have to push him further, break down his barriers to bring Will to surrender, to the submission he so desperately wanted to give, and that Nigel needed so badly.

Ignoring the tearful plea, Nigel swung the belt, this time aiming in such a way that the blow landed against the vulnerable flesh of his inner thigh, the supple leather kissing with far less force than before, but instead curling around his inner leg with a snapping bite. Will’s scream was high pitched and thready. “I don’t think you fucking do, darling. I don’t think you understand yet just how fucking badly you’ve hurt me tonight. But you will.”

Another swing of the leather and now Will was howling for him. “How would it have been, darling, if I had done such a thing? Would you enjoy watching me writhe around with a stranger, letting them touch me like that, to be all but fucking me through my clothes? Would you fucking like that, Will?” Each sentence was punctuated with another stroke of the belt, Nigel’s voice nothing more than a growl now.

Everything dimmed for several moments, Will’s vision whiting out from the pain. He could hear Nigel’s voice, smoky, rough and deep, that accented rasp, the slight lisp. Between blows, everything sharpened, his empathy quickening, and it felt like his chest split open from the pain. Not physical pain - emotional.

As the image before him blurred, hot tears stung his eyes. He gradually became aware he was crying, as the saltiness dripped hot down his face onto his tongue. With an utter absence of control over it, whimpers became wracking sobs, his upper torso shaking, and blood rushing upwards from not only the angle of his body but the exertion as well.

Will was folded over the couch, arms stretched out obediently in front of him, a long line of drool hanging from his open mouth, wordlessly panting as inhuman moans weakened to hoarse whines. The flesh of his inner thighs burned unlike anything he’d experienced, and at a certain point, he stopped feeling pain from the whipping completely.

His breath grew shallow and his head grew light, his entire existence floating above him, and all the sensation centered in his chest; it was nearly more than he could bear. He saw Nigel, not the man behind him, sweating with reddened eyes. There was no anger there. It was heartbreak. Not wrath but disappointment, anguish, sadness, betrayal. He felt it like barbed wire wrapped around his soul digging in, pulling, cutting and bleeding. He realized somehow in the midst of whatever had been occurring between himself and this man, Nigel had deep, intense feelings for him. He loved him. He wanted him, and it wasn't something he was simply saying for kinky sex talk.

Nigel truly *wanted* him. It sank in then, he felt it and knew it and the truth of it absolutely wrecked him. Will Graham knew no one had wanted him or loved him like this before.

His body gave out and muscles finally weakened as he was unable to hold himself up any longer, and Will sagged forward, not passing out, simply empty.

"I'm so, so sorry."

He didn't know if he actually said it or simply thought it.

Nigel didn't hear the words, but he saw them in every line of Will's body, in the way the boy had stopped fighting to contain the pain of the lashing, the long, lean lines of his form limp now except where he lifted up into each stroke instead of flinching away. No longer just suffering through what was being done to him, but accepting it as just, his surrender evident not only in his shuddering body but in the loud, racking sobs that seemed to tear themselves from his throat in continuous waves. There was no begging for the whipping to be over, no pleading for Nigel to stop, just broken, heart-wrenching wails. It was what Nigel had been waiting for.

Submission at last.

Now he could reach him. Now, Will would not only hear his words, he would *feel* them, down deep inside, at his core. And he would remember. And never test Nigel this way again. That was what Nigel needed to be able to let go of the hurt Will had unthinkingly done him. That is what he needed to be able to *forgive*.

Stepping close, Nigel ran a soothing hand down the boy's sweat slicked back, murmuring quiet words of comfort and praise as he waited for the sobs to die down to wet sniffles.

When Will had calmed, Nigel spoke softly to him, his words serious, his voice tired. "You gave yourself to me, Will. Swore you were mine. And as long as you are mine, darling, I won't touch another. All that I ask is that you do the same. Touch no one else, allow no one else to touch you. Me, and only me. I don't think that's too fucking much to ask, do you?"

Will turned his face, passive and quiet, his voice a mere whisper, and opened his reddened eyes. "I-i-i-it's not too much...no. I will..." he took in a deep breath, and exhaled heavily. "I will obey you," he said, eyes widening and pupils dilating as though a heavy weight had been lifted from him. Relief. Calm. Will felt it all wash over him as he focused his gaze on those deep-set, intense beryl eyes staring into his own.

"This isn't about obedience, Will." Nigel blanketed the still bent body with his own, pressing tight to the punished skin of the boy's bottom and thighs, drinking in the soft, pained gasp Will let slip from his lips. "This is about you not wanting anyone but me, choosing to fucking be with me and only me because that is what you want because you need me the way I need you. Christ, Will...you're it for me. There's no one else. No one I want more than you." Will's face was tilted to the side, those perfect blue eyes seeming to stare right into Nigel's soul. Unable to resist, he pressed his lips to Will's, pouring his need, everything he was feeling into the kiss. "Tell me you need me that way, too. Tell me you want me, Will."

Had he always needed this? Was this what was missing from his life? Staring into Nigel's eyes, his heart pounding in his chest, it felt deep and real. He was drawn into this strangely beautiful, exotic, violent, powerful man. There was possessiveness but there was a nearly volcanic force of love in him that Will wanted more of. The taste he'd had, he knew it wouldn't be enough. His eyelashes brushed against Nigel's cheek and he pursed his lips to try and kiss him back before whispering his answer, voice breaking. "I've never been this wanted before. I want it now...you... I need more of this, more of you. I want you Nigel...I...I want you."

With a groan, Nigel stood, bringing Will up with him and turning the boy in his arms and crushing their mouths together in a devouring kiss. Sweet, his boy tasted so *fucking* sweet, like water in the desert. And Nigel was going to drown himself in that sweetness. There would be no teasing this time, no playful build up to their passion, only the need to possess and take and *claim*. Lifting Will up so that he was perched precariously on the back of the couch, forced to cling to his older lover to maintain his balance, Nigel pressed close between the younger man's parted thighs, kissing and nipping at his shoulders and neck, running his teeth along Will's jaw. "Going to take you now, gorgeous. Going to fuck you good and hard,

remind you who you belong to, make you forget everyone else but me. Tell me you want that. That you fucking want me to...”

Well-muscled, lean arms trembled as they wrapped around Nigel’s neck, encircling him, clinging to him to stay upright, but mostly because he longed to. He melted into the Romanian’s arms, against his body, whimpering, pressing nearer, skin against skin. Whiskey, cigarettes, and something very distinctly Nigel, Will wanted to taste it, bathe in it, wrap himself in him for days and nights. It stirred a fire in his loins and chest, made him want, made him feel like a starving man who hadn’t eaten in months.

“I’m yours. Claim me, take me, fuck me. Fuck me, Nigel. I don’t want anyone else ever again, please,” Will said, his voice low and urgent, lips reddened as he kissed him back desperately, arching as he wove his finger into long strands of dark blond and silver hair.

Not breaking the kiss, Nigel slid both hands under Will’s ass, lifting him from the couch and carrying him across the room to his desk, setting the boy down gently before untangling the long arms and legs from where they clung to his large frame. Moving away just long enough to rummage through one of the desk drawers, Nigel came back to him swiftly, a small bottle of lube in hand. He’d bought it, placing it in his desk in the hope that Will would someday visit him here, and now he was glad he did. There was no possible, fucking way Nigel could wait until they got to one of their homes to be inside of his boy again. He needed Will *now*.

Slipping back between Will’s spread knees, Nigel encouraged them wider, careful of the tender, abused skin but not avoiding caressing him there softly as he lifted those long legs up and placed the boy’s heels at the edge of the desk. The pain from the punishment was part of this, part of the claiming Will had asked of Nigel, a way to cement what they were to each other deep in the other’s soul. Flicking the bottle open, Nigel coated his fingers and reached between Will’s cheeks, rubbing gently to spread the lube before sliding one finger barely inside.

Will’s ass lifted up off the wood as his jaw fell slack in a slight gasp at the cool press of Nigel’s calloused finger. It was hardly anything of course, but he was so sensitive from the sting of the belt. He pressed his heels flat, anchoring himself as best he could, trying to relax and knowing that doing so would only make it easier. He bit his lower lip and exhaled through flared nostrils, doing his best to not bear down as the Romanian worked him open.

Nigel smiled at the small gasp, the way Will's hips jutted up into his touch as if the boy could not help himself despite the discomfort he was in. Always eager, his lover never failed to react hungry and needy to Nigel's demands on his body. Will was the most responsive lover the Romanian had ever had, and it made him greedy to draw more of those needy sounds from the younger man. Taking his time, enjoying the tight squeeze of the muscles reluctantly parting for his intrusion, Nigel pressed kisses and words of praise and affection into Will's sweat dampened skin.

"So fucking beautiful, darling. You should see yourself, Will. The way you squirm and wiggle for me, pushing for more already even though your tight little hole is clamped down on my finger like a vice. Come on, baby. Relax for me, let me in..." Nigel's words worked like magic, the muscles clenching tight to keep him out relaxing and fluttering, allowing him to slide his finger in to the base and out again. Thrusting back in, Nigel smiled against the soft skin of Will's throat at the groan of pleasure the boy could not contain. "You like that, darling? You feel so good, like liquid silk wrapped tight around my finger, clinging and wet and so fucking hot."

Nigel leaned back so he could watch his hand play between Will's thighs, fascinated by the flex and roll of the muscles as Will rocked his hips to meet the thrust of his hand. Hard already, the younger man's cock lay red and throbbing against his stomach, little pools of pre-cum already wetting the soft skin. Continuing to thrust evenly into the eager body sprawled across his desk, Nigel rubbed the reddened ring of muscle with the tip of a second finger, not penetrating, not yet. "Do you want more, gorgeous?"

"Nnnngghhhhh...yyyyhhhh...hhhh yesss, oh yess, please," Will begged, his head thrown to the side, arms above his head, long lines of muscles stretched out over ribs as he writhed beneath him and spread himself open further. Every touch against skin that had been struck burned, yet he was aching to be filled. What he really wanted was Nigel's cock, as much as it hurt right now having his fingers alone, just the thought of getting fucked hard had him leaking over his own taut belly.

Not bothering to try and suppress the growl that Will's sweet begging drew from him, Nigel leaned in, blanketing the smaller body and took the boy's mouth in a ferocious, devouring kiss, all the while his hand continuing to work at opening him up for Nigel's possession. One finger became two, became three and it wasn't long before he was moving with ease between the lush globes of Will's ass. Nigel swallowed down the younger man's soft cries and mewls, feeding him back his own passionate moans as long as he could stand it. But it didn't take long before it just wasn't enough.

Breaking the kiss at last, both of them panting and gasping, Nigel drew his fingers from Will's body and wrapped those long fingers around the boy's jaw, forcing him to look at him. "Going to fuck you now, gorgeous. Going to flip you over this desk and ream that tight little ass of yours until you're screaming for me. And then I'm going to fuck you some more, just because I can, because you're mine and I want to. And you know what Will? The heat from your punished ass is going to feel fucking amazing pressing up against me, and you're poor, sore little hole is going to feel. *So. Fucking. Good* when it clenches down on my cock, trying so hard to keep me out even though we both know you fucking want this as bad as I do. Don't you baby boy?"

"Yes, Sir..."

Thick, dark lashes blinked up at him, wide blue eyes almost black with lust, pupils dilated as he licked his lips, dry from panting out his pleas for more. "Do with me what you want. I know you will anyway but, I...I...n-need it," Will whispered. The blush over the apples of his cheeks deepened, but he couldn't help himself. His body remembered that fullness and he wanted it again. He dropped his heels off the desk and sat up, one hand ranking through the thick hair of Nigel's chest. Nigel was also *his*. After all, that *was* the deal he'd mentioned. No one else touches Will, Nigel touches no one else. He felt a tightness in his chest as the heat of desire and this emotional *want* converged inside him like a tornado. It was getting complicated and he found that the more time he spent with the Romanian, the less he cared to fight it. He sat up and wrapped a hand around the back of Nigel's head, pulling him to a kiss - the first time he'd actually initiated one. It was demanding, possessive, and he bit Nigel's lip hard enough to draw blood in the process. Pulling back, he gasped shyly. "Oh God, I..."

Nigel's eyes went wide at the sudden aggression in his usually submissive lover, body going still like a predator whose prey does something unexpected. The burst of pain at Will's bite, the taste of copper flooding his mouth... Nigel *snapped*.

Restraint was a thing of memory, a flimsy, gossamer strand now broken as the Romanian reacted on instinct alone. Scrabbling at his own clothing, Nigel managed to get his belt and fly undone despite the lust that made his hands shake and shoved the offending material down his thighs, freeing his achingly hard cock and swollen balls. Jerking Will off the desk, it was the work of seconds to have that smaller body turned and bent before him, his large hands gripping the still raw and red flesh of the boy's ass to spread his cheeks apart, baring him to Nigel's burning gaze. It was good he had used so much lube prepping Will earlier because all thoughts of further consideration were lost to blinding need to bury himself as deep into his lover's body as he could get. Notching the fat head of his cock against the puckered flesh, Nigel thrust home, shoving forward until he was sheathed completely, buried to the hilt.

“Ahhhh....!!!” Will screamed, a raw, ragged, animalistic cry, the pain very real and instant as his own body immediately knew it was not ready to accommodate the length and breadth of the man. Muscles drew up whipcord tight as he fought to force himself to relax, his brain screaming at him to do exactly that, and shallow, harsh pants deepened slowly, though he knew Nigel wasn’t going to grant him any time for the process. All he could do was hold on.

Growling almost continuously now, Nigel gave no mercy as he ruthlessly took the boy over and over. The pained cries Will couldn’t hold back only egged the older man on, knowing that while it hurt, Will had been too well prepped to rip or be truly damaged by the rough fucking Nigel was subjecting him to. It was all part of the madness that had seemed to consume them both this evening, the need Will had felt to push his boundaries and resultant need Nigel had had to push back twice as hard. It had all led to this.

Sliding his hands up Will’s sweaty back, Nigel grasped his shoulders and used the leverage to pull Will back to meet the slap of his hips as he fucked him harder, determined to push the boy past pain and into pure sensation. Every thrust brought his groin into contact with the inflamed skin of Will’s punished ass, the heat almost burning him.

“Mine!” Nigel’s voice was almost guttural, almost animalistic with the raging force of the emotions tearing through him “Never again, Will. Never, ever fucking again will I have to see another’s hands on you, man or woman. I’ll kill anyone who touches you. Remember that. You’re mine. You gave yourself to me and I’m fucking keeping you forever. Till death do us fucking part, darling. Do you understand me?”

Will arched his long back, pressing his round ass almost defiantly back into Nigel, while his skin stung with the effects the night had on him, the roughness only poured fuel on the flames that burned inside him for this beautiful, dangerous man. “Yes,” he hissed. “All yours, only yours,” he whispered, lips curled into a snarl of his own as he slammed back into him, and while he knew his body was nearing its breaking point, he craved more. Strong, defined glutes clenched and released as his body massaged every inch of Nigel’s meaty girth, and pain or not, as the moments passed the pain transitioned to pleasure, the fat uncut head tapping his prostate with each stroke. “F-f-f-uck...” he shuddered under his breath.

Nigel’s eyes almost rolled back in his head when Will deliberately clenched down on him, the sensations of so much heat and tightness gripping him almost tipped the older man over the edge of pleasure. Determined to bring Will along with him, Nigel pulled him up from where

he was bent over the desk, wrapping one long arm around Will's chest to hold him close while the other slid around one slender hip to take the boy's leaking cock in a tight grip. Stroking the hard flesh in time with his jackhammered thrusts into Will's body, Nigel worked to bring them both to orgasm while he whispered beautiful filth in his lover's ear.

"I'm going to come soon. Going to come as deep inside of you as I can get and I want you to come with me, gorgeous. Let me see you come, Will. I want to watch you spurt and writhe in my arms, watch as you paint your pleasure all over your belly and my fist. And oh darling, you have no fucking idea how *good* it feels when you come on my cock, the way you clamp down... It's so good it almost *hurts*... Come on, Will. Give it up for me..."

The added sensation of a calloused palm fisting over his cock was all it took. "Oh fuck, Oh fuck, Nigel...Nigel...Nigel..." Will chanted the man's name like a prayer. Filled over and over, a volcanic rush shot up, coiling from his balls and shooting up his shaft. His body stiffened, corded muscles taut as his head fell back in a long, rasping howl, and hot thick ropes of come covered his sweat-drenched chest and belly as he thrashed in Nigel's arms.

Nigel's groan was soul deep as Will convulsed in his arms, the rhythmic contractions of the boy's passage massaging his cock, sucking him in deeper and clenching down to the point of pain. The force of Will's climax gave Nigel no choice but to follow, ripping his pleasure from him to spill hot and thick inside the flesh still clinging so desperately to his. Giving a last few shuddering thrusts to prolong the agonizing pleasure, Nigel slumped forward, bracing his weight above Will's limp form on arms braced and shaking on the smooth surface of the desk.

Pressing his forehead between the boy's shoulder blades, Nigel let out a soft laugh. "Jesus fucking Christ, gorgeous, that was....just fuck."

Will wanted to look at Nigel, see his eyes, but his body was spent and limp, not responding to any commands his brain send. He chuckled, really more just air wheezing through his lungs as he shook, face crinkling into an enormous smile. Fuck, when was the last time he'd even smiled like that much less laughed? He couldn't stop laughing. It was joy. Happiness.

"It was fucking amazing," he said, voice hoarse from everything. "Could probably use a drink though," he added, tipping his head back and trying again to turn and look at him. His eye caught the sharp curve of a sharp tanned, cheekbone.

Smiling at the joy in his boy's voice, Nigel pulled gently from his body and tucked himself back into his pants before scooping Will up in his arms bridal style and carrying him to the couch. Snagging the throw Nigel used on nights he stayed late and needed a power nap between business dealings, the older man wrapped Will up snugly and positioned him comfortably on the soft cushions. Leaning in to press a quick kiss to Will's sweaty brow, Nigel grinned down at him. "I'll take care of you darling, no worries. Be right back."

Moving to the private bathroom, Nigel ran a cloth under the tap, wetting it with warm water and cleaning himself quickly before rinsing it to bring back to Will. Grabbing a bottle of juice from the mini fridge on his way back, Nigel opened it to hand to the bundled man before unwrapping him enough to run the rag between Will's cheeks and over his stomach and chest. Setting the rag aside, he joined his lover on the couch, repositioning them on the cushions so that he was cradling Will against his chest, his ass between the older man's spread thighs as he was cuddled and petted. "You ok angel?"

Will closed his eyes and turned his cheek to inhale deeply before kissing Nigel's furry chest. He nodded and blinked heavy-lidded blue eyes up at the older man, a look of worshipful adoration on his face. "Don't think I've ever felt quite this *ok* before, gotta be honest," he said, his lips curled into a soft smile, though his tone was serious. He leaned up a bit more on one elbow to look deep into Nigel's eyes. "I don't know how to...I think...I'm..." he blushed then and looked down and back up again.

Will had actually never said these three little words he was thinking of to anyone. Not even a high school girlfriend. His mother, certainly, as a lad. But no romantic partner, and neither had he had one say them to him. Seemed heartbreaking, a young man in his late twenties. But not once. Yet this burning, aching in his chest, the hole he'd always felt that finally for the first time in his life felt so full now with this exotic, handsome, beautiful, strange Romanian man, cruel, harsh, tender, and kind all at once...he knew it had to be it - the thing. What they wrote songs about.

"Nigel, I...I love you," Will said, a deep, rosy blush darkening his cheek as he looked into honey gold eyes.

Nigel shifted the boy in his lap, drawing him up and around until he was kneeling in front of him on the cushions. Framing Will's face between his big hands, Nigel's eyes searched his features as if trying to read the truth of his words there. Finding what he was looking for, the sincerity and love beneath the nervous shyness, he crushed their lips together, pouring everything he was feeling into that kiss until it slowly gentled, becoming something so soft and sweet that it was almost foreign to Nigel's experience. Pulling back just enough to speak

against the damp lips still trying to cling to his own, the older man tried to smile but it wobbled dangerously around the edges.

“You can’t say things like that to me, Will. Not unless you mean them because I *know* how I feel about you. You’re fucking *everything* to me, angel. My whole fucking reason for breathing. Don’t say you love me unless you mean it. Because if you say it, I’m never, ever fucking letting you go. Not if you beg for your freedom, not even if you come to hate me for it later. I love you, Will Graham. Fucking soul deep.”

Will was panting. As with everything with this man, the intensity gripped him like a vice, but he welcomed it, in fact, he *wanted* it. Darting out a bubblegum pink tongue to lick at the small bite mark he’d made earlier, Will leaned his forehead against Nigel’s for a moment and then pulled back with a nod. A stray curl fell into his eyes, and he shook it aside as he smiled. “I mean it, Nigel...I love you, fucking soul deep too. Forever. You have me, such as I am...you really really have me.”

Pulling Will back into his chest, Nigel wrapped him in his arms, tucked the curly head under his chin and gave a contented sigh.

“Forever then, darling.”

Up Your Alley

Chapter Summary

Nigel blinked down at his phone, the words there a surprise. Bowling. Not what he had expected when he had offered to let the younger man decide on what they would be doing that evening, but if that's what his angel wanted to do, then Nigel would play along. Besides, it might be fun.

Or the one where Will pulls a fast one, and it pays off...

Chapter Notes

CS here. OK, we figured after all the angst and drama of the last two chapters, you all might be in some serious need of FLUFF. I know Alone and I were. So, we wrote the fluff. And before you start whining, yes, there is smut. Duh, you all do know me, right?

No warning for this chapter beyond the above.

As always, we don't own it, we just decided it needed a night out.

Officer Will Graham of the New Orleans Police Department had just gotten off his shift and was in his apartment, finishing a third slice of pizza when his phone buzzed. Thumbing over the screen, he grinned when he saw it was a text from Nigel, his...oh god. For lack of a better word... *boyfriend* ? Master? None of the titles felt right, but he wasn't sure what else fit.

Whatever he was, he got a warm feeling in his belly at the very thought of the tall, handsome Romanian, and he knew one thing for sure - he was definitely in love.

Will had been wanting to suggest for some time now that the two go out bowling. It was something he used to do a lot with his father as a boy - one of his few wonderful memories growing up - and he'd actually become quite good. *Incredibly* good. Competitively so, in fact, so much that he'd won trophies in high school. But Nigel didn't need to know that. No, he'd invite him along innocently enough, a cute, cheesy little date idea, take him to the sweet little run down place in old downtown. Maybe even bowl a few gutters, then show him what he could really do.

Gleefully, Will texted Nigel back asking what he was up to and innocently suggesting the date.

Nigel blinked down at his phone, the words there a surprise. *Bowling*. Not what he had expected when he had offered to let the younger man decide on what they would be doing that evening, but if that's what his angel wanted to do, then Nigel would play along. Besides, it might be fun. It had been years since the Romanian had stepped foot in a bowling alley, and the last time hadn't been for fun. A bad bit of business that had ended bloody, and could in no way shape or form be counted as actual bowling, despite the fact Nigel had indeed used a bowling ball to crush the proprietor's skull to goo when the weasely little man had pulled a gun on him instead of paying back the money he owed.

Letting go of the memory, Nigel quickly texted Will back, letting him know he would be done at the club in about an hour and would pick him up after he ran home to shower and change. Nigel couldn't help the grin that curved his lips as he waited for his boy's reply, just knowing he would be spending his evening in the other man's company making him stupidly happy.

"You shouldn't smile like that, *idiotul*, it makes you look like a fucking lovesick fool."

Darko's teasing voice broke Nigel from his musings, reminding him he wasn't alone and still had business to take care of. "Fucking creepy."

Nigel grunted, shooting his friend a dirty look. "Now you know how I felt the entire time you were courting your wife. Still don't know how you convinced such an intelligent woman to marry a fucking prick like you."

"I'm charming. And handsome. You are neither. But tell me, it must be your pretty little *politist* that has you smiling like a sap, yes?"

Nigel grunted again, not really wanting to get into another discussion with Darko about why his dating a cop was a bad idea. The other man had nearly lost his shit when Nigel had told him what his darling did for a living, calling Nigel all kinds of unflattering things while questioning his intelligence. It had taken a while, but Darko had finally accepted that Will was a permanent part of his friend's life now, and had grudgingly agreed that as long as Nigel could keep the young officer out of their business, it might not be a *total* disaster.

“Why haven’t you introduced us yet? I’m beginning to think you’re ashamed of me or something. Or are just afraid he’ll take one look at me and realize he could do better, eh?”

Nigel *knew* Darko was just yanking his chain, teasing to get a reaction and nothing was meant, but the words hit too close to a still tender wound. That night at the club, Will out on the dance floor with another man, they had moved past it, but the reminder still rankled. Shooting a warning gaze at his friend, Nigel didn’t bother to answer, letting his expression speak for him. It worked, the other man holding his hands up in the universal sign of surrender and offering an apologetic grin.

“Fine, fine...I’ll stop. But seriously, Nigel, I need to meet him. Get a feel for what kind of man he is just so I can stop worrying this thing is going to blow up in our fucking faces. Because we both know it could.”

Nigel lit up a smoke, glaring at the other man in exasperation. “If that’s what it takes to get you off my back and on a plane back to Bucharest, fine. Dinner tomorrow night.” Blowing smoke towards the ceiling, Nigel used the two fingers holding his cigarette to point rudely at him. “But you’re fucking paying, asshole.”

Will felt a bit giddy about the whole thing, even got his bowling ball out, deciding he’d bring it along. He pulled on blue jeans and a yellow tee shirt, tucked his curls the best he could around his ears, and shoved his phone into his pocket as he heard the car pull up.

He sprinted outside, not waiting for Nigel to get out, and opened the passenger door, throwing his bowling ball bag in the back seat. “Hey,” he greeted, getting in and beaming his crooked grin over at the older man as he buckled himself in.

Nigel cocked an eyebrow at the eager tangle of lanky limbs as Will clambered into his car, looking all for all the world like an over-eager puppy. But there was no denying the wide grin that split his face in answer to his boy’s. “Hello, gorgeous. Miss me?” The words were playful, the kiss he pressed to Will’s was not, full of heat and want, deep and wet and perfect.

Releasing Will only when they both were in desperate need of air, Nigel leaned back in his own seat while running his gaze over the younger man from curly head to sneaker covered toes. Tight jeans and a simple t-shirt the color of the sun, Will looked good. Better than good. His boy was fucking beautiful and Nigel couldn't get enough of him.

Will was left breathless, bracing himself with fingers curling against Nigel's muscular chest. "Oh, wow. Yeah, uh, yes," he stammered, licking the taste of Nigel off his lips and wanting more very, very much. He reluctantly let go, looking him over hungrily, though he couldn't help a smirk at the shirt he was wearing - pale blue and covered in dachshunds. "I like this," he said with a chuckle, running his hand freely down his belly and to his jean encased thigh.

Nigel smirked, flexing this thigh under the teasing touch of Will's hand, reaching out to haul the smaller man back to him by his nape. "Course you do, darling. It's a fucking classic." Pressing one more quick kiss to Will's lips, he set him back in his seat and started the car. The engine came to life with a roar, the black '66 Impala SS 427 well maintained and, like its owner, always ready to rumble.

"Where to, angel?" Nigel eased the rumbling vehicle out onto the road, one hand laying on the wheel, while the other resting with easy confidence on the gearshift.

The brunet bit his lip when he felt the Romanian's muscle flex, even more so as he noticed the thick, tanned bicep bulging through the short sleeve of his shirt as he manipulated the shifter. Fuck, but he was sexy. Will playfully reached over and ran long, slender fingers over his crotch, giving a playful squeeze before returning his hands to his own lap again. He gave him directions to a small mom and pop operated place his dad took him as a boy that was still open, down on Jefferson highway.

Nigel hissed a breath through his teeth at the tease, coming to half-mast almost instantly under Will's playful touch. Keeping one eye on the road, he cocked a brow at the boy's smug grin, obviously pleased with himself at being able to make his older lover respond so quickly and with such ease. Shifting into low gear, Nigel put a bit more force into the motion knowing it turned Will on watching him work the stick. Sure enough, when he glanced over, Will's eyes were fixed on him, pupils dilated and a flush coloring his cheeks. "You in the mood to play dirty, darling? Cause I can fucking play, too." Nigel's smirk grew teeth, his tone light enough to let know Will he was up for any mischief his lover might have in mind.

Will pushed down on the bulge of his own that had formed through his tight jeans, the apples of his cheeks flushed bright pink. His head lolled back against the headrest and he laughed, openly palming himself and running a hand up under the thin fabric of his tee shirt, exposing his taut belly. "Dirty? I don't know what you mean by that. I'm just here to go bowling and have a little fun," he said coyly.

Nigel laughed, flicking his eyes between the road and the tempting display Will was making of himself next to him. "All right then, how about a little wager, darling? Best two out of three wins. You think you can take me?" Nigel let the challenge ring clear in his voice, enjoying the verbal sparring. He had never had a lover he could play with, spend time with simply for the fun of it and not just for fucking. It was a novel experience and the Romanian found he had quickly grown addicted to it. Addicted to this wild, fierce boy that by some miracle seemed to want to stay by his side despite his rough and demanding nature.

"Oh no, I'm sure I can't. All the more fun it'll probably be then, *sir*," Will teased, flashing sharp, pearly canines in a youthful, deceptively innocent smile, blue eyes twinkling. "I hope they have bumper guards. But I won't use them, that would be cheating..."

"Yeah, because you didn't get in my fucking car with your own bowling ball in the bag you threw in the back. You wouldn't happen to be trying to sandbag me, now would you, angel?"

"Me?" Will blinked innocently. "That's just...well you know that's an old thing my dad got me when I was a kid, you know, I think it was his or something. He was really into it. I figured might as well break it out for old times' sake. I'm really no good. It's been years. I'll bet you'll beat me good, Nigel," he smirked, leaning back all the way in his seat and licking his lips.

"Mmm, then I guess I'm just going to have to offer you some incentive to try really fucking hard then, aren't I? How about this, angel... You manage to beat me two out of three games and I'll let you call the shots for the rest of the evening. Whatever you want, however you want it. Tempted?"

Nigel had no idea what he was in for, Will thought to himself. "That does sound very tempting, yeah. I don't know how I'll do it, but I'll try! What if you win though? What will I have to do for you?" he asked wide-eyed.

Nigel grinned wider. “You, my stubborn little brat, will have to let me buy you a decent suit. We’re having dinner with Darko tomorrow night and I’m making that pushy bastard take us somewhere expensive just to fucking piss him off.” Will had been stubbornly resistant to allowing Nigel to buy him anything, insisting that he didn’t want or need the older man’s money. It was driving Nigel insane. He *wanted* to buy Will nice things, to fucking shower him with gifts and take him places. But so far, Will had dug his heels in every fucking time Nigel had tried. The older man saw this little wager of theirs as an opportunity to at least get Will to accept one goddamned gift from him.

Wil crossed his arms over his chest and sighed, rolling his eyes. “*If* you win. Well, of course you’ll win. You’re just using this as an excuse...okay, fine, I guess. Ugh,” Will pouted a bit, rubbing his eyes, though inside he was cackling with glee. “Nothing too shiny or tight though,” he added, casting a sidelong glance at the man and struggling not to smile. This was going to be just too much fun.

“Deal.” Nigel agreed easily, sure his victory was already in the bag.

Nigel always did have too much damned pride.

The parking lot had been nearly empty and the inside of the little bowling alley Will had directed them to reflected that perfectly. Old and outdated, it was nonetheless clean and looked to be well maintained. There was only one lane in use, being filled with a group of rowdy teens more interested in flirting with one another than actually bowling, but other than that, Nigel and Will had their choice of lanes. Predictably, Nigel chose the lane farthest from the teens and they sat down to switch out their shoes. Nigel picked out a ball from the alley’s selection, laughing with Will at the ugly, bright orange color that looked particularly nasty sitting next to Will’s much more dignified blue one.

“You know how to keep score, brat?” The place was old enough that they didn’t have electronic score keeping. The man behind the counter had given them a paper sheet along with their shoes when they paid for the lane. Will had, of course, insisted on paying, since bowling had been his idea. Nigel had gone along with it, figuring it would just make it even sweeter when he won their bet.

Will laced up his shoes and then took one of the cards, examining it and turning it over. He squinted down the lanes. “Well, I think if you hit all the pins, they call it a strike, that’s a score of ten, then there’s one that they call a spare or something, right? I’m not really sure, maybe it says on the card. Hey, you want a drink? I can go get us one.”

Nigel’s eyes narrowed suspiciously at the too innocent look Will was wearing. The boy was laying in on a bit thick and it was beginning to make the Romanian suspect he may have been misled. But he would play along for now. “Sure darling, but let’s keep it light. No hard liquor. Why don’t you grab us a pitcher of beer. I want you reasonably sober when I kick your cute little ass.”

Will rocked heel to toe excitedly and nodded, tucking the scorecard and pencil in his back pocket. “Beer it is. I’ll be right back!” he grinned, and sauntered off to the small concession stand.

It was all Will could do to not actually rub his hands together like a cartoon villain; he couldn’t wait to see the look on Nigel’s face when he started bowling. It would be so satisfying just to watch that smugness give way to complete shock. This would be just too good.

He returned a few minutes later with two glasses and a pitcher. Setting them down, he carefully poured them each a glass and held one up to toast. “Well, I’m pretty sure you’re gonna win this one, but, may the best man win anyway, right?” he chuckled with a sheepish smile, blushing shyly.

Returning his boy’s sweet smile with a cocky one of his own, Nigel clinked his glass against Will’s. “And all that fucking goes with it, gorgeous!” Taking a long swallow of the cold brew, Nigel thumped it down on the table and stood. “Let’s get this thing started, wee man.” Flashing a grin and a wink at his lover, Nigel picked up his ball and moved to the lane. “The faster we begin, the sooner I can call the tailor to get you fitted for that suit.”

Will grinned and took a swig of beer, pulling out the scorecard and watching the taller man get into his stance to take his first shot. He filled out the top of their card with their names, doodling in the margins absentmindedly, and looked up just in time to watch Nigel’s follow through.

Lining up, Nigel moved gracefully forward, cradling the ball in his large hands to bring it forward before releasing it to speed down the lane. It hit the pins with a satisfying crack, knocking all but two down as it bulldozed it's way through. Not too bad for being years out of practice, Nigel thought to himself, turning a pleased grin on his companion. "Not so bad for a warm-up, yeah?"

Will nodded excitedly and patted him on the back, rubbing the back of his neck. "Not bad at all! I think it's a good thing if you can get those last two right? I bet you got this!" he said, taking another drink of beer and setting it down to squat down and watch him off to the side.

Nigel didn't trust the overly innocent look Will was giving him, but before he could call the younger man on it, the ball return spat the ugly, orange ball back out so Nigel just shrugged and went about picking up the easy spare.

"All right, hot shot, show me what you got." Ruffling a hand through Will's messy curls, Nigel took the seat Will vacated and sat back to see what Will would do. He still thought the younger man was trying to pull a fast one and was curious as to how far he was willing to take the gag.

Will picked up the ball, long slim fingers fitting perfectly in the holes as his palm curved to its shape, and he walked to the line, looking down uncertainly to make sure he was in the right place. He cast a glance back at Nigel, biting his lower lip and then focused down the lane, bringing his other hand up. He let the ball roll down a bit sloppily, hitting about six pins, and he chuckled as he turned around a bit excitedly.

"Hey, not bad either, right?"

Unfortunately, Will's second roll was all gutter, but it wasn't a terrible start.

Standing up to take his turn, Nigel pressed a quick kiss to Will's temple in passing. "Not bad at all, gorgeous." Maybe Will hadn't been putting him on after all, Nigel mused as he lined up for his next go and if that was the case, this bet was in the bag.

Nigel threw a strike that round, Will answering with a spare and so on and so forth as the game progressed. Nigel won the set handily, accepting Will's congratulations with a cocky grin. "I can already see you in that suit, gorgeous. Sure you don't want to just give in gracefully now and avoid the embarrassment?" The Romanian couldn't help teasing, his tone playful and light enough to take the sting out of the taunt.

Will sauntered back towards the lane, turning to look back at Nigel and giving him a saucy look before taking his stance at the head and shuttling his ball straight down the lane. He feigned complete surprise when he bowled a strike, and his eyes widened at Nigel. "Embarrassment? What was that again?" he teased.

Narrowing his eyes at the gleeful expression his lover now wore, Nigel snorted. "Beginner's luck, darling. Do it again and maybe I'll be impressed." Nigel took his turn, answering Will's strike with one of his own and the game was on.

As they progressed through the second game, Will bowling strike after strike and only missing a frame here or there, he was quickly catching up to Nigel, the scorecard filling and getting closer. They were tied at the end of the second game - Nigel had won the first, Will the second. Will leaned back in the cheap plastic chair, looking a bit smug and draining his glass. "Care for another pitcher before we start the last game, old man? A bit of confidence maybe? My beginner's luck seems to be really helping me here, I don't know...or maybe my ass in the jeans is just too much of a distraction," he laughed, scratching his jaw, blue eyes twinkling.

Nigel had been sandbagged. There was not a doubt in his mind now, not with Will's shit eating grin and casual taunts lingering in the air between them. So the boy had managed to pull one over on him. Good for him. Nigel could play games, too.

Sauntering over to where Will still stood next to the ball return, Nigel offered him a salacious grin before wrapping his arms around the boy's slender waist to pull him close. Big hands slid down to cup Will's ass in a very familiar manner. "Well, to be fair, your lovely ass is very distracting, jeans or no fucking jeans. Can't blame me for not being able to concentrate on the game with something so fucking tempting being shamelessly shaken in my direction."

Not giving Will a chance to reply, Nigel took his mouth in a deep, dirty kiss, sucking the boy's tongue into his mouth to nibble on. Keeping at it until Will was moaning into the kiss,

Nigel smirked as he eased back. “Winner goes first, if you’re *up* to it, darling.” Bumping his hips against Will’s, Nigel grinned at the obvious erection the younger man was now sporting.

Will looked around, cursing under his breath as the apples of his cheeks darkened. He turned, pressing down on his erection with a huff. “That’s *definitely* playing dirty, Nigel,” he said with a pout. “Now you go get us a pitcher since I can’t walk for a minute,” he said, fussing with the scorecard while he tried to walk it off with a barely concealed smirk.

Laughing at the playful pout, Nigel slapped Will’s butt lightly before going to do as he was told, smirking at the giggling teens as he passed. They had obviously witnessed Will and his little interaction and were caught between embarrassment and fascination. Good thing Nigel was pretty much shameless, because distracting Will was Nigel’s new plan of action, so the kids were likely to get an eyeful from here on out.

Will rubbed a hand over his face, all too aware of the teenagers and trying to avoid their glances. He’d just need to stay focused; he knew he could do this. In high school, he was far more hormonal and it was so much harder concentrating and blocking things out. Surely Nigel and his distractions would be a cakewalk.

Psyching himself up, he was drying his palms over the air vents when the taller man returned with their fresh pitcher.

“Let’s do this,” he said with a wicked grin.

Nigel lost. Badly.

By the end of it, he wasn’t sure which one of them was more surprised by that fact. But at the very least, the older man could console himself with the knowledge that he had made the brat work for it.

The Romanian had figured out by the end of the second set Will was better at this game than he was. But Nigel was master of a lot of different games, seduction being at the top of the list right behind making people scream for a lot less pleasant reasons.

Between every set, at every available opportunity, Nigel's hands and mouth found their way onto Will's body, using the guise of innocent affection to stroke and caress and inflame the younger man's sensitive skin in a *very* distracting manner. Laughing at the way the boy would squirm and fuss at him, Nigel had kept the sensual barrage up to the very end. All to no avail. Not only had Will won, he had beaten the Romanian soundly, leaving no doubt as to who the ultimate victor of their little bet was.

Groaning dramatically, Nigel admitted defeat. "Beaten by a fucking *child*! Fucking disgraceful. I'll never live this down if Darko finds out about it." The grumbling was playful, though Nigel did lament the lost opportunity to get Will into that suit.

It had been incredibly difficult, bowling a perfect game with a nearly constant raging erection. Will was certain the teenagers a few lanes down were cackling at him and the pretty obvious boner snaking down his tight jeans, especially when Nigel was absolutely shamelessly pawing at him like he was a stripper at a nightclub. He halfheartedly batted him away, but even as he could feel his cheek hot and crimson, somehow he was almost getting more aroused knowing they were being watched. God, was he an *exhibitionist*? It was humiliating, but almost worse to try and fathom that he was kind of enjoying the display. He even caught himself arching his back and popping his ass out a bit a few times, bending over and spreading his legs maybe more than necessary to pick up his ball, reaching up to stretch, letting his tee shirt ride up, aware the kids and Nigel were looking at him. This was fun.

When he finally won the game, it was icing on the cake. He stood on tiptoes and hooked a finger in Nigel's belt loop, kissing him. "Well, he doesn't need to know, now, does he? As long as I have the night to do anything I want to you, right?"

Wrapping his arms around the slim body pressed against his to keep it close, Nigel mock growled down at Will's smiling face. "Blackmail is it now? Well then, I guess I'll be spending my evening at your fucking discretion, brat." His lips brushed suggestively across Will's before he grinned wickedly. "My safeword is 'teddy bear' by the way."

Will couldn't help but press closer against Nigel's warm body, but at the safeword, he snorted laughing. "You can't be serious?!" he exclaimed, pulling back, hands curled around his firm biceps. Blue eyes fluttered up at the taller man, and all he wanted to do was get out of there as soon as possible and climb him, so thick was the lust between them.

“I beg your pardon, but are you making fun of my safeword, darling?” Nipping playfully at Will’s jaw, Nigel’s hands wandered lower, cupping Will’s ass in both big palms and pulling their groins flush. It didn’t go unnoticed. The catcalls and whistles from the teenagers at the other end of the alley made Nigel grin devilishly. “One evening, to do with me as you wish, as agreed, to begin after dinner.”

Before Will’s triumphant smile could get too big, Nigel’s eyes took on a smoldering, hungry glint. He hadn’t missed the way his lover had been putting on a bit of a show for the kids sharing the bowling alley with them, exaggerating his movements, almost putting himself on display. There was no denying the way Will’s face had flushed with arousal or the way his eyes had darkened with lust the more he was openly watched. It seemed his pet had an untapped kink for exhibitionism. Never one to pass up an opportunity for further debauchery, Nigel intended to explore the fuck out of it.

Threading one hand through his dark curls, Nigel tugged Will’s head back until he could press a soft kiss of promise into the delicate, vulnerable flesh. “Until fucking then though, I think you might need a little reminder of why it’s dangerous for little boys to parade their lush little bodies around so shamelessly, especially in front of much older, dangerous men.

Men that are in a habit of taking what they want, how they want and where they want as the mood strikes them.” Meeting Will’s gaze, taking in the blown pupils and dark, swirling blue, Nigel snarled softly in answering lust. “Guess what kind of mood I’m in, angel.”

Will had been exhaling hard through flared nostrils, but when Nigel yanked his head back and teased the area he knew was most sensitive, a gasp he couldn’t hide fell from parted lips. It was followed by a most embarrassing little mewl, his back bowing in a swoon as he leaned further into Nigel’s arms. “O-o-o-oh,” he said softly, more a statement than an answer. “Uhhm, one to t-t-take?” he whispered almost shyly, lashes fluttering as he reached around his waist to steady himself.

“Brains and beauty, ever the complete package, darling.” Nibbling his way back to Will’s ear, Nigel sucked the sensitive lobe into his mouth before releasing it with a lewd pop. “You have five minutes to gather your things before I fucking forget we have an audience and bend you over this table.” Releasing the panting boy in his arms, Nigel toed off his borrowed shoes and sat to put on his own. When Will didn’t move, Nigel looked up at him from his bent position, his bangs falling down rakishly across his eyes. Cocking one golden brow at the still figure, he smiled. “Best get moving, boy. The clock is ticking on my benevolence. Unless the idea of being watched while I fuck you senseless appeals...”

Not that he would, but the thought of it obviously did things for Will. Nigel knew himself well enough to know that he would dispatch with extreme prejudice anyone who ever dared to see his beloved in such a state, but it was still arousing to watch the deep blush of lust creep across Will's face and neck at the obscene suggestion. And Nigel had a very wicked idea about how to pander to his lover's newly discovered exhibition streak without actually having to murder anyone.

"That would be...well, you wouldn't dare. Not to an officer of the law. Public...indecent?" he said, barely able to keep a straight face even as he whispered it. Will stared up at his lover with nearly glazed blue eyes and a rather dumb smirk as he removed the bowling shoes and replaced them with his own, finally walking over to collect his ball and put it in his bag. At last ready, he picked up the rented shoes, waiting for Nigel.

Standing up to loom over the smaller man, Nigel tilted his head to the side as if in thought, reaching up to grip Will possessively by his nape and pulling him close once more. "Remind me, Officer Graham, of exactly how we fucking met, and then maybe rethink that statement.... Still think I wouldn't fucking dare, darling?"

Well, that was probably the wrong thing to say, Graham, Will thought to himself, though, was it so bad? The way Nigel had him by the back of the head like this, right in front of everyone, it was horrible, so wrong, fucking mortifying. A grown man being handled this way, and yet the tightness in his jeans told an entirely different tale about how his body felt. He fucking loved it. He lowered his voice to a deep whisper, heavily lidded eyes focused on that lush, sensual mouth. "You would. I know you would," he said, at the last word meeting his gaze directly, pointedly. A dare of his own.

Oh, the *want* on those blue eyes was going to be the fucking end of him, Nigel just knew it. Lust rumbled up from his chest in the form of a deep, low growl before Nigel *had* to kiss him. Deep, wet and dirty, it held all the promise of all the things Nigel planned to do to and take from the beautiful boy pressing himself so desperately against him.

Ending the kiss with a less than gentle nip at the plush lips clinging to his own, Nigel pushed Will gently back. His voice was like whiskey poured over sharp gravel, leaving no room for further discussion or debate. "Get your sweet little ass out to the car before I fucking lose what little fucking control I have left, Will."

Pushing past him, Nigel returned their shoes to the counter, answering the owner's disapproving glare with a warning snarl before making his way out of the building and into the dark parking lot.

Breathlessly, Will managed to get out the door, turning his nose up haughtily at the guy at the counter and the giggling teenagers, in spite of his obvious awkward gait from the problem in his pants. He made it out to the car, no coolness in the humid New Orleans wind to provide any relief, though at least the sun was down. He walked to the corner of the lot where Nigel had parked and leaned against the car, waiting for the man as he palmed his cock through his jeans, running his free hand through his loose curls.

Nigel stepped out of the building into the poorly lit parking lot, the warm night air doing nothing to abate the fire heating him from the inside out. Scanning the lot, Nigel was pleased to note there were only two other cars, both parked close to the building and far away from where his own was sat at the back of the lot. Thanks to the low light from the single, weak lamppost guarding the lot, from where Nigel stood, Will was barely visible leaning against the side of the car, waiting obediently if not a bit impatiently for Nigel to reach him. And wasn't that just perfect for what the older man had in mind...

Pausing long enough to light a smoke and inhale deeply, Nigel began to cross the lot at a slow lazy prow, loose-limbed and deceptively relaxed. A predator who knows his prey isn't going anywhere and didn't really want to escape, regardless. Drawing closer, Nigel took in the widened eyes, the slight tremble in Will's graceful limbs, the nervous but eager smile that graced lips so intoxicating they drove the older man to madness more often than not. *'You wouldn't dare...'* Nigel smirked, the words ringing in his ears like the goad they were meant to be. The boy did love to push his buttons. Who was Nigel to deny him his reward for such daring?

Reaching where Will waited at last, Nigel deliberately raked his gaze over the younger man from head to toe and then back again, letting his building lust show. Tossing the keys to him, Nigel watched those quick hands snatch them out of the air with ease.

"Put your stuff in the trunk and then open the front passenger door. Don't get in, just open the door."

"Yes, *Sir*," he answered. Will caught the keys in spite of himself, reflexes always ready thanks to his training. Popping the trunk, he set the bag down, closed it and sauntered as

casually as he could manage to open the passenger door. He left it open and leaned against it, arching his back slightly and staring at Nigel under lowered lashes; even in the dim light, he knew he could see, if not feel it.

Nigel stayed where he was, body relaxed and still as he was obeyed, the boy moving to the trunk, depositing his things and returning to open the door and then lean against it, all with an air of forced nonchalance. But there were little things that gave him away and Nigel's restless, hungry eyes saw them all. The subtle tilt of his hips, the obscene bulge of his cock behind his zipper, the parted lips, and quick breath, they all told Nigel just how eager his boy was for whatever the older man had planned. The heated, needy *want* in Will's eyes was just the icing on the cake.

Tossing his finished smoke out into the lot, Nigel took the last steps needed to bring him into Will's personal space, forcing the younger man to tilt his head back to maintain eye contact and baring the tender skin of his throat to Nigel's gaze. Never one to pass up what was offered to him, Nigel planted both hands on the car, boxing Will in as he leaned down and ran his nose up the smooth column on display, taking in the heady scents of sweat, lust, and *Will*. A potent combination that never failed to tighten his groin and make his head swim.

"What a naughty boy you've been tonight, darling. Getting off on making everyone want you, displaying yourself, taunting them with what they can't fucking have. Tell me gorgeous, have you always been such a little cocktease, or is this a brand fucking new kink we've stumbled across?" Never lifting his lips from Will's damp skin, Nigel murmured the words between nips and sucking kisses that left just a touch of color on the pale canvas and drew soft moans from his boy.

Will's nostrils flared, knowing he could hear the whimper he tried to hold back, trapped in his throat. His cock throbbed now painfully hard, and he pulled one hand shakey free from his jeans pocket to grip the side of Nigel's waist. "I-I-I...I didn't realize I'd like it that much. Them watching you touch me. Being...uhm...ohh...object...objectified," he stammered through shuddering breaths.

Long, slim fingers skittered up Nigel's chest, slipping through the space between the buttons of the garish blue bowling short to touch hot skin and dense chest hair. Will could hear the blood pounding in his ears, lightheaded from how badly he *wanted* ...everything.

“Mmm.... I didn’t expect to like it so much either, the idea of their eyes all over what is mine, watching you perform, making them want you more and more and knowing you’re only mine. *Fuck*. Made me want to take you right there, bend you over or shove you to your knees, make them watch you service me, knowing they could never have you but that I can, anywhere, any time and you’ll fucking let me. That you would fucking love it.”

Nigel devoured him with a kiss more teeth and tongue than lips, taking the small moans Will fed him and giving back deep, hungry sounds in return before pulling back and pressing down on the younger man’s shoulders with heavy, insistent hands. “On your knees, little boy.”

Will went down with a heavy thud, eyes never leaving Nigel’s as he did, and his cheek bloomed cherry red as he realized immediately what he wanted. The heavily accented, commanding voice, deep and smoky, dripped down his spine and settled in his loins, and he began to quickly undo his belt buckle and pull down his fly. His breathing deepened when he reached inside to pull out the Romanian’s thick, meaty cock, the scent of musky, clean but earthy arousal permeating his senses. Looking up, he simply mouthed plush lips teasingly along the side, holding him in one hand with a slight smirk.

Eyes narrowing at the tease, Nigel fisted a handful of curls and cranked Will’s head back roughly. “Don’t play shy now, darling. You wanted to put on a show, so open that pretty mouth of yours and fucking *show* me you know what to do with what you’ve got in your fucking hand.”

It forced his lips apart, and Will gasped at the sudden yank on his hair. The second there was a bit of slack, he swallowed the fat cock as far as he could, halfway down the first try, and took a gulp of air, popping off wetly. He looked up, locking eyes with a devilish smile and then descending once more, this time taking him to the back of his throat, nose buried in silvery blond pubic hair. He remained there a second too long to prove a point and pulled off with a gasp, then began sucking quickly, bobbing up and down like a pro while rolling his balls in his hand, a low moan moving up Nigel’s shaft.

“*Fuck!*” Hissed through gritted teeth, the curse was all Nigel could manage, his brain short-circuited by the sudden, overwhelming pleasure of beginning sucked into the hot furnace of Will’s mouth, the wet heat and strangling contractions of the boy’s throat wrapping around his cockhead as he was swallowed down nearly undoing him far sooner than he had planned. His boy was far too good at this particular activity.

Releasing his grip on Will's hair, Nigel braced himself with both hands planted against the car so he could look down between them, watching with lust blown eyes as the boy worked his hard flesh between his spit-slick lips, cheeks hollowing and tongue swirling. Giving in to the urge, Nigel pumped his hips, thrusting in quick, shallow snaps, reveling in the pleased, needy moans that vibrated along his engorged flesh. He kept the pace until he could see tears rolling down the younger man's upturned face and the threat of orgasm drew his balls up tight before pulling abruptly back and dragging Will to his feet for a sloppy kiss.

In between kisses, Nigel muttered filthy words of praise and adoration before reaching for Will's belt. "There's lube in the glovebox. Get it and then I want you to bend over the front seat and finger yourself open for me while I watch. Then, when you're good and wet and open for me, you're gonna ride my cock, right here in this fucking parking lot where anyone could walk out and see what a dirty little boy you really are."

Will knew this was what would happen, but hearing Nigel actually say it...well, he could feel the pre-cum soak the front of his briefs. He stood, stumbling slightly as he got to his feet, and bent down to rummage through the glove box, all too aware of Nigel's eyes on him, of what he wanted, hands shaking. Locating the bottle, he handed it to him, taking hold of Nigel's spit, slicked cock again and stroking him, biting his lip. "S-s-s-hould I take off my jeans, just...here, like this?" he whispered.

Rather than answer, Nigel simply took control the way Will needed him to, removing his agency and freeing the younger man to indulge in something forbidden. Shoving the clinging denim from the boy's slender hips to pool around his ankles before turning him to face the car, Nigel guided him down until he was bent, elbows supporting his upper body over the seat, his ass high in the air. Just as when Will was on his knees for him, the open passenger door of the car blocked him almost entirely from view, but Nigel wasn't about to point that out to the younger man. It would ruin the illusion he was building in Will's mind of being exposed and vulnerable to discovery. It was all part of the fantasy. Snapping the bottle of lube open, Nigel ran a comforting hand down the long line of Will's curved back. "Just like this darling. Give me one of your hands."

The sudden exposure of humid night air on his body was a shock to Will; though of course, he expected it somewhere in his mind, it was still startling. There was no time to dwell on that, though, as his face burned hot imagining how anyone who walked out would be able to see him like this, bent over like a whore in the front seat. He felt lightheaded as it seemed all the blood in his body rushed straight to his cock, well, what *wasn't* burning his cheeks.

He reached obediently behind, eyes squeezed shut, the sensation of those broad, rough palms along his spine leaving him shuddering with anticipation already. “Yes, Sir...”

Pouring a generous amount of lube onto the slender fingers held out to him, Nigel made sure there was more than enough to get the job done without Will suffering from any lack of the slick substance. Slipping the recapped bottle into his back pocket, he cupped one cheek of Will’s ass in his free hand, spreading him open helpfully. “You know you can stop this at any time, gorgeous. One word from you, and we can climb into the car and go home, no questions asked.” Humming as he stroked over the quivering pucker of Will’s opening, Nigel smiled at the way it twitched and clenched as if trying to suck the thick digit inside. “But you don’t want to say that word, do you boy? You’re so hard right now, you’re dripping. It turns you on to imagine being seen like this, doesn’t it? You’re fucking filthy and I love it, darling.”

Will gasped hard and nodded. “Yeah...yes. It does. Just like it did inside. You know it does,” he answered roughly.

Taking Will’s lubed fingers in his free hand, Nigel guided them to his opening and let go to palm his own aching flesh. “Go on then, Will. Finger yourself nice and loose for me while I watch. Fucking beautiful like this...”

Long, slender fingers reached back, the middle one pushing inside, his little pink pucker quivering against it at first. With a soft grunt, he relaxed and it sank it further, past the knuckle and down. Will began gently pushing it in and out, the lubricant making a soft, wet sound as he worked himself open, only accompanied by the sound of his steadily deepening breath. His heavy cock swung beneath thick thighs, dripping onto the seat below, and he pushed his index finger in next, eliciting a low whimper from his throat as he began fucking his own hand in earnest.

“Fuck, Will...baby you are so fucking hot like this.” The words came out guttural, barely growled through lips pulled back to bare sharp teeth as Nigel watched the wanton creature writhe back onto his own fingers, whimpering as he worked himself open at his behest. Working a fist over his own aching length, Nigel groaned in the back of his throat, lust building with every whimper escaping the boy’s lips. “Look at you...fucking shameless. So hungry for my cock that you can’t wait, gonna let me fuck you right here like I picked you up on a corner.” Letting go of his erection, Nigel slid his thumb down the crack of Will’s ass to his pucker, wetting it with the excess lube squelching from his stretched opening before sliding it in beside the boy’s fingers on the next push in. “Still so *goddamn* tight, but I fucking can’t wait either. You ready to ride me, Will?”

Will knew it was too soon, it would hurt like a bitch, but he didn't give a fuck. He was too far gone. Just the touch of Nigel's thumb stretching him further almost had him coming. "God, yes, please, *please*," he begged, pushing against him eagerly. "I don't care, I need to be fucked hard. Even if someone comes out here and sees me," he whispered, lashes still wet from the earlier blow job, lips damp and swollen, cheeks red as he looked back at Nigel through his curls.

The words had barely left Will's mouth before Nigel was dragging him upright, kissing him brutally hard for one brief moment before moving him out of the way. Barking at the younger man to get rid of his pants, Nigel climbed into the car and pushed the seat back as far as it would go, tipping the back almost flat. He snagged the lube out of his pocket before shimmying his pants down past his knees to fall the rest of the way down. Slicking up his cock, Nigel's eyes were almost feral as he waited for Will to join him in the car. "Hurry, gorgeous. I'm so fucking hard for you I hurt." Nigel purred the words, giving his cock a few teasing pumps, groaning as a thick bead of pre-cum bubbled up from the slit and rolled down the fat head.

Will climbed in, straddling Nigel's thighs, biting his lip as he reached behind his ass to grip his shaft and guide him inside slowly. When he was lined up, the tip just past that tight ring of muscle, Will leaned forward, bracing one hand on Nigel's abdomen, and sank down, blue eyes fixed on gold, slack-jawed as he was filled completely. "Oh, fuck, oh fuck," Will cursed, the burn almost too much at first, and he fought to relax everything in his body. The rush in his head made everything seem too light for several seconds, and he sat there, seated fully in Nigel's lap until his body adjusted and he began to move a bit more. "Ahhhh....God, you're just so fucking big..." he moaned, head thrown back.

Nigel bit out a long string of curses in multiple languages as Will sheathed him to the hilt in one long, slow glide. It felt good, too damned good and the older man had to fight the urge to immediately rut up into the burning heat encasing him. His grip on the boy's hips was harsh, long fingers digging into the soft skin there, leaving behind marks that were sure to bruise as he struggled to remain still, to give Will the chance to adjust to being split open on his cock.

Trying to distract himself, he tugged Will down by his nape, bringing him close to press hungry, open-mouthed kisses to the smooth muscles of his chest, teasing a nipple with his tongue and teeth when it came in range. "Move when you're ready, darling."

The brunet kissed Nigel back hungrily and started to relax more, moving back and forth, feeding from his mouth with biting lustful kisses. He could feel all that power being restrained for him, in the tight grip on his hips, knew what it took for him to hold back and

not hurt him, and he knew it was love. That made it so much deeper for Will, more intense, and he sat up a bit, looking down at Nigel and rolling his hips. He smiled down softly, a nearly lithe grace to his lean body's undulating rhythm, and he took Nigel's hands in his own and ran them up his body, one over his nipple, the other down to his cock. "You feel so fucking good, and...fuck... You know I'm only yours. Anyone who sees us knows it..."

Stroking Will's cock with one hand while the other continued to roam over the rest of him, Nigel couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful man moving above him with such sensual grace, it took the Romanian's breath away. He would never understand how or why Will chose to be with him, staying with him despite knowing who and what he was, but Nigel was selfish enough to take the love the younger man offered him, greedy for every bit of it and not willing to let him go, now or ever. He didn't have soft and pretty words to offer Will, it wasn't who he was and the world he lived in didn't allow for it. But he could let him see how fierce his love was, how it burned like a bright, mad fire in the pitch black of his soul and burned for Will alone.

"Let them watch and want. Let them all fucking watch how good you take it, how you make me crazy to have you. You're mine, Will. Now and always. I'll burn the fucking world and defy heaven to keep you, pay any price Hell demands to keep you with me. Always mine, darling. Soul deep." With a growl, Nigel let go of the iron control keeping him still beneath Will, hips snapping up to meet the next downward slide of the boy's ass, driving up into the tight heat and forcing a cry of pleasure from Will's throat. Stroking the hard cock in his fist faster, Nigel planted his other hand at the base of Will's throat, encouraging him to lean back and brace himself with a hand on the dash as he continued to ride the older man.

Will arched his back, knuckles white as he gripped the dashboard and bounced hard and fast in Nigel's lap. He was moaning loud and whorishly, a long strand of sticky, clear pre-cum dripping from the end of his cock as the Romanian pumped him unrelentingly. He knew he was going to come hard, maybe harder than he ever had in his life; with the descent down Nigel's shaft, he came down on his sensitive gland but edged away as soon as he pulled up. It was nearly unbearable. "I need to come, Nigel, fuck ..."

It was too much. There was no holding back, even if he wanted to. Releasing Will's cock, Nigel jerked the younger man to him, wrapping both arms tight around his waist and back to pin them chest to chest, keeping the younger man right where he wanted him, spread and unable to move. Will's erection caught between them, the slick skin of their bellies giving him all the stimulating he would need. Planting both feet solidly on the floor, Nigel used the leverage to fuck up into the writhing body in his arms, angling his hips to hit Will's sweet spot dead on with every powerful thrust.

Nigel was too close to his own release to draw this out as long as he would have liked, Will overwhelming him with his natural sensuality and beauty. Jackhammering up into his lover, Nigel used every bit of skill and power he had to drive the younger man to orgasm ahead of him, desperate to feel Will come apart for him. "That's it baby, fucking come for me, come on my cock like a good boy." Nigel knew Will loved the dirty talk, knew it turned him on to no end and hoped it was enough to push the boy over the edge as he was fast approaching his own point of no return. "Fucking come, Will. *Now.*"

Will buried his face in Nigel's neck and howled, his mewling thick and ragged, cursing as he huffed out Nigel's name over and over, the thick spray of ejaculate shooting between their bodies in hot ropes as he thrashed against him, held fast by muscular arms. Will swore he nearly blacked out from the pleasure, struggling to brace himself against Nigel, both of their bodies slick with sweat. "Oh fuck, Nigel," he moaned, his body spasming around him.

Will's climax had taken Nigel along for the ride, forcing his pleasure from him in great waves that left the older man rung out and gasping. Still holding his love tightly to him, Nigel buried his face in Will's neck, breathing in deep lungfuls of humid air heavily scented with their combined essences.

"God, angel, what you do to me...." Letting his head fall back against the seat, Nigel pushed sweaty curls from Will's face, tilting it up to press gentle lips to his brow. "Never loved anyone the way I love you, darling."

Will's body went limp, panting harshly as he lost himself kissing his lover. "God, I know ...I know I've never felt this way about anyone in my life. I love you so much, Nigel. I never want to be without you."

"And you never will, darling." Giving the tired boy laying on top of him a soft swat on this delicious ass, Nigel grinned up at him. "Now let's go home before we really do get caught. It wouldn't fucking do for Officer Graham to be arrested for public indecency."

Will rolled off him into the driver's seat and grabbed his jeans, pulling them up his legs. "Yeah, besides, I still need to collect on our little bet, don't I? Anything I want to do to you, for one whole night, isn't that right?" He snickered, a playful grin on his lips as he arched his hips and zipped up.

Straightening his clothing, Nigel scrubbed both hands hard over his face and then through his hair before rolling his head to grin ruefully at the smug, snickering imp sitting behind the wheel. "God help me, but yeah, that was the fucking deal." Closing his eyes and turning forward, Nigel smirked. "Looks like you're in the driver's seat for the next few hours, darling. Best make the most of it; you won't get another chance like it for a long fucking while." Opening one eye, Nigel sent Will a *look*, half amused, half irritated about how easily the boy had sandbagged him. "I won't be so easy to fool the next time you play fucking innocent, you tricky little brat."

Curls scattered across his forehead, Will blinked at Nigel with big blue eyes. "I don't know what you mean. I won fair and square. Even though you tried to distract me," he said, the apples of his cheeks pink as he fished around the console for the keys and finally found them. He cast another quick look at Nigel with an arched brow and started the car just as the teenagers from earlier were spilling out of the alley. They spotted them as he turned on the headlights, and began laughing and pointing. Will turned even redder and began cursing under his breath, hitting the gas to peel away.

Eyes still closed, Nigel growled at the rough handling his pristine vehicle was being subjected to. "A single nick or scratch, and you won't fucking sit comfortably for a week, boy." Deciding Will's driving required monitoring, Nigel fixed the seat back into its upright position and turned a mock glare on him. "You won that bet fair and square, my ass."

"Seeing as how you're the one getting tied up, I think you might want to enjoy sitting comfortably on *your* ass for now, while you still can," Will quipped with a smirk, slowing the car down once they hit the road and spinning the wheeling with a smooth hand, shifting gears and casting a coy look at Nigel.

Nigel's dick made a valiant effort to rally at the images the threat sent swirling through his head, and a groan broke from his lips without permission.

"Aww...Fucking hell."

Tiger By The Tail...

Chapter Summary

Will sat in the driver's seat of Nigel's pristine classic Impala, making his way to his little apartment. He enjoyed the tension he felt in Nigel beside him every time he shifted a little too rough or hit the accelerator too hard; he could feel the other's man's jaw clench, and it gave him a rush just thinking of what he'd do to him, all that power and muscle under his hands and control.

Or...

Nigel's little bet at the bowling alley is due for payback, and Will is all in. One night to do anything he wants to the muscular, sexy, violent, dominant Bucharest badass. He takes full advantage, but will he drive the proud and powerful man to the edge of begging?

Chapter Notes

CS here. Alone and Will had a blast with this chapter, getting a chance to call the shots. Nigel and I, though he will never admit to it, enjoyed the fuck out of letting them... So this chapter is really nothing more than smut, but there was a wager to be paid you see, so there wasn't any help for it. Next chapter will actually move the plot along and the one after that will really do so.

We hope you enjoy this as much as we did and please, if you have a moment, let us know!

Love and hugs,

CS and Alone

Will sat in the driver's seat of Nigel's pristine classic Impala, making his way to his little apartment. He enjoyed the tension he felt in Nigel beside him every time he shifted a little too rough or hit the accelerator too hard; he could feel the other's man's jaw clench, and it gave him a rush just thinking of what he'd do to him, all that power and muscle under his hands and control.

When they finally pulled up, he did manage to park carefully, shutting the engine off and handing the keys over with a little smirk. He opened the door and pulled his own keys out, getting up and standing outside the door a moment to stretch deliberately, knowing his ass was eye level with Nigel, before closing the car door and sauntering to the other side to lead him in.

“I’m very excited to collect this bet, in case you didn’t notice,” Will quipped, one hand in his pocket, bouncing on his heels a bit.

Side-eyeing the lithe form all but vibrating with barely suppressed excitement, Nigel grimaced. “I can fucking see that, darling. Feel like giving me a hint of what to expect?”

It wasn’t that Nigel was against letting his lover have his way for an evening, but he had to admit that not know exactly what to expect had him a bit nervous. Will wasn’t a pushover by any means, but he was hardly the dominant member of this relationship. Now that he was showing an interest in taking control, Nigel had no idea what form that was going to take. It made the older man twitchy.

Will quickly reached back and took Nigel’s arm, stroking up and down his firm bicep and pulling him up the steps to the door. He stood on his tip toes and kissed beneath his stubbled jaw with a little smirk, putting the key in the door and turning it to let them in. “That would spoil all the fun though, wouldn’t it? Surprises are much better, I think. Come on. I’ll even get you a drink first,” he said, leading Nigel inside.

It was a little on the messy side, just a moderately-sized studio apartment, empty takeout containers here and there, a plaid, well-worn couch in one corner and a pull out sofa made into a bed nearby. A small kitchen was sectioned off by a long counter, and a door in the corner which was the bathroom completed the humble home. Will had a desk and bookshelf - no television - a few small curios of dogs scattered along the bookcase in front of various titles ranging from classics like Dante to true crime stories and even a bible.

Nigel looked around curiously as the boy went to fetch the promised drink. He knew where Will lived of course, but since they normally spent their time at Nigel’s place, this was the first time he had ever been inside. Nigel had stayed in worse places, but his darling deserved so much better. He knew the proud young man wouldn’t accept his money, but maybe if Nigel were to suggest purchasing a few nicer pieces of furniture...just so they could spend

more time at Will's place, maybe his lover would be more open to that. At least a real bed, he thought, eyeing the sofa sleeper skeptically.

Will returned, handing him a beer which Nigel took gratefully, immediately taking a long draw. "So gorgeous, how's this gonna work?"

Will opened a beer for himself and took a long drink. "Well, finish that beer, then, I want you to get undressed, and lay face down on the bed. Just relax, Nigel, okay? We can set some ground rules first, to put you at ease a little. Maybe tell me your...hard limits, is that what you call them?" he asked, sitting down and looking up at him with a very innocent, wide-eyed expression.

Relaxing a bit, Nigel nodded and took a seat on the worn out couch. Running a hand through his hair, he grinned ruefully at Will and shrugged. "This is probably going to fucking come across hypocritical as hell, but... I don't fucking bottom, Will. Not to say I haven't ever, but the last time, it wasn't good. The guy wasn't careful and tore me up a bit." That was a fucking understatement if ever there was one.

Fucking brute had left Nigel bleeding and broken on a dirty mattress in a dive motel. It had been part of a deal to get the first product Darko and he had needed to get started in the business and Nigel wasn't ashamed of what he had had to do to survive on the streets, as it had allowed the young men to gain a foothold in the mafia. But that night had been the last time he had fucking bottomed for anyone. He wasn't sure he could manage it now, even for his darling boy. Offering Will another lopsided grin, Nigel took a long draw from his beer. "Left a bad taste in my mouth for being under anyone ever again."

Nigel's gaze flicked away from Will's as he spoke before coming back to meet the blue gaze. He knew how fucked up that sounded after how their first time had gone down, but even then, Nigel had taken the time to make sure the younger man hadn't ripped even with as rough as that first fucking had been. He just wondered if Will would remember that or just the fact that Nigel had taken him despite his protests.

Will didn't mention any of it. Truth be told, topping wasn't something that appealed to him much, but it meant a lot to him that Nigel would share something so vulnerable with him. He held his gaze, his own softening. "Plenty I can do that doesn't involve that. I'm not gonna hurt you, and you know you can use your safeword if you need to, okay?" Will said with a smile, taking another swig of beer.

Nigel had no idea what the hell he had ever done in his sin-soaked life to deserve someone like Will, but he thanked whatever deity that was listening for the boy's presence in his life.

It was a wonder to him that Will could be this understanding. He had every right to demand whatever he wanted from Nigel, up to and including fucking him if that's what he wanted. That had been the bet. That the younger man wasn't doing exactly that was almost beyond the gangster's ability to comprehend. Will was just that good of a person and Nigel knew that he didn't deserve him. Didn't mean he wasn't going to keep him, though.

Clearing his throat noisily in an effort to shake off the overwhelming sentiment that had blindsided him, Nigel gave a jerky nod. "Right then. Other than that, I'm all yours, angel." Finishing off his beer in one big gulp, he stood and began unbuttoning his shirt. "On the bed, belly down, right?"

Will smirked and leaned back, arms spread out over the back of the sofa. "That's right. Take your clothes off for me, lay down on the bed, like a good boy," he said, sipping his beer slowly. "Oh, and can I have a cigarette?"

Cocking an eyebrow at the smirking boy, Nigel reached into his pocket and pulled out the soft pack and lighter, tossing them over without a word. Toeing off his shoes as he finished unbuttoning his shirt, he took his time shrugging out of the garment before letting it drop carelessly to the floor. Holding Will's gaze with his own, he smiled slow and wicked as Will's pupils dilated and his face flushed with the first signs of arousal.

Making short work of his belt and fly, Nigel shoved the denim from his hips, letting them slide down his legs and kicking them off easily. Standing in just his black boxer briefs, he palmed himself casually. "You want me bare, gorgeous? And just how fucking good do you want me to be?" The smirk was cocky, his gaze knowing as he watched Will's eyes follow the slow, easy movements of Nigel's hand cupping his cock through the soft material of his shorts.

Will felt his cock fill watching Nigel's clothes fall away, and he stood as soon as he saw him touch himself. "No touching," he said sharply. "You may not touch yourself. Remove your shorts and lay flat on your belly, o-o-on my...my bed," he said, a little breathless.

Nigel smirked again but did as he was told without comment, dropping his shorts and crawling onto Will's sofa bed with easy, lazy motions. Making himself comfortable, Nigel eased himself down and laid his head on his folded arms, meeting Will's gaze with dark, half-lidded eyes. "Like this, darling? This how you want me?"

Now that Nigel was on the bed, Will was ready to begin. "Yes, just like that," he said, feeling a bit giddy. He puffed away at the cigarette, walking around him and admiring his muscular backside. He strode to the closet and pulled out a toolbox and some rope, and moved back towards the bed. Will stood beside the bed and tucked a pillow under Nigel's head, pulling his wrists up to the back of the couch.

"Gonna start by making sure you can't move too much. I know you're a good boy, but sometimes even good boys wanna wiggle free, ya know?" Will drawled slowly, picking up the rope and winding it around one wrist and then just enough slack to reach one leg of the couch.

He did the same with the other arm and repeated the process with Nigel's ankles until he was restrained spread eagle across Will's little sofa bed. The cop was beyond excited, vibrating a little but trying to play it cool. He stripped completely naked then, slowly, making sure he was in full view of his captive as he did so and making a little saucy show of it before crawling over him on the bed.

Nigel could feel himself thickening against the bed beneath him, hot gaze fixed on Will as he slowly, teasingly stripped down to bare skin. The sight of his boy's hot little body was always a turn on, but the way Will took his time, adding a little wiggle here and there, it reminded him of what they had done earlier that evening at the bowling alley and then after...

It was a welcome distraction from the knowledge that he had willingly let another render him, for all intents and purposes, helpless. Nigel didn't do helpless. *He* made *others* helpless, not the other way around. Helpless meant vulnerable. And in Nigel's world, vulnerable meant *dead*. Every instinct Nigel had was screaming at him to struggle, to fight loose of his bonds, snap the ropes binding him and bring the boy low. To force him beneath the bulk of Nigel's larger body and reattach him his place in the hierarchy of things. To *punish* him long and hard, to bring the younger man to sobbing tears for daring to make Nigel feel vulnerable. For making him *feel*, period.

Thin lips pulled back, exposing sharp teeth in a snarl, the order to release him poised on his tongue and eyes, his gaze no longer hungry but furious, lifting from the bare skin of his captor to clash with Will's. The words died before being born, snuffed out by the sheer excitement and mischief in the younger man's dancing blue eyes. And just like that, the snarling beast in Nigel was calmed, content to curl up and rest easy, secure in the adoration of his lover's attention. This was *Will*. And Will would never hurt him. Will was safe. Will was *home*, the one place it was ok to be vulnerable.

Allowing his body to relax once more into the bed, Nigel made a soft sound of pleasure as Will climbed up to join him. "And now that you've got me at your mercy, Officer Graham, just what do you plan to do with me? Should I be afraid, darling? Do you think you can make me beg?" Nigel pitched his voice low, the challenge all but purred from his mouth as he turned to look over his shoulder. "You only have one night, best to make the most of it."

Will was already very hard and straddled Nigel's muscular ass, arms outstretched and extended out and up along Nigel's sinewy arms as he kissed sloppily against his mouth. "Oh I will, don't you worry about that," he whispered roughly, and crawled down Nigel's naked body, grazing blunt nails down tanned skin. He massaged down his back, pressing the heels of his hands hard down the Romanian's spine, walking down each groove and step and kneading the mounds of his firm ass cheeks, pulling them open and squeezing them closed again, but doing no more, yet. Will playfully kissed Nigel ass, biting the curve of softer flesh gently and snapping his teeth with a small laugh, his hands rubbing hard and firm over tight hamstrings and down his calves, thoroughly enjoying this unfettered access to all of Nigel's truly spectacular body.

"God, you're magnificent," Will marveled with a slightly awestruck, reverent whisper.

Nigel didn't bother trying to smother his groans as Will's hands moved over him, working out all the kinks and knots and leaving a trail of slumbering arousal in their wake. It felt good, letting Will touch him like this and he wondered absently why he hadn't let him before. Most likely because Nigel himself was too greedy most times, too impatient to get his own hands and mouth onto and into the lithe body that brought him so much pleasure. That might have to change, provided this evening didn't turn to shit.

Half distracted by the play of Will's palms sliding over his ass, Nigel grunted out a laugh.

"You think so, do you darling?" He didn't really know how to respond to the compliment. Nigel knew he cleaned up ok, had been told so more than once by women and men alike, but in his own mind, he wasn't handsome. Too much of a brute for that, his world lending itself more to the formation of hard angles and rough edges than what society deemed beautiful. Staying fit was a matter of survival, not aesthetics, strength and quick reflexes key elements to staying ahead of your enemies (and sometimes your allies). Nigel was fit because he had

to be. That Will could find something pleasing in the battered, scar-riddled body laid out before him... The words Will gave him were easy enough to laugh off, it was the awe and *hunger* in his voice that gave Nigel pause. Torn between arousal and embarrassment, all the older man could do was grumble. "I don't know what you fucking see when you look at me, gorgeous, but whatever it is, it's all yours."

Will spread Nigel's thighs apart a bit more, inhaling deeply behind furry balls and running a wide, flat, wet tongue over them, lazily suckling in one and rolling it around gently. He wandered over the seam that connected his balls to his cock, leaving it to lay flat between his belly and the mattress for now, and running his tongue over his entrance. Just over it, nothing more. "Nothing's going in, as agreed, but I may lick around, right?" Will asked from between Nigel's legs, kissing just adjacent his pucker ever so sweetly as he delicately palmed his balls.

"Fuck!" The expletive tore from Nigel's mouth along with all the air from his lungs, leaving him panting in shock. The warm, wet heat of Will's mouth sucking and licking at his balls was something he always enjoyed, fucking loved it as a matter of fact, but it was the wide, soft lapping if the boy's gifted tongue so near his opening that had Nigel swearing a blue streak into the mattress beneath his face. He knew Will liked it when Nigel did that for him, bucking and squirming in Nigel's hold and pushing back onto the older man's face as he was licked open, and God knows Nigel loved doing to it him, love the sweet, desperate noises it always drew from the boy. But just *fuck*... Nigel hadn't been prepared for just how fucking good it felt to have it done to *him*. "Jesus fucking Christ, Will, do that again!"

Will's lips curled into a smirk against the warm skin of Nigel's ass cheek. *Ah yes, just exactly the response he'd hoped for*, he thought to himself. "Mmmmm," he hummed against the quivering pucker, lapping over it again slowly. "That's a good, good boy," he purred deep in his throat, pulling his knees up to get into a little better position and dragging his nails down the backs of Nigel's thighs, stroking and massaging as he began licking in sucking in earnest now that he knew the reaction was favorable. It was so different being in this position, but he was enjoying it, all this muscle and power under his hands, all at his mercy, under his control. Of course, he preferred the roles reversed when Nigel was driving, but this was a feast for him to be able to enjoy his lover like this, in a way he wouldn't be able to normally, touching and tasting everything freely.

There wasn't much give to the ropes holding him spread and open for Will to play with, just enough that Nigel was able to cant his hips up and back, his spine curving and twisting before changing direction to rut his now leaking erection down into the messy sheets. Hoarse curses fell between panted groans and all Nigel could do was lay there and *feel*. The soft laps and sucking kisses, the way Will would run the pointed tip of his tongue around the slowly softening rim of his hole, tickling little kitten licks interrupted by wide, wet presses with the

flat of his tongue, all done without a pattern Nigel could follow, all designed to drive Nigel out of his fucking mind with the kind of pleasure he had no experience with and therefore did not know how to control. It was overwhelming, too much, and it was driving the older man to orgasm faster than he was sure Will wanted.

Jerking his hips away from the mouth that tormented him as much as the ropes holding him would allow, Nigel bit back another curse. Voice hoarse with the arousal that hit so fast it was making his head swim, Nigel laughed. “Darling, as wonderful as that feels, your evening is going to come to a very abrupt fucking end if you don’t stop soon.”

Will sat up quickly, giving a short, sharp little slap to one ass cheek, just enough to get his attention. “No coming, not for a very long while yet,” he said in an uncharacteristically stern voice. It was definitely his *I’m in control cop* voice. Will then climbed up Nigel’s sleek muscular form and kissed behind his ear, rubbing his lower back, and whispered. “You’re doing so good, baby. *So fucking sexy*,” he said, sassily mimicking words he knew Nigel loved to use on him.

Rocking his hips back and forth, he writhed atop his lover, rutting his leaking cock between the slicked up cheeks, moaning whorishly and pressing it between the round flesh, admiring how good it looked like that. “Oh fuck, that feels really good,” he huffed, rolling his hips like a dancer, using Nigel’s body for his own pleasure and humping his body, the heels of his hands planted on his lower back.

The growl trying to leave Nigel’s throat at the less than gentle slap to his ass was swallowed up by a groan when he felt Will slip between his cheeks to rut there. He was so wet he was dripping, Will having been very thorough in exploring him with his mouth, so the slide was smooth and easy, the hard flesh moving against him easily with just enough friction to tease at the sensitive skin. Not once so far had Will tried to go past Nigel’s one stated hard limit, so the older man made himself relax into the rocking motions Will’s thrusts pressed his body into, let himself enjoy the sensations and sounds of his boy pleasuring himself with Nigel’s body. And fuck if it didn’t feel pretty damned amazing for Nigel, too.

With Will’s hands planted firmly in the small of his back and his limbs held in place by the ropes, Nigel’s options were limited, at first thinking all he could really do was lay there and take it, which was absolutely *not* fucking happening. Nigel could no more change his nature than a leopard its spots. It just wasn’t in him to truly submit and he couldn’t change that, even for his precious angel. He would keep his end of the bargain, let Will play at being in control for the evening to make the boy happy, but that’s all it was, *play*.

Experimenting with what little give he could find, Nigel discovered the most he could do was flex his ass, clamping down on Will's cock as it pistoned between his cheeks. Nigel smiled wickedly at the sound *that* drew from the man working above him. Topping from the bottom might just have a few perks after all.

The perfect rhythmic clench of Nigel's cheeks was just like the man, managing to control even that small bit, enough to massage his cock even that bit, enough to draw pre-come from him, needy threaded high pitched whines that caused Will this time to stop with a sudden huff. He swung his leg over off Nigel, pinching the base of his cock with a low moan. "Fuck," he whispered. Sliding down his body, he rubbed the globes of his ass and licked the wet pre come left behind, teeth grazing over each mound teasingly. Watching Nigel carefully, he stopped and bared his fangs, biting down into tanned flesh.

If asked later, Nigel would vehemently deny the startled, high-pitched *whine* that the unexpected bite to his ass drew from him and if Will gloated too much about it later, the boy would pay for it. But *fuck* if the pain and heat of it didn't go straight to Nigel's pinned cock.

"Time to turn you over, Nigel. I have to untie and re-tie you. Will you be good for me? If you're not...you know...you'll...uhm...you'll be punished," he said, scrambling to his feet and crawling back up to the head of the bed to straddle his shoulders and try to hold him down with his body.

Nigel huffed a laugh at the stuttered threat, half tempted to snare the younger man the minute he was loose and roll that tempting body beneath his. But a promise was a promise. "Of course I'll be good, darling. Haven't I been all evening?" The words were purred, soft as silk and wickedly teasing. Will might be calling the shots tonight, might be keeping Nigel's limbs in check with ropes that chafe delightfully where they hold him at wrist and ankles, but Nigel still had his voice. And his boy always responded so beautifully to the deeply purred words and guttural growls that rumble so often from Nigel's chest.

He loosened him, flipped him over and tied him back up, blue eyes dark and cheeks bright pink as a fine sheen of sweat glistened over his skin from his efforts, loose curls hanging in his face. Once he'd secured Nigel, he grinned at his handiwork proudly and climbed back on top, rubbing the head of his leaking cock over Nigel's full lips. "Open that pretty mouth for me like a good boy, then, hmm? I think I like how it looks," he teased. Will was enjoying this.

“Cheeky brat,” Nigel murmured, lips curling in amusement before parting obediently. Eyes up to take in the delighted, playful grin on his boy’s flushed face, Nigel had to admit Will was beautiful like this. Confident and happy, pink with excitement and desire, it made something warm and soft unfurl in the older man’s chest knowing he had put that look on Will’s face and the simple joy that was adding light to his laugh.

Will licked his lips and moaned softly, pressing into the wet heat of Nigel’s mouth, prodding in further and gasping at the light scrape of the edge of a tooth and the smooth warm tongue that swept beneath the ridge. “Fuck, that’s good,” he murmured, pupils widened, and he widened his stance, kneeling with muscular thighs now bracketed around the Romanian’s head. Gently he rocked back and forth, in and out. “That okay?” he whispered, out of character, just wanting to make sure his lover could breathe.

Humming against the length filling his mouth, Nigel adjusted the angle of his jaw, widening it just so to take it deeper, relaxing the flexing muscles at the back of his throat while curling his tongue around to lick at the thick vein that ran along one side of Will’s cock. Winking up at the younger man taking such care to fuck his mouth so gently, Nigel swallowed around the head, just once. And then almost gagged himself by laughing at the shocked, strangled sound that whimpered from between the boy’s lips. Topping from the bottom, indeed. Maybe now Will would understand just how much power he actually had when he knelt for Nigel.

Will couldn’t stop himself from jerking forward, hips shaking as his cock throbbed in response to the right, perfect constriction of Nigel’s throat on the spongy tip. He reached up to grip the back of the sofa, biceps flexing as he gasped out guttural curses, and he reached down to stroke along his jawline. On an inward thrust, he pushed his cock into the pocket of Nigel’s cheek and rutted there, rubbing his thumb over it and moaning as he watched. “Ahhh... god, it’s so so fucking good...fucking your face like this...” he whispered before shifting his hips to start moving again, rhythmically. He wouldn’t come...not yet, but damn if this wasn’t hot.

Nigel’s eyes narrowed, watering a bit as always with this particular activity, but the view... Fuck the view made a few tears worth it. The ripple of muscle as Will’s hips pumped above him, the flex and draw of his flat stomach, the way his Adam’s apple bobbed as he panted and swallowed and swore, it was all fucking worth it. Swallowing rhythmically now as Will’s pace increased, Nigel hummed, pleased with the taste of pre-come across his working tongue, the younger man leaking almost continuously now. He wondered if Will intended to finish this way, the idea sending a bolt of arousal coursing through him and straight to his own throbbing erection laying fat and leaking against his stomach. Will had completely ignored it

so far, and Nigel felt the neglect acutely now, his hips rolling in a futile search for any kind of friction to relieve the ache.

As much as he hated to, Will pulled his cock out from between Nigel's lips, climbing off and pinching at the base, looking down at him with a dark look in his eyes. "You've done perfect, just perfect. But I'm far from done with you. It's time to play with *you* now, I think," he mused with a naughty smirk. Will walked over to his dresser next to the bed and bent down, rummaging through the bottom drawer until he located what he was looking for. He then sat on the edge of the bed and affectionately rubbed Nigel's thigh, then without another word, he gripped his shaft in one hand and pushed a dark blue silicone ring from the top down to the base, gently stretching it, taking his time but eventually pulling his balls through until it was snug right around the bottom. Curious blue eyes looked up at his face to see his reaction.

Nigel's eyes had slipped closed at the first touch of Will's hand on his painfully hard erection, blissed with the hope of *finally* receiving some relief. They snapped wide at the unexpected constriction encircling him at the base, head coming up as he stared in momentary puzzlement at the sensation before realization set in. "What the fuck, Will?"

A cock ring. *What the actual fuck?* Nigel could only blink, trying and failing to adjust to the unfamiliar sensation of having his most intimate parts so confined. It was restricting, uncomfortable. And all the more confusing because it only sent his arousal ratcheting higher. Confounded, Nigel's gaze left the little blue device to seek out Will's. "Has my stamina ever failed to fucking leave you anything but completely fucked out and satisfied, darling?"

Will's eyes widened and mouth watered as he watched Nigel's cock throb and fill even more with the ring on, and he leaned back and bit his lip, smirking. "Oh my god," he gaped, grinning. "No, never, but fuck, you're just so...wow...look at you like this," he marveled.

Like a tiger caught in a snare, Nigel snarled his displeasure but was betrayed by the thick drop of pre-come that leaked from him, beading up at the tip before rolling slowly down the swollen shaft to lay glistening on the coarse curls at the base. The snapping snarling part of Nigel didn't like this one bit, tied and helpless and now with even his ability to come when it pleased him removed. Except that part of him *did*. The part of him that reveled in the way his boy was looking at him like a feast laid out to be devoured. The longer Will looked at him with hungry eyes, the more Nigel was able to relax into the ropes that bound him until he was finally able to allow his limbs to go lax and his head to fall back against the mattress with a groaned laugh. "And what now, angel? What will you do with me now that you have me *completely* at your mercy?"

Will bit his own bottom lip hard as he looked Nigel up and down eagerly, a pleased smirk when those thick muscles finally relaxed against the ropes. He hadn't really even started yet, not by a long shot, thus the need for the cock ring. "I have some ideas," Will said saucily, turning and walking for the kitchen area. He opened the freezer and returned with a small ice bucket, and straddled Nigel once more, over his hips, grinding the plush curve of his ass against his dripping cock. Hooded blue eyes gazed down at Nigel as he took one ice cube between his own lips, playfully sucking it before running it down his own smooth neck and chest, over to one nipple and then the next. His flat, rosy nipples pebbled as he did so, and he rocked slowly over his lover. "That feels really good, Nigel. I think you'd like it..."

Sucking his bottom lip into his mouth, Nigel released it slowly and with a wet pop, gazing up at his lover with slumberous eyes. "Is that so, darling? Well, best get on with it then." The lazy drawl was belied by the roll of his hips, rutting impatiently up to slide against the smooth skin of the boy's ass so temptingly close to where he wanted him most. "If you're waiting for permission, angel, then I'm not fucking sure you have a handle on how being in control is supposed to work." Another roll of his hips, a hint of tongue as he wet his lips, all innocence as he offered, "If you need a demonstration, just untie me and I'd be happy to show you how it's done, gorgeous."

It was really, *really* hard not to take Nigel up on that. Will felt it, the rumble of all that power under him, like a bound tiger, and fuck, he loved it when he would just pin him down and take him, rough, hard, make him scream until he had no voice left. And he knew he'd have many nights to come like that, but this was his chance to play with his tiger on his own terms; to enjoy him at his own pace, touch everywhere he wanted the way he wanted, and Nigel couldn't stop him or overpower him.

Will leaned down to kiss Nigel then, sweeping a cold, wet tongue over his bottom lip, down his neck, pausing to nip at the tattooed girl there, over his collarbone, nuzzling briefly in a fuzzy, golden armpit, mouthing his thick bicep, down to his left nipple. His lips curling into a smile, Will took the now mostly melted pebble of ice back into his mouth and licked over Nigel's hard little nub, slowly circling it over and over like an ice cream cone, the tip of his tongue making a sharp little point and flicking.

The soft, pleased noises Will drew from Nigel with his soft kisses and affectionate nuzzling turned to a surprised hiss, back bowing involuntarily at the cold, wet kiss of the ice held between Will's puckered lips. His nipple tightened with pleased pain at the sensation, his stomach sucking in as the cold rivlets of melt slid down his suddenly fevered skin. Nigel liked it more than he cared to admit, and the way that slender body bent over his, pressing heat and cold to his chest, had the added bonus of allowing Nigel's painfully hard erection to

rub between the plush globes of Will's ass, sending lightening quick sparks of pleasure to curl and pool heavy in his groin. The twin sensations would have been enough to tip the older man over the edge he had been riding for far too long if not for that fucking cockring...

"Oh, fuck yeah...you like it, don't you?" Will teased, exhaling hot breath over the sensitive flesh and moving to the right side. He teased with the edges of his teeth, just grazing and nipping a bit, rolling his hips until the wet slide of pre-come in his ass crack made an entirely too obscene sound come from behind him. Will alternated the nips with tender soft kitten licks, and when he could feel Nigel getting too close, he pulled away, bracing the heels of his hands on his belly and looking down at with an arched brow and a smug expression. "It's just too good, ain't it, hmm?"

"Will..." A snarl, a warning, the boy's name rumbled from Nigel's chest like a curse, whether at the teasing words or the loss of friction against where he ached most was a toss up even to Nigel. "You're not going to walk right for a fucking week after you finally untie me, boy. That's how much I fucking *like* it." Promise or threat, it didn't matter. Sooner or later, Nigel was going to get loose and then... *oh then...* Nigel would make sure Will learned the price for teasing his dangerous lover so brazenly. Not that Will would mind paying...

"Well, if I'm not gonna walk right for a week, wanna get all the bang for my buck that I can, don't I?" Will purred. Sliding down to his cock, Will reached for the little bottle of lube he had tucked away between the cushions and popped the cap open with one hand, never taking his eyes off of the Romanian. "This what you want?" he asked, slicking him up and working his own lubed fingers in and out of his hole, rocking on his hand as he smirked.

Nigel was not ashamed of the groan that whispered between his clenched teeth at the almost painful pleasure of Will stroking over his aching cock, the proud, angry flesh pulsing and leaking in the younger man's grip. Every pass of that perfect palm drew more fat beads of pre-come from the almost purple head to dribble down the shaft and mix with the wet slick of the lube Will had applied. And the knowledge of what Will was doing with his other hand...

"Fuck...Will, baby... It's fucking good." The words were drawn out, slurred almost as if the Romanian was into day two of a three day drunk. Pumping his hips as much as he was able, Nigel fucked himself up into the tight tunnel of Will's fist, groaning again at the frustration of the cockring. Watching with hooded eyes as the boy's back arches, his shoulder hitching as he worked himself open, Nigel's tongue darted out, wetting his lips before sucking the top one into his mouth to worry with sharp teeth. "Turn around Will, let me watch you... I want to see you gorgeous."

Will rose slowly, the apples of his cheeks bright pink with arousal, and swung one muscular thigh over Nigel, turning around and arching his back as he lowered himself again. He looked over his shoulder at Nigel and resumed stroking his cock and fingering himself, two long, slim digits sinking deeper in his little hole. “You wanna watch your cock go inside me from this angle, hmm?” he asked with a devilish smirk, pushing a third finger inside as he moaned at the tightness.

Muscles bulged and rippled underneath Nigel’s sweat-slicked skin as he pulled sharply at the ropes pinning his arms, straining futility, *knowing* it was futile and driven by the sight before him to struggle anyway. Nigel. Did. Not. Beg. *Ever*. Never in his life and not for fucking anything. But he’d be lying if he said watching Will sink his fingers deep inside of his stretched opening wasn’t enough to tempt him into it. His angel seemed hell-bent on driving him insane. “You goddamned little *minx*, fucking untie me and I’ll show *exactly* what I want to do with your tight little hole and my cock.”

Will felt a rush of heat from his belly up to his chest and neck. It was heady having this powerful man under his control like this, fighting his bonds like a wild animal and unable to get free. Of course, he’d fucking love to do exactly as Nigel asked, but he also wanted to make the most of this. He shook his head, dark curls bouncing and falling across his forehead. “Not yet. First, I come. I’m going to...” he huffed, adding more lube to Nigel’s cock. “I’m going to use your body to make myself come,” he finished, lining up Nigel’s cock with his hot little pucker. Slowly, thighs flexed as he lowered himself, looking back over his shoulder at the Romanian. Soft, round ass cheeks enveloped Nigel’s thick olive cock as inch after inch disappeared inside him, and he let out a low groan, willing himself to relax.

Every fiber of Nigel’s being was intensely focused between his own fucking legs. He didn’t feel his lungs screaming for air, or the wild beat of his heart as it thrashed desperately against the cage of his ribs. All he could feel was the tight, scorching, perfect heat of Will’s body as it slowly sheathed him one agonizing inch at a time until the soft, lush globes of the boy’s ass were cradled snugly in Nigel’s lap. It was heaven and hell, paradise and purgatory all in one beautiful, blue-eyed package.

Nigel groaned again, and *goddamnit*, it *was* a groan and not a fucking whimper. The cockring did its job admirably, keeping him hard and aching through everything Will had done so far, but it had also left him over sensitive, leaking and hovering desperately on the edge of explosive orgasm. Letting out a string of obscenities in multiple languages, there was absolutely *nothing* Nigel could do to stop the helpless thrust of his hips, mindlessly rutting up into the overwhelming heat that held him.

“For God’s sake, Will..take that goddamned thing off my cock or move your ass, just do fucking *something!*” It was as close to begging as Nigel had ever been.

Will hissed and pressed his palms flat against Nigel’s thighs, all his weight bearing down to still them. “Oh, I’ll fucking do something alright,” he whispered through gritted teeth, a sigh slipping through his lips as he relaxed and the last few inches sank inside, pressing against his prostate. “Oh fuck, that’s *it*,” he whispered and adjusted himself to begin rocking back and forth in a steadily building rhythm. Back arched and head thrown to one side, he stretched like a cat as he ground his ass against Nigel’s hips. “Fuck that feels so good. You like it?” he teased, moving faster and a little rougher.

Nigel, for his part, completely abandoned any grasp he had on the English language, his words slurred and guttural as he praised Will and cursed him by turns in his native tongue.

Long, flowing, nonsensical sentences poured from between gritted teeth and panted breaths, about how good Will felt, how he takes his cock so beautifully, how perfect the boy was. All of it a continuous babble intersected with demands for *more* and *faster* and *deeper* and *now*, *now*, *now...*

Will turned around, easily slipping off and continuing to stroke him as he faced front and remounted him. He was so close, so focused now, watching Nigel sweating and cursing, his muscles straining and wrists looking raw where he fought at the ropes. Will jerked himself off, hand slipping over his cock, red lips parted as his eyes focused on his lover, and his hips began to stutter as his breath grew erratic. “Oh, fuck fuck, Oh fuck, yes, Nigel...”

Will’s come splashed up Nigel’s chest, heavy white ropes of pearly fluid as he spasmed atop him. He thought he’d pass out, vision whiting out behind his eyes, and he fell forward, bracing himself on the center of Nigel’s furry chest. “Fuck,” he gasped. “It’s...it’s your turn now,” he said, trying to smirk through the haze of his orgasm.

He got up, legs still shaky, and limped over to the sink, getting a few towels to clean them off. Some soap and warm water, and he’d carefully - as delicately as possible - cleaned and dried the lube all off Nigel’s very sensitive, very erect cock. Licking his lips, he reclined between his thighs.

“I’m going to remove the ring, and suck you off, Nigel. After you come, I’ll untie you, and you’re free. I want you to come in my mouth, that okay?” he asked, fingers playing around his balls beneath the silicone ring.

Nigel *hurt*. And when Will began fondling his swollen sack, the whimper-and *fine*, it was a motherfucking *whimper*- was completely involuntary. Swollen and oversensitive, he couldn’t stop himself from squirming, flinching away from the gentle touches only to press back, the promise of release tempting enough to overcome the discomfort. He had been hard too long, riding the edge of orgasm for what felt like days now and the need to come had stripped him down to base levels that have only been previously reached by violence and rage. There was very little of the man left in Nigel’s wild gaze now, only the animalistic *need* remained.

Unable to find the words in any language to give Will the permission he sought, all Nigel could manage was a sharp, jerky nod.

Will very carefully tugged the ring off, as delicately as he could, and wrapped his hand at the base of Nigel’s cock as soon as it was free, tugging up slowly. Messy curls fell in his eyes as he dipped his head lower and slid the head in first, swirling the tip and then quickly down to the very root, until he felt the fat, throbbing head against the back of his throat. He knew Nigel wouldn’t last long, so that was about as much teasing as he planned to do- he’d already tortured him enough.

The brunet began to jerk him and suck at the same time, hands in perfect coordination with his mouth, the only goal being to come. With his free hand, he gripped the root of his cock beneath his balls, applying pressure in that perfect spot and stroking him as spittle dripped from the corners of his mouth. Bobbing up and down fast, nothing but the sound of his moaning and wet slurping could be heard, that and Nigel’s rough pants and cursing.

Nigel was only vaguely aware of the mangled shout that tore from his throat, what little mind he had left was fully focused on the hot, wet paradise of Will’s mouth engulfing the head of his aching cock. If he was a man bent towards such things, Nigel expected he could have wept at the relief and gut-wrenching pleasure the firm lips fastening around his length offered as they quickly worked to take him as deep into Will’s mouth as he could get, the boy’s hands helping to work him closer and closer to the desperately needed release he had been teetering on for so long.

He wasn’t going to last, had no interest in doing so at this point, and therefore he was absolutely shameless in the desperate jutting of his hip, driving his cock upwards into that sucking mouth in short, stuttering snaps, still bound spread and helpless and no longer caring.

Every muscle in his body was coiled tight, straining with one goal in mind. Heat pooled in his belly, his balls drawing impossibly tighter and he was pulsing, pulsing into the

swallowing cavern of his boy's mouth, coming so hard and for so long he must surely be turning inside out with the pleasure and pain and intensity of it all.

Finally spent, he fell back against the sweaty sheets, as limp as a puppet whose strings had been viciously snapped, muscles lax and useless except for the heaving of his chest as his lungs tried to replace the air stolen by his climax. If not for the thundering of his heart, slowing now, finally, he would have thought his darling had managed to kill him with his little game.

Will's cock twitched and inflated again just from the erotic display of Nigel's orgasm alone. Licking him clean, he swallowed, Adam's apple bobbing obscenely up and down the long column of his neck. He turned around to loosen the bonds on his ankles, then crawled up his sweaty, thick torso and paused to kiss Nigel, looking in his eyes. "Thank you...and I love you, Nigel," he whispered, face turning from teasing to serious. He reached up to undo the ropes, fingers gently avoiding the bruises on his wrists. Tossing them aside, he moved back down to kiss him again.

Accepting the kisses pressed to his mouth and skin, Nigel lay indolently, letting the feeling return to his limbs, ignoring the slight tingling and burn of restored circulation in favor of letting his boy snuggle close. Giving a lazy smile as he tucked his chin into the sweaty, messy curls, Nigel hummed a pleased sound. "Don't think you're quite done yet, minx. I do believe I have earned myself a good amount of aftercare here. After all, I was your good boy. Didn't even use my safe word, and you were so fucking cruel..." The gentle tease was about the most Nigel could manage at the moment. He was fucking exhausted. No wonder Will was always so damned pliable after Nigel had played with him. The older man felt like he could sleep for a week straight and still be tired.

"Yeah, maybe I *was* a little rough. How about a hot bath or maybe shower? I'll wash you, then get you a shot of whiskey and get back in bed, massage you until you fall asleep, hmm?" Will asked, almost purring as he curled up around Nigel, one leg over him while his fingers danced playfully in his chest hair.

A quiet snore was Nigel's only reply...

Cuff links and Foie Gras

Chapter Summary

When Will stepped from the bathroom dressed in his new finery, Nigel couldn't help the growl that rumbled up from his chest, his appreciative gaze raking over the younger man twice before he pulled him close for a devouring kiss. Pulling back with a less than gentle nip to Will's full lower lip, Nigel smiled his approval. "Fucking beautiful, Will. I'll be the envy of every man in that restaurant tonight."

Or Nigel takes Will shopping and has to deal with a bit of brat behavior. And then dinner... You know that's gonna go smoothly...

Chapter Notes

CS here-This was a fun chapter to write and it may have gotten just a touch cracky at the end, but we think you will like it. We certainly laughed a lot writing it! Please, take a minute to let us know what you think of it!

As always, we don't own it, we just took it to dinner...

Edited by me, so you know who to throw the tomatoes at!

It was early, seven in the morning when streams of light through the window stirred Will awake. The bed was warm, comfortable enough for him and even more so with an arm and leg flung over a certain very sexy, solid Romanian. Will's curly head rested on Nigel's chest, fingers combing gently through the fur. He didn't want to wake him, so he laid still, satisfied enough to watch the slow rise and fall of his breath, staring at his handsome, sharp, yet delicate features. Nigel was beautiful like this, bathed in the hazy golden glow of the morning light, his skin sun-kissed and lush lips slightly parted. Will never thought he'd fall in love with a man like Nigel, but here he was. So many contradictions and complications, how violent and possessive he was yet how tender and nurturing he could be. It frightened Will sometimes, but with Nigel, he felt a part of him awaken he never knew existed, and he made him happy. Actually really happy.

He never wanted it to end, this feeling of complete connectedness with this man. He felt like they'd become so deeply entwined now, and he knew he would never want to be without him. He'd need to be careful not to incite his jealousy - the incident at the club had taught him as

much. It strangely didn't bother him; he felt valued, cherished and wanted. No other partner had ever given him that.

It was more though. Nigel was incredibly smart, witty, and shockingly romantic for such a "tough guy". They'd each taken the time to know one another, and found more similarities than differences. It was more than just sex - Will really enjoyed Nigel's company, friendship, and yes, definitely the sex. There was an undeniable, powerful attraction between them, that was certain.

He couldn't hold back any longer, and he turned his face slightly, just enough to kiss Nigel's chest.

Warm, familiar lips pressed soft kisses to his chest, rousing Nigel to wakefulness in the most pleasant of ways. Stretching with a groan, he squinted one eye open, taking in the soft morning light and the imp laying soft and sweet against him. It was far too early for Nigel to be awake, and he communicated that clearly as he rolled over, switching their positions, blanketing the smaller body beneath his and burying his face in Will's neck to hide from the sunbeam working its way across the bed. Wrapping both arms around the boy, Nigel settled back in with a grumbled: "mits too frucking early, go back to sleemph...."

Will hummed deep, rubbing against the bigger man like a cat, very nearly purring under the welcome weight of him. "We have to get up. I have a surprise for you," he insisted, wiggling underneath him enticingly. Now that he was awake, he intended to keep him that way.

Nigel snorted into the warm skin he was nuzzled into, lips curled in a sleepy smile. "Darling, you're twenty-five years old, so I can't say it's much of a fucking surprise." Giving a lazy roll of his hips, Nigel's own morning erection slide against Will's, giving away that old men of thirty-seven often awoke in the same condition. "Don't see why we have to get up to do anything about it though. We're already in a fairly good position." One arm uncurled from around Will to begin a slow, meandering exploration along the outside of one of the long, muscular legs wrapped loosely around him.

Will's body moved against his own will, hips rolling eagerly for more friction as his breath hitched in his throat. "Aa-ah-ohhhh... mmm...but I have a surprise. A real one, not that, although...that feels good," he said haltingly, less committed to being good and revealing his surprise.

“Mmmm...” Lips trailing from Will’s neck to nibble at his collarbones, Nigel’s hand crept slowly between Will’s cheeks, long fingers stroking teasingly against the still soft opening nestled there. “Feels *damn* good, gorgeous and it’s bound to get better if you don’t insist on dragging us out of this bed.” Another roll of his hips and Will was squirming, making those soft, needy little noises Nigel loved so much.

“Fuck,” Will sighed, hands caressing the planes of muscle over Nigel’s broad shoulders and back, down to his thick biceps. “But I..I have to get fitted for that suit, before dinner tonight,” he said softly, arching off the bed ever so slightly as his lust fought him on being committed to that plan.

That brought Nigel’s head up with a snap and stopped his wandering hands. Peering up at Will’s face with eyes squinted against the light, Nigel’s eyebrows were doing their level best to creep up his forehead to meet with his morning bedhead. “I beg your pardon darling, but did you just fucking imply, in a very roundabout fucking manner, I might add, that you are actually going to let me buy you a suit?”

Will chuckled, a dry, hoarse laugh, his cheeks crinkling under smile lines and dimples. “I’m not implying it, I’m saying it...except it feels too good in here now, I might change my mind back, hmm?” he said, lifting his ass a little to give him better access. Oh, he loved teasing Nigel, particularly because he never knew what his reaction would be. Looking right at him then, he smirked. “I decided last night since you did so well...maybe I could dress up for you after all...”

Nigel knew the grin that broke across his face was the very same one Darko had called lovesick and a bit creepy, but he didn’t give a fuck. Laughing and still grinning like an idiot, Nigel pressed a quick kiss to Will’s smirking lips before throwing himself from the bed in search of his pants from the night before. “No time for that now, darling! Where’s my fucking phone? Ah, here we are!” He crowed triumphantly, fishing the device from his jeans and tapping it on. Scrolling through his contacts quickly, Nigel located the number he needed and dialed. Waiting for the call to connect, he crawled back onto the bed next to Will, his free hand caressing up the inside of one thigh to cup the younger man where he was still hard. “Well, maybe we have a little time-And a good morning to you, Bernard! I know it’s fucking early, but I need a suit. No, not for me, for my date. Yes, I fucking know you only make men’s suits, why the fuck do you think I’m calling you? Thought so. And by the way, I need it by tonight.”

Nigel kept up his end of the conversation, happily badgering his tailor, tone dancing between demanding and wheedling, all the while his free hand never stopped moving over Will's flesh, pumping and stroking, running his thumb over the flushed and leaking head to tease the boy harder. "I know it will have to be something you have in stock, but you can tailor it to him, can't you? Something in blue, to match his eyes." Nigel was watching those eyes now, noting how they had darkened several shades from the light color that had greeted him upon waking this morning. He grinned as Will bit his lip, trying desperately to stay quiet so as not to be heard. "Yeah, we can be there in an hour or so." Nigel listened with half an ear as Benard continued to bitch at him about impossible deadlines and blah, blah, blah. Normally this was the part where Nigel would have just hung up, but he was having too much fun watching Will squirm and try and muffle the noises trying to escape him.

Will covered his own mouth finally, the grip on his cock not slowing down at all. A little sigh and moan made it between his fingers, a nearly helpless mewl as he leaked pre-come over Nigel's broad knuckles. He writhed on the mattress, hips jerking impulsively into his hand. He could distantly hear the man on the other end of the line, but it all started to get fuzzy under those skilled hands. It was all he could do to not moan obscenely out loud.

God, his boy was beautiful. Sleep-tousled curls forming a messy halo around his head and face flushed with lust, Will was the very picture of a debauched angel. Grinning wickedly, Nigel continued his sensual assault but decided he needed both hands to do it properly. "Benard, I fucking said we could be there in about an hour, but for that to happen, you need to shut the fuck up. I have something that needs *handling* before we can leave. Yeah, you too old man." Ending the call and tossing the phone to land somewhere on the mattress, Nigel moved closer to where Will lay panting on the bed. Lining up against the younger man, he took both their cocks in his hands and began pumping them together, the press and slide aided by the generous amounts of pre-come Will was producing. Looking down to where they pressed together, Nigel groaned out a curse. "Fucking hell, Will. Look what you do to me, gorgeous. So fucking good..." Panting with the pleasure coursing through him, the older man began rocking his hips in time with the pass of his hands, quickly finding his rhythm.

Will was getting too close to the edge too fast, panting and moaning the second the call had ceased. "Oh god, fucking god, Nigel, oh Nigel," he babbled over and over, beads of sweat breaking across his brow. He bit his own lip and looked down, Nigel's broad fist sliding over their cocks at once, his thick, fat, uncut length against Will's slightly longer but more slender one. With a deep groan, Will's blue eyes fixed on Nigel's dark ones and he came, quick, sharp, intense pleasure spiking from his balls up his shaft. Fingertips curled into the Romanian's hips as he held on, covering their bellies in white, sticky ejaculate, lips parted as he gasped for air.

Groaning as Will pulsed in his fist and covered them both with his pleasure, Nigel gave a few more pumps of his fist before releasing them both. Rolling Will over onto his back, the older man rose above his supine form with an almost feral snarl. Kneeling between the boy's spread thighs, Nigel wrapped his fist around his still turgid flesh and began stroking furiously as he stared down into fathomless blue eyes made lazy with orgasm. Panting with need, forearm working at a desperate pace, Nigel's voice rumbled from his chest. "So fucking beautiful, angel. Most perfect fucking thing I've ever seen." He was so close, so fucking close, his balls were drawn up tight, his fist a perfect glide over his cock, wet and tight and still coated with Will's seed. "Fuck, Will...gonna come so hard..."

The brunet reached up, running his own hand over his smooth chest and pinching his nipple, licking his lips as he stared up with hooded eyes at Nigel. His other hand gripped his thigh, urging him towards his climax. "Fuck, you're so hot like this...give it to me, come on me, Nigel, come on," Will coaxed in a breathless harsh whisper. Seeing him like this, stroking himself with Will's own seed, was the sexiest thing he'd ever witnessed.

Hissing out a curse, Nigel fell forward on one arm to hover over his lover as he continued to work himself to climax, chin pressing down against his own heaving chest, back curling and hips stuttering as his rhythm became erratic. Sweat ran in rivulets down his sides, his back, from his temple to land wetly against Will's skin, his scent marking the boy just as his cum would. Marking Will as *his*. The possessive thought was enough to tip him into orgasm, ripping an almost wounded sound from his throat as his balls contracted to send pulses of his spend across Will's belly and chest, a few drops landing just below his chin. Fisting his cock until he was sure he had nothing left, Nigel ran long fingers through the mess, rubbing it into the soft skin of the younger man's belly before raising his hand to press what remained against Will's open lips.

Will's lips parted like soft rose petals, eagerly licking at his fingers, swirling his tongue to get every drop he could. Watching Nigel come was incredible; he ran his fingers over his chin and chest to capture more of it and lick his own digits clean. "Fuck, you taste so good," he whispered with a naughty, coquettish smile. He gently tugged Nigel closer to kiss him and feed the taste between their mouths lustfully.

Groaning into the kiss, Nigel turned them so his weight wouldn't crush the smaller man before collapsing onto the mattress. Rubbing a hand through his hair, he grinned lazily. "We have about ten minutes to get our asses out the door or we're gonna be late for your fitting, darling. Want to share the shower?"

Will smirked and kissed him quickly before jumping out of the sofa bed just a little too quickly. He bumped his foot on the table next to the bed, howling. “OWW! Okay, last one to the shower is...well... *owww* gets less hot water,” he weakly finished, hopping around naked on one foot before dashing for the bathroom.

Laughing at the boy’s antics, Nigel hauled himself from the bed and followed at a more sedate pace, shaking his head and wondering how the hell he had gotten so lucky that *this* was now his life. Must have killed someone who really deserved it in a previous life, he mused to himself with a smile.

At the tailor’s, Will debated his decision to go along with this whole new suit thing. After trying on several items, Nigel had chosen a 1905 slim tailored style suit in a deep heather blue. There was a great deal of fussing over him, measuring, and entirely too much touching from the proprietor, but he was a harmless old gentleman that was a friend of Nigel’s. Will was just simply never comfortable with so much attention fixed on him when he wasn’t deliberately seeking it. Plus most of the suits were stiff and hard to move in. The one Nigel picked though wasn’t half bad. He hoped once they took up the pant legs and tapered the jacket, it would still feel good. Standing before the mirror, everything pinned in place, he had to admit, he looked pretty good. The color of the suit made his blue eyes stand out even more than usual, but he was really going to need to do something about his hair. “It doesn’t go. Maybe I can just comb it down or something,” he muttered, trying to tame his wild curls with his fingers.

Coming up behind Will where he stood in front of the three-way mirrors, Nigel ran an affectionate hand through the silky locks, tugging gently. “I love your hair, darling, but if you like, we can stop by my barber and get a trim and a shave. Make a day of it, have lunch and do a little shopping to keep busy until Bernard has your suit ready.”

As if speaking his name had summoned him, the tailor reappeared, still grumbling about impossible, demanding ruffians and their equally impossible demands. “If you are taking the boy shopping, make sure you buy him something worthy of the suit I am creating for him. Bracus on St. Charles for the shoes, Valobra on Royal for the cufflinks and whatever other baubles you want to decorate him with.” The orders were given in the same grumpy manner the old man had been addressing Nigel with since they walked through the door, the man making no bones about what he thought of the Romanian calling him up so early in the morning and badgering him into an emergency fitting. Turning from Nigel with a sniff, Bernard patted Will’s cheek affectionately. “And don’t let him go cheap, lad. Your suit will be a masterpiece! Your accessories must not shame it, or I will never make you another!” With another less than gentle pat to make sure his point was made, he shooed Will off to the

changing room before turning back to fuss some more at Nigel who was taking it all in with an amused grin. Truth be told, he was having a good time, and he was sure Bernard was as well, despite all the fussing.

Nigel had been directed to the old world tailor by a mutual acquaintance not long after coming to the city and had immediately liked the man, admiring not only his skill but his brisk and no-nonsense manner. The first time Nigel had walked into his shop, the cantankerous old man had pushed his spectacles up onto his forehead, looked him up and down before he barked right in the Romanian's face, asking what made Nigel think he was good enough for one of his suits. Nigel had snarled right back, saying he knew he fucking wasn't, but he needed something to make him look good and had been told if anyone could manage that kind of miracle, it was Bernard. The tailor had laughed and started taking measurements right then and there. He was a true master at his art and Nigel could not think of anyone he would rather have dress his angel. It didn't hurt that the old man was one of the few people he had ever met that wasn't afraid of him, rather he treated Nigel like a favorite delinquent nephew in need of constant scolding.

Will came out of the dressing room in his tee shirt and jeans, clearly more at ease now that the hard part was over. "Okay, so I guess we'll be back," he said, slipping his arm around Nigel's waist. "I guess we should get the rest of the shopping over with if...we *must*," he said with a raised brow and smile at Bernard.

"I'm afraid we must, darling. We have our orders, and trust me, pissing off your tailor is not a wise fucking move." Nigel grinned at the groan Will muffled against his shirt, throwing a wink at Bernard.

"He's quite right, my dear boy. Never alienate your banker, your tailor or your lover's best friend. Any of these can and will lead to disaster. Now, off you go. I need time to work my magic and you lot are in the way." With another sniff and a small smile, he firmly ushered them out of his shop and locked the door behind them.

Nigel was becoming annoyed. No, scratch that, he *was* annoyed and heading quickly into pissed off. Never a good thing for those around him, and certainly not a good thing for the rail-thin blonde sales assistant currently looking down her nose at the Romanian.

Things had gone smoothly at lunch, the little sidewalk cafe they had chosen wasn't overly busy and they had been able to find an outside table with ease. The food had been good, the service excellent and both men were in relaxed, happy moods. From there they had gone on to the shoe shop Bernard had suggested and Will had reluctantly chosen a nice pair of wingtips that would flatter his suit without killing his feet. It was only as Nigel was paying for the purchase that he had noticed the younger man's mood start to sour. Seeing the frown starting to crease his lover's face at the price, Nigel had cut off the protest forming on Will's lips with a quick kiss.

"Stop worrying about it, darling. It's all part of the suit, yeah? And it makes me happy, so don't ruin it." The words were murmured against the boy's lips, Nigel keeping his voice low and intimate, trying his best to coax Will's good mood back into existence. Will had given him a weak smile and a nod but had been far too quiet on the car ride to the jewelry store. And now this bitch was giving Nigel the stink eye, taking in his jeans and black button down with distaste.

"I think you gentlemen may have wandered into the wrong establishment..." The woman's words were as snide as her expression, her eyes flicking from Nigel to Will in thinly veiled disgust.

Every muscle in Nigel's body went taut with building violence. He was used to people taking one look at his rough exterior and dismissing him, not that they didn't usually come to regret it, but the insult to Will tripped his temper from simmering into a full-on boil.

Will read the situation quickly and slipped his arm up Nigel's spine to his neck, massaging with firm fingers. He couldn't fake a smile to the woman, seeing how rude she was - he found the rude incredibly distasteful - but he also read Nigel and could see this might get ugly fast if he didn't intervene. "Isn't there someone here you know, love?" He asked, immediately dismissing the woman, not caring enough to even address her.

Nigel took a deep breath, huffed it out through his nose and let Will soothe him as he worked to reel his temper back in. As satisfying as putting this bitch in her place would be, it wouldn't accomplish what he was after in the end. Leveling a cold gaze at the rude clerk, Nigel bared his teeth in what could never be mistaken for a smile and ground out a name. "Jacob St. James."

The blonde raised a cool eyebrow, unimpressed. “*Mr. St. James* is occupied at the moment with business matters I’m afraid. Perhaps you could come back at another time.” The expression on her face clearly stated *not ever*.

Nigel took a menacing step towards her, *all* of his teeth on display now as his lips twisted into a snarl. “You are seriously pissing me off. And trust me, that is *not* good for your health. If you have any idea what’s good for you, you will march your fucking skinny ass back to Jacob’s office and tell him Nigel is here and looking to make a purchase.”

The woman shrank back instinctively from the sheer menace in Nigel’s voice before catching herself. Straightening up with a huff, she turned and flounced off towards the back of the store. Nigel growled in aggravation as he watched her progress, turning to tug Will close once she disappeared into one of the offices. Pressing a kiss to the younger man’s temple, Nigel murmured an apology. “Sorry about that, darling. Jacob will get everything sorted out and then we can find what we came here for.” At least they better be able to. With as many shipments of diamonds Nigel’s organization had smuggled into the country for the jeweler over the years, the man better have something Will would like.

Before Nigel could fume too long, the office door opened and a well dressed, middle-aged man emerged followed closely by the woman Nigel had sent scurrying. The two were conversing in French, the man obviously just as unhappy with her as Nigel had been. Well, maybe not to the same degree, but he was obviously berating her over his shoulder as he hurried to where they waited. Breaking off whatever he was saying to her as he approached, his lips curved into a welcoming smile and he spread his arms wide to embrace Nigel.

“Nigel, my friend! It’s so good to see you! What brings you here to my shop today?” Jacob had a deep, jovial voice that boomed out to echo in the store and he seemed genuinely happy to see Nigel.

Nigel returned the embrace before pulling back to look over the man’s shoulder at the sullen woman standing behind him. “We *were* trying to find a pair of cufflinks to go with my angel’s new suit, but your fucking sales clerk made it clear we’re not fucking welcome here. You should hire better help, Jacob.”

The man turned with a frown. “Janine, is this true? Were you rude to these men? Nigel is a long time business associate and a dear friend. You will apologize at once!” His stern tone brooked no argument and the woman all but fell over herself to offer her apologies to Nigel.

“I don’t give a fuck what you think of me, but you can apologize to my darling Will.”

Pulling Will forward with a possessive arm around his waist, Nigel’s hard gaze bore holes into Janine’s head as he waited.

“Sir...I am so sorry if I offended you. It honestly wasn’t my intention to do so. Please forgive me!” The young woman offered a hopeful smile, her eyes a bit watery as she looked at Will.

Will raised his eyebrows at her. “You discover we are friends with your boss, and suddenly change your tune? You shouldn’t judge people so quickly, you know. Next time, consider that,” he answered. Nigel’s arm around him felt so good and solid, he leaned into him a bit and nodded. “It’s alright,” he finally said, looking to the proprietor. “Show us what you have,” he said, hoping to shift the tense energy into their original mission in going there.

“Excellent! Janine, you may take your lunch now, I will take care of these gentlemen personally.” Waving off the woman absently, Jacob led the way over to a large display case, asking questions about what they were looking for, the color of Will’s suit, the cut and so on and so forth.

Looking over several trays the jeweler set out for them, Nigel found himself drawn to a lovely platinum set of cufflinks, engraved with delicate edging and each inset with three rows of midnight blue sapphires. The dark blue stones reminded the Romanian of Will’s eyes when they were dark with passion. They were fucking perfect. “Darling, what about these? They would look fucking gorgeous with that suit.”

Jacob began to enthusiastically list the finer points of the set, stating that they were solid platinum and the sapphires were of the highest color and clarity and the piece was exclusive to their store, not to be found anywhere else. He picked them up and offered them to Will so he could get a closer look.

Will took them, despite being almost afraid to touch them. “I can’t even...these are way too much,” he protested. The jewels shimmered under the light, and while he never wore jewelry, he had to admit they were remarkable. Holding them in his palm, he let his long fingers play over them. “These look expensive. How much are they?” He asked, eyes wide with awe. He

knew he'd never spend money on something like this. Having Nigel showering him with these outrageous gifts was beginning to make him feel very uncomfortable.

Jacob blinked at the question, shooting a glance at Nigel. "Well, that particular pair is--"

Nigel's displeased growl cut the other man off, his face darkening. "Will, the fucking price is not something you need to be worrying about. If you don't like these, we can look at others." He was trying to be patient, but between the rude clerk and Will's reluctance in accepting gifts from him, Nigel was fast running through what little of that he had left.

Will sighed and laid them on the counter. "Do you have anything...uhhh...simpler? Less flashy and maybe...cheaper?" He looked up and down the display case anxiously, wondering how the hell he was going to dissuade Nigel from making him feel any weirder about all this. Shifting from foot to foot, he leaned down over the counter and squinted, trying to see everything there.

Nigel felt his face flush as every last bit of his tolerance evaporated. Wrapping his hand around Will's upper arm harshly, Nigel jerked the boy up from the counter and to his side abruptly. "Jacob, do you have a room we can borrow for a short while? I need to have a word with my boy about the proper way to go about accepting gifts." Nigel's voice was hard, a demand more than a request.

The brunet was yanked to a stand and a small *oof* escaped him as he looked over in surprise. Will's back straightened in apprehension as he felt the displeasure rolling off Nigel in waves. "What?" He whispered with alarm.

Both men ignored him, Jacob indicating they could use his office and Nigel promptly began dragging Will across the store, uncaring of the curious stares they were receiving from the few other customers milling about. Pulling Will through the doorway, Nigel finally let go, turning to close the door behind them. The lock clicking into place was loud in the quiet room. Without a word, Nigel began rolling up the sleeves of his button-down shirt, first one, then the other. Finally, he turned and leveled a displeased look at the boy.

Those tingles of apprehension he'd experienced before came back, combined with a sickening excitement. What the hell was wrong with him that it actually turned him on to

know he had pissed off his temperamental lover? He licked his lips again slowly and lowered his eyes when Nigel stared.

“Did you or did you not, of your own fucking free will, agree to let me buy you a suit, Will?” Nigel’s voice was calm. So calm that it did not bode well for the continued comfort of Will’s ass.

Will swallowed hard but straightened his back and leveled his gaze boldly back at Nigel. “I did, yes. But we’re at a jewelry store, and those cufflinks were almost as much as an entire month’s rent. I didn’t agree to anything but a suit,” he said, trying his best to sound firm even though he knew it would only get him in more trouble. Maybe he was being sassy on purpose.

Stepping right up into Will’s personal space, Nigel deliberately loomed over the smaller man, forcing Will to tilt his head up to maintain eye contact. “The cufflinks are part of the suit. As were the fucking shoes. Which, I might add, you accepted rather more gracefully compared to how you are acting now.” Staring down at the defiant expression still sitting on his boy’s face. “What is this really about, Will?”

Will’s eyes faltered and drifted down as his cheeks heated. “I’m not really used to spending this kind of money on something...decorative. And I’m not sure how I feel having someone spend it on me...I know you’re just being nice, and that’s great but it just...I don’t...I don’t want to have to *say it*, Jesus,” he balked, looking down, trying to look anywhere *except* at Nigel.

Reading the embarrassed flush, the nervous, darting eyes that refused to meet his, Nigel put two and two together and suddenly, he wasn’t feeling calm at all. Reaching up, he snatched a handful of Will’s curls, jerking the boy’s head back viciously as he got right in his face. “You don’t want to fucking say what Will? I’m fairly fucking sure already, but just so there are no misunderstandings, perhaps you should just fucking spell it out for me, darling.”

Will’s eyes widened as his head snapped back, but seeing the simmering anger in Nigel’s eyes didn’t seem to encourage him to behave any better. He narrowed his eyes defiantly, jaw shifting. “I didn’t want to say how it makes me feel like a..a *whore*. As if I’m your little side piece and you’re just treating me like I’m Julia Roberts or some shit, right? For a...for a hot piece of ass,” he hissed out.

Nigel jerked back like he had been struck, hands falling away to fist at his side. Jaw working, he glared down at Will, nostrils flaring and eyes blazing. Visibly reigning in his temper, his voice was almost cruel as he raked his gaze over Will with a leer. "I see. Well then, if you're bought and paid for already darling, I might as well take advantage of my purchase. Drop your pants and bend over the desk."

Will's mouth dropped open in disbelief, but the look in the Romanian's dark eyes unmistakably said he meant business. His hands drifted down to his belt, unbuckling it and lowering his fly, his gaze meeting Nigel's unflinchingly. The last of his cocky bravado expended, he pushed his jeans over his ass and thighs and bent over as told, looking over his shoulder. "Like so?" he said, wiggling his behind and fluttering his eyes. He wondered if it would afford him any leniency, but somehow he knew it likely wouldn't.

Ignoring his sass, for now, Nigel moved to stand behind where Will bent obediently for him. Running a proprietary hand over the exposed flesh, he gripped one buttock roughly, squeezing and palming it roughly. His voice was almost conversational in its tone, belying the simmering anger just below the surface. "Do you know, darling, the most I've ever paid in the past for a whore was three-hundred dollars? All total, I believe I've spent six times that much on you today alone. I think that makes you the most expensive piece of ass I've ever had. Would you like to know the fucking difference between you and the whore I spent that money on was Will?" Leaning down to whisper darkly into the shivering man's ear, Nigel's breath caressed the delicate skin there. "She was a fucking business transaction, and I didn't even know her fucking name. Didn't ask it, didn't care to know. She was there to serve a fucking purpose and once done, she was forgotten. I didn't hold her afterward, didn't sleep in the same fucking bed with her wrapped in my goddamned arms all night, didn't wake in the morning sharing the same fucking pillow and wanting nothing more than to do it all over again." Straightening up again, Nigel raised his hand high, pausing to add a final comment. "And if she had mouthed off to me *half* as much as you do, I would have put a fucking bullet in her brain instead of wanting to do *this*." The resounding *crack* of Nigel's palm meeting the vulnerable flesh of Will's right ass cheek was gunshot loud, shattering the heavy silence of the room.

Will's back arched of its own accord and he cried out at the shock. He knew it was coming, but it stunned him nonetheless. But it was Nigel's words that set fire to every inch of his skin, coiling up his chest and gripping his heart. He panted and looked back at Nigel again, his cock already responding to the slap. Pressed against the wood of the desk, he felt the blood slowly filling him out. "Fuck," was all he managed to whisper.

Nigel brought his hand down in a flurry of slaps, each sharp and leaving its mark. “Oh, that is exactly what I’d be doing right now, little boy, if I thought of you as nothing more than a whore I had paid to have. I’d fuck you raw, pump into that tight little hole of yours, use you for my own pleasure and then be done with you. I wouldn’t care if you got off, why should I? It’s just business, after all. Services bought and paid for.” Another barrage of spanks had Will’s ass turning bright red and still, Nigel didn’t let up. He was far from done. “I wouldn’t bother dressing you in expensive clothes, what need does a whore have for those? And who the hell takes a whore to dinner to meet their closest friend? A man, who I might fucking add, is like a brother to me? And I sure as fuck wouldn’t bother taking the time to correct your bratty behavior if you were just another piece of ass, you stubborn little fool. Am I getting through to you yet, darling, or do you need further clarification on the fucking matter?”

Will ground his hips pointlessly against the desk, humping it and writhing under the barrage of blows that had him smearing his precome into the wood. As he moaned loudly, practically keening from arousal tinged with pain, he distantly wondered if the staff and customers could hear him, knowing how it must sound. He bit down on his lip, panting. “I...Nigel, I understand, yeah,” he huffed out, trying to sound apologetic. In truth what Nigel said was so utterly romantic and only made him want the man more. It was humiliating in one way to have someone spend so much on him, but on the other, if he - if Nigel - felt this strongly about it, maybe he should let him. “I’m- I-I-I’m sorry,” he finally whispered in a softer voice.

The hard edges of Nigel’s anger smoothed out a bit at the softly spoken words, the tight coil that had taken up residence in his chest when Will had thrown out his accusations finally loosening. Running a gentle hand over the inflamed globes of the smaller man’s bottom, Nigel’s voice was quiet, serious when he spoke. “Will, I have money. I have power. I have a fuckton of people who will do what I want for a taste of either.” Pulling the boy up to face him, he cupped a tear streaked cheek in his palm, making sure his gaze was met before he continued. “What I do *not* have is very many people I can trust, people I know won’t sell me out at the first fucking sign of weakness or opportunity. You are one of two people in my life I would trust without hesitation. That makes you precious to me. A fucking treasure. Is it any wonder I want to spoil you?”

A fat tear spilled from Will’s glassy, blue eyes and rolled down his cheek and he gasped. “No one’s...no one’s ever said anything like that to me in my life...you really...” he paused and swallowed, licking his lips. “You feel that way, Nigel, I can see you do.” He strained against thick muscles and pressed into him with all his might to kiss him. Fingers dug into his biceps, trying to hold on and pull him closer. “I mean it. I’m sorry. I love you,” he said, his voice rough with emotion.

Nigel smiled, good mood restored. “Apology accepted, gorgeous. Now bend back over the desk. We’re not quite done with this lesson just yet.”

Will sniffled and smiled. “Not done?” he asked, resuming the position he’d been in before and sticking his rear out just a little bit more than he had before. Pulling his tee shirt up so his lower back was exposed more, he spread his thighs. “Like this, *sir* ?” he asked coyly.

Smirking, Nigel ran his nails down the exposed skin of the boy’s back, his voice almost a purr now. “Oh, that will do just fine.” And before Will could reply, Nigel knelt down behind him and buried his tongue between Will’s cheeks. Grasping him by his hips to keep him from bucking out of his grip, Nigel proceeded to eat Will out like he was the best thing the older man had ever tasted, licking and sucking, swirling his tongue around the furled little pucker, dipping the tip in as it began to soften and open under the onslaught. Reaching between the younger man’s quivering thighs, Nigel rolled his balls gently, massaging the delicate skin before tugging slowly on the hard length of his fully erect cock.

Keeping up the sensual attack until he could feel Will shuddering right on the edge of climax, Nigel suddenly stopped, gripping the base of Will’s cock tightly, preventing him from tumbling over. “Now, now...I don’t think you deserve to come right now, do you darling? Bad behavior shouldn’t be rewarded after all.” Standing up, Nigel pulled Will up off the desk and tugged up his pants before the younger man knew what he was about. Grinning smugly at the needy whimpers and confused look on Will’s face, Nigel gently tucked him back into his jeans before fastening them as he waited for the boy’s brain to catch up to what had just happened.

His balls ached like a motherfucker, and his cheeks were ablaze, cock still hard in his jeans and he cursed under his breath. “Jesus...I can’t...I can’t go out there like this, wait,” he whispered frantically, one arm going around Nigel’s neck. “Can’t we just, just a little more,” he said breathily, kissing under Nigel’s jaw.

Nigel let him cling for just a moment before firmly removing Will’s arms from around his neck and stepping back. “Oh no, gorgeous. I think we’ve made poor Jacob wait long enough, don’t you? And besides, it’s all part of the lesson. You made a scene earlier by acting like a brat, and now, you’ll pay for it. You will follow me out of this room, just as you are, embarrassed and hard and wet, and you will politely apologize to Jacob for being difficult. And then we will buy what we came here for and you won’t give me any more trouble over it, or we will come right back to this room, and this time, I’ll take off my belt and the lesson becomes a punishment. Am I understood?”

“Yes, sir,” he said quickly, pressing a hand down on his cock through his jeans. The wet spot that seeped through the fabric was mortifying, and he worried that his exhibitionist tendencies would not allow him to fare well. Taking a deep breath, he wiped his face with his hand. “I understand completely.” He tried to smooth down his tee shirt and cleared his throat before Nigel opened the door.

Nigel ran his gaze over the boy one more time. Will looked lovely like this, hair a delightful tangle, cheeks flushed and eyes glazed but bright with just a hint of leftover tears and the outline of his very hard cock evident in the tight confines of his jeans. He was the perfect image of a well spanked, very sorry little boy who had been denied. The older man couldn’t help the fond smile that curled his lips. It hadn’t been a particularly harsh lesson, but it was a very effective one. Will would remember.

Holding the door wide, Nigel patted Will’s ass gently as he passed by. “Good boy.”

It was, as predicted, embarrassing as hell having to walk back out there, but he did, and they ended up with the sapphire cufflinks. Afterward, they made their way to Nigel’s barber, which wasn’t as bad as Will was anticipating. It was an odd sensation, having so much attention fawned over him, but it helped a bit that Nigel got a trim and shave at the same time, so at least he wasn’t the only one getting primped.

Once they were done, they went back to the tailor’s to get his suit, and then back to Nigel’s to get ready for dinner.

When Will stepped from the bathroom dressed in his new finery, Nigel couldn’t help the growl that rumbled up from his chest, his appreciative gaze raking over the younger man twice before he pulled him close for a devouring kiss. Pulling back with a less than gentle nip to Will’s full lower lip, Nigel smiled his approval. “Fucking beautiful, Will. I’ll be the envy of every man in that restaurant tonight.”

Will hummed against his lips, hands running over his muscular chest, and he pulled back to get a better look at him. The heather blue of his shirt matched perfectly with Will’s suit, and

the dark jacket and slacks looked striking with his bronze skin and still long, but now well-coiffed, dark blond hair. Will couldn't even imagine such a tall, handsome, powerful man as Nigel wanted him, but here they were. "I think I'll be the one who's everyone's envy. God, you're hot. You clean up well..." he said, kissing the tattoo on his neck. His tongue darted out to taste his skin playfully, just a nip.

Growling in mock annoyance, Nigel swatted Will's bottom playfully. "Minx. If it were anyone but Darko we were meeting, I'd say fuck dinner and make a meal out of you instead." Letting go reluctantly, Nigel pocketed his wallet and keys and ushered Will towards the door. "What we fucking do for family, yeah?" He grinned ruefully.

Will cursed as a grin curled the corners of his mouth. "After what you did back at the jeweler's, I'm tempted to stay home too. But I know this is important to you, and I did promise," he said, slipping his arms around Nigel's neck. "Sooner we eat the sooner we get back here, right?"

"Absofuckinglutely, darling."

The restaurant was more than Will's imagination ever could have conceived. The patrons were New Orleans' elite, dressed to the nines with plenty of money to throw around for a meal out. Will was glad for the fine suit, shoes and even the cufflinks because he would've felt even more conspicuous in even the nicest clothes he owned.

Modern bare brick combined with classic nineteenth-century chandeliers, making the space somehow both very cosmopolitan with the refined personality of a well established and coveted flare.

As they were guided in by the host, he couldn't help but notice all the heads turn when they walked in, looks of respect and fear cast at Nigel, and ones of curiosity at himself, looking him up and down and nodding. Will, of course, knew none of these people though many clearly knew his partner.

“This is really something else,” he whispered to the Romanian as they were led into the dining room.

“Not nearly as lovely as you, gorgeous, but it is nice. Darko always did have good taste.” Ignoring most of the stares sent their way, Nigel nodded at a few faces he knew, men he did business with and others he knew only by sight and reputation. Following the host, they crossed the dining room and were ushered into one of the private rooms. Trust Darko not to want to hold this dinner in public.

Speaking of the devil, the man himself was waiting for them, already seated with a drink in hand. Rising as they entered, he came forward to embrace Nigel, slapping him on the back and swearing at him in Romanian. “Stupid fucker, you demand I wine and dine you and your little playmate and then you show up late. Fucking typical.” Turning to where Will waited quietly, Darko looked him up and down, cocking an eyebrow back at Nigel. “Well, I have to admit, *broli*, he is very, very pretty.”

Nigel snorted and answered in English for Will’s benefit. “He’s fucking gorgeous and you can keep your fucking mitts to yourself or I’ll be calling your wife.” Ushering Will forward with an arm around his waist, Nigel was all but beaming as he introduced them. “Darling, this is Darko. My brother in all but blood. *Nenorocitul*, this is Will Graham.”

Will offered his hand politely. “Good to meet you, Darko. That’s an... interesting name,” he added, moving to take a seat as Nigel pulled out the chair for him. “I’m *not* ‘pretty’, by the way,” he said a little tersely, a thin smile over his boyish face.

Darko laughed at the snippy comment, sitting back in his seat and picking up his drink. “Oh, I would have to disagree, Will. You’re a handful, from what I saw at the club a few weeks ago, and the pretty ones are *always* a handful.” Offering Will a wink, he lifted his glass in a mock toast. “But at least you’re likely to keep Nigel’s life interesting.”

“It seems his life is quite interesting enough without my input, but thank you anyway. I’m not a misbehaving child though, or whatever it is you think I am,” he said, leveling a gaze at the other man before he finally softened slightly. “Sorry, I’m a bit tense,” he finally said with a sigh, looking at Nigel, and unbuttoning his jacket.

Nigel didn't even try to hold in the chuckle that wanted out at that, the memory of Will's bright red behind dancing in his eyes. His angel was definitely not a child, but he did love to misbehave from time to time. "Don't pay any mind to Darko, darling. He's just trying to wind me up. Likes to accuse me of robbing the cradle." Taking Will's hand in his, he pressed a kiss to his knuckles, keeping their hands linked on the table as the waiter came in to take their drink orders and offer them menus.

Will's eyes widened as he looked over the menu. "They have Wagyu beef," he said with quiet awe. It was funny because he'd only just proclaimed he wasn't a child and yet that's exactly how he felt- like a kid dressed up in a fancy restaurant for the first time. Nigel's kiss made him relax a bit more. "It's nice we have this room all to ourselves. Thank you, Darko. It seemed like the staff already know you. Do you guys have meetings here a lot?" He asked inquisitively. He should've known not to ask too many questions, but he was curious.

Darko's face closed over, his eyes going flat as he considered. "I eat here from time to time when I am in town. You should be careful, little Will. Curiosity does not become pretty little baubles. It could get you into mischief, knowing things you should not."

Nigel sat forward, a warning growl on his lips, but Darko cut him off, a raised hand waving him to silence before he could begin. "No, Nigel. I have a right to know what he would do with the information he seeks. This man you have taken to your bed, he is *politie*, yes? This affects me now too." Never taking his eyes from Will's, he waited calmly for his answer.

Blinking, Will straightened his shoulders and pulled them back confidently. He had certainly had confrontations with enough tough guys in his line of work to know better than to appear intimidated by this man. Besides, Nigel was there. Still, he couldn't help but feel a bit like a rabbit between two wolves. "I am, yes. But I've told Nigel, he has nothing to fear from me because of that. What we do together doesn't affect our *work*, Darko," he said pointedly, the end of the man's name bitten off from his lips crisply.

Darko gave a derisive snort, knocking back the last of his drink. "You say that now, but how will it be when word gets back to your fellow officers about who you're fucking? Tell me that, *boy*. And how do you think it will affect Nigel, hmmm? When our *associates* learn about you how do you think they will react? Did you ever think of that, either of you?"

"It's no one's business. No one's going to *find out*, because it's not their business and I'm certainly not telling anyone," he huffed out, trying to keep his cool but raising a brow and

running a hand through his newly shorter curls. "I...I imagine it's going to be up to you to keep our relationship discreetly between us, right, Nigel?" He asked, feeling vulnerable about this entire situation. Of course, he'd thought about all the risk involved in being with Nigel, but the heart wanted what it wanted. It was too late to go back now. "I love him," he said firmly.

Glaring angrily at his best friend, the only thing keeping him in his seat the fact that is *was* Darko, Nigel gripped Will's hand tighter, his voice low and even. "I have no fucking intention of hiding anything from anyone. I'm not ashamed of who I love and if anyone has a fucking problem with it, they can fucking say it to my face, if they've got the balls for it."

Darko threw up his arms up in frustration. "Fine! You're in love. Wonderful. I get it. That doesn't change a damned thing. What the hell are you going to do if the shit hits the fan Will and things get ugly? A man can't have divided loyalties in our world, and whether you like it or not, you've got one foot firmly planted in our world already."

Will was beginning to get angry, hackles raised by Darko's tone. "Things get ugly? I'll do whatever I have to to protect Nigel. I don't think it's gonna be a problem though...we're both smart. I...I haven't broken any laws or done a damn thing that would get me in trouble," he countered, his voice got a little higher the more upset he became.

"You haven't broken any laws..." The gangster laughed darkly. "The question is, *will* you if things get hot, if the situation demands it? Will you stand by this man you say you love so much, or will you cut and run, hide behind that shiny badge of yours and claim innocence?"

Will turned to look at Nigel and then back towards Darko. "I don't run and hide. I can see you clearly question my loyalty, so do you care to put that to the test right now, or are we here to eat dinner? Because it seems like you're threatening me," he said, blue eyes flashing with a simmering anger. "Are you? That why we have a private room?"

"I don't know what kind of amateurs you're used to dealing with, but if I was going to do anything to you, I sure the fuck wouldn't do it here. And you'd never see it coming. But I will say this for you, pup. You've got balls. Maybe you're alright. Maybe you're not. Time will tell." Settling back in his chair, seemingly satisfied for the moment, Darko snapped open his menu, calm and relaxed once more. Glancing up, he raised his eyebrows at them. "Well? You going to order or not?"

“I will have the Wagyu beef,” Will said pointedly, still unsure of Darko, but for now he settled down. “When the waiter comes back. And a drink, Nigel, can we get some wine?” he asked.

Leaving off the death glare he was giving his best friend, Nigel turned to Will with an evil smile. “Excellent idea, darling. And I think we need appetizers as well, don’t you?” Darko was a tightwad and Nigel knew running up the bill was the best way, short of beating the shit out of his best friend, to get even with him.

“I agree. They have foie gras and seared scallops for appetizers. I think we should try both. I haven’t had scallops in so long,” Will answered, batting his eyes at Nigel.

Much to Darko’s dismay, as soon as their server returned with their drinks, Nigel and Will promptly began placing orders for everything from the appetizers to requesting two bottles of wine, both excellent vintages. And as the server was leaving the room with their extensive and expensive orders, Nigel hollered after him, “And make sure you bring the dessert cart around after the entrees. My darling has a bit of a sweet tooth that needs indulging!”

Smiling at the way Darko was glowering at them both, Nigel switched to Romanian. “Serves you right, you fucker. As much as I appreciate you protecting my honor, you’re not my father, Darko. And Will didn’t deserve any of that shit you were tossing at him. If anyone else had dared to speak to him like that, insult him in that manner...”

“Yes, yes... You would have torn them to pieces, cut off their balls and fed them to them, blah blah blah. I get it.” Meeting Nigel’s gaze with his own, Darko’s voice became serious. “I am happy for you, brother. And I truly hope that all remains well and nothing ever comes from my worries. But you cannot blame me for pushing to see how he would react, to see what kind of man my friend has fallen head over cock for, now can you?”

“I suppose not, but your methods are fucking lacking,” Nigel allowed grudgingly. “Fucking hot in here.” Standing up, Nigel removed his suit jacket, slinging it across the back of his chair before giving his tie the same treatment. Resuming his seat, he undid the top two buttons on his shirt and sighed in relief. Picking up his drink, he paused, eyeing Darko over the rim of the glass. “What? Not like I’m stripping down to my skin so what’s with the weird look on your face, *nenorocitul*?”

The other man was eyeing the marks on Nigel's neck and wrists, suspicion, disbelief and a sick kind of curiosity warring for dominance on his face. Deciding to leave the obvious rope burns on Nigel's wrists, for now, he instead only smirked, pointing at his friend's neck instead. "Seems your pup likes to use his teeth. Might want to get him some chew toys to save your skin a bit of fucking abuse."

If Darko thought to embarrass Nigel by pointing out the many love bites and hickeys Will had decorated his neck with last night, he had another thing coming. When had Nigel ever been embarrassed by anything? Rather, he matched the other man's smirk with one of his own, reaching out to run a possessive hand up Will's thigh, stopping just shy of his groin.

"You're just fucking jealous, you uptight fucker. So far from home and only a cold, lonely bed to sleep in while I have my darling to keep me warm at night." Darko was a bastard and one hell of a sly businessman, but he was unfailingly faithful to his wife, and Nigel knew it.

Which meant the man had been sleeping alone for near a month now. "Someone feeling a bit...frustrated, are they? Or maybe you're looking for ideas on how to spice up your own love life back home? Tell me, old friend, are you needing to come up with new ways to keep your wife satisfied and this is your way of trying to weasel details about how creative Will can be? About all the different ways he comes up with to fucking rock my world? I'm sure if you asked nicely, Will might give you some pointers. I can tell you he's never left me fucking unsatisfied." There was a slightly strangled sound coming from Will and when Nigel turned to look at him, he grinned at the bright red blush coloring the younger man's face. "No need to be modest, darling. Obviously, Darko needs your advice."

The apple's of Will's cheeks were bright pink as Nigel bragged and boasted. He wiggled in discomfort and arousal. "I don't know about all that, Ahhh," he stammered. "I think you just bring it out in me. But, uhh, well, what does your wife like?" he asked Darko innocently, trying to make a sincere effort to help.

Darko's face was as red as Will's, the two of them doing very fine imitations of ripe tomatoes. Pointing his finger rudely at the men sitting across from him, Darko's voice boomed with embarrassed outrage. "Fuck the both of you, you kinky fuckers! And my wife is perfectly satisfied, I will have you know! I sure as fuck don't want to hear about how my best friend likes to be tied down and topped by his baby-faced boy toy!" At the end, Darko was almost shouting to be heard over the roar of Nigel's laughter. Reaching across the table, the outraged man gripped Nigel's hand, lifting his arm up so the red, irritated flesh around his wrists was evident. "Why would you even allow... How fucking long did he have you tied down to make such marks anyway?"

Letting the other man look his fill, Nigel tilted his head lazily to gaze at Will. “I fucking lost track of time somewhere between you skull fucking my face and then riding my cock, darling. You might have to answer that one...”

Will found himself horribly, embarrassingly aroused. Why did he have to be so apparently turned on by this kind of exhibition? Licking his lips slowly, he huffed a little in frustration but wasn't about to let Nigel get the satisfaction of knowing how mortified he was. “I won a bet where I could do anything I wanted to him. So yeah I tied him up. He seemed to like it well enough. Maybe you should let your wife tie you up, Darko, think she'd like that?” He said, raising one scandalous eyebrow and smirking, all the while blushing like a virgin.

Darko grunted, saved from replying when their food began arriving. The appetizers and wine were set before them and the three men dug in with gusto, Darko more in relief because he thought the conversation was over. He should have known Nigel better than that. The fucker never did know when to let something go.

Waiting until the other man had taken an appreciative sip of wine, Nigel sprung. “Oh, and darling, don't forget to tell him about the cockring. That was a bit cruel on your part, but to be fair, as often as I edge you, I suppose it served me right. The ice chips were a nice fucking touch, though.”

Choking and spluttering, Darko looked at Will with something akin to horrified fascination as he croaked, “Cockring?”

Will's blue eyes were wide as saucers, his face heating from his neck to the tips of his ears, which wiggled as he raised both eyebrows at Nigel. He took a very long drink from his own wine glass, draining it and breathing a little too hard when he set the glass down. Though he drank plenty of whiskey, the wine appeared to be going right to his head. “It kept Nigel from coming too soon so I could really take my time with him. It prolongs pleasure and allows for more edge play, isn't that right, Nigel?” he replied with a straight face, his lips red and wet from anxiously licking them far more than was appropriate.

Wiping his mouth with his napkin, Darko glared at Will when all Nigel did was hum in agreement. “I know what a fucking cockring is, I just didn't fucking need that mental image in my goddamned head!” Turning his glare back to his friend, he spat, “And I don't know why you're fucking laughing, asshole. Never thought I'd hear one of your lovers saying you couldn't keep it up long enough to satisfy them!”

Nigel only grinned lewdly. He hadn't failed to notice the way his lover was squirming in embarrassed arousal and now Darko was just asking him to up the ante by questioning Nigel's prowess. "I challenge you to keep from blowing your load with someone as gorgeous as Will riding your cock. You have no idea how fucking tight and hot his ass is, my friend! It's just fucking perfect, feels like my dick is being strangled sometimes, and the way he sucks me in is incredible. Watching him stretch around me, his lovely round ass jiggling with every thrust... And he makes the most adorable noises when I'm fucking him, mewling and begging..."

Will slammed his empty glass down on the table a little too hard, his knees hitting the underside as he kicked Nigel. "I think he gets the idea," he said, pushing his erection down and grateful for the napkin in his lap which at least left him the smallest amount of modesty under the circumstances.

"I fucking agree," Darko growled. Switching to Romanian, he hissed at his best friend. "You are one sick, sadistic motherfucker, Nigel."

Smiling serenely, Nigel delivered the coup de gras. "Yes, and you should fucking remember that." Switching back to English, he leaned over towards Will. "How would you like to take a trip to Bucharest sometime in the near future, gorgeous? I'm dying to introduce you to Darko's wife. I think you two would get along fucking famously."

The look of absolute horror on Darko's face was priceless. "You fucking *bastard!*"

Will grinned and played along, enjoying watching the two of them. "She sounds like a delight. I bet I'd like her, Nigel," he teased, taking a long swig of wine, eyes twinkling.

Soul Deep

Chapter Summary

Nigel leered lewdly. “So he’s a cop. Doesn’t mean he’s not a great fucking piece of ass. One that happens to come with the added benefit of having a bit of inside information he might pass along from time to time. Makes him useful as well as being easy on the eyes. So talk all you fucking want, it won’t make a damn bit of difference if the boy is in the room or not. He’ll do as he’s told and keep his mouth shut.” Snapping his fingers at Will, he motioned him closer, reaching out to tug him into his lap as soon as he was within reach. “Unlike you, I know how to keep my pets on a short leash.”

Or... Will and Nigel's date night gets crashed by some Russians that are sorta-allies and things go downhill from there...

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! CS here. Sorry for the delay in updating, but real life intruded. My oldest son graduated from High School and my home was invaded by out of town relatives! But we're back with another filthy installment! Now, this chapter features a pretty serious argument between our boys, and Nigel...well, he's just had enough of Will's lashing out and so reacts in true Nigel fashion. For those of you who don't like or are triggered by punishment spankings, you'll be able to tell when it's coming and it only lasts a few paragraphs, so you should be able to skip it and pick up again where they have fabulous, dirty makeup sex!!! See, plot and smut!

As always, we don't own it, we just tried to take it out for a good time and things went sideways as usual. I edited, so all mistakes are my fault.

Love and Hugs,

CS and Alone

Sweat slicked his skin, running in thin rivulets down his temples and neck to slide slow and wet between his shoulder blades and down his lower back to finally soak into the waistband of his slacks. A hand pushed the damp, clinging strands of hair from his face with an impatient flick, eager to return to its place and pull the writhing hips that teased against him closer, gripping and stroking the soft flesh it held possessively. His body was a furnace, muscles burning bright with effort as he matched each thrust and grind, lungs working to

draw in the heated air swirling around them, filling his mouth and nose with the intoxicating scent of his lover, all clean sweat and sweet, musky arousal.

Behind closed eyes, blinding flashes of light burst like fireworks and his blood boiled with *need*, screaming through his body, fueled by the thundering stampede of his heart beating wildly against the thin cage of his ribs. And *nothing* the slender, beautiful body moving so wantonly against his was encouraging that to change. Rather every move, every roll of hip and glide of hand, every grind and rub was intended to provoke and entice the predator his lover courted with reckless abandon. Together they moved, sliding and shifting in perfect harmony, feeding off each other's need as much as they fed off the heavy, devouring beat of the music that ravaged them.

Lids heavy with banked lust slowly opened to slits, honey-colored eyes darkened to a slumberous amber peered down at the source of the ever-present *want* clawing at his gut...

Will ran his hands over broad, solid sinew, into deliciously long, dark blond tendrils, and over his chest, fingers curling in between the buttons of his shirt to stroke the tempting thatch of hair that drove him mad with lust. His blood sang with desire, every cell of his body craving more and more of the dangerous, temperamental, passionate Romanian. He was in all the way, over his head, more in love with Nigel than he'd ever been with anyone, and the hunger wasn't abating any time soon, if ever.

The beat pounded around them, weaving them together as they ground against one another, sweat mingling with sweat. Will darted his tongue up the side of Nigel's neck, over his dancing girl, teeth teasing skin just enough to remind him what he did when they were nothing but tangled, naked limbs in bed, on his desk, in the stairwell, in the car, everywhere.

"You feel so good," he whispered in Nigel's ear.

Tugging on sweat dampened curls, Nigel tipped the boy's face up, bringing their mouths together in a wet, opened mouth kiss that went on and on, uncaring of the other moving bodies surrounding them on the dance floor, a living, seething biomass of lust and sin. And still they did not stop, still in perfect sync with the music that thundered through The Devil's Playground and that which beat between them. Always in perfect rhythm, always moving as one. As if choreographed, the smaller man turned in his arms, breaking the kiss but appeasing him with the curl of his arms raised to cling to Nigel's neck and shoulders as that lush ass moved into the cradle of his groin to press and tease. And Nigel did not disappoint, hips

moving and grinding in a dirty, sinful imitation of what Will could expect from him later that evening. One hand rode out the rhythm of those working hips while the other slide up, under damp cotton and across slick skin, mapping out the flat, taut plains of Will's stomach and chest, teasing one peaking nipple into a tight point. Smiling wickedly at the moan vibrating the flesh under his wandering hand, Nigel pressed nips and kisses to the boy's throat, encouraging his head to fall back and expose more of the tender skin Nigel so loved to mark. It wouldn't take much more of the sensual torture before one or the both of them decided they had had enough and it was time to make their way somewhere more private, but until then, Nigel would play.

After dinner with Darko, it had been natural to return to the club, to have a few drinks to try and shake off the latent stress left over from their dinner conversations. After a few hours, Darko had left, returning to his hotel to sleep before his early flight in the morning. Nigel and Will had stayed. A few more drinks and the pull of the music and the sea of writhing bodies had been too much to resist and they had found themselves drawn into the mass, losing themselves to the madness of the lights and the music and each other.

Will was drunk on lust and in no mood to tease anymore, so as they swayed and writhed, he guided Nigel through the throng of bodies to the edge of the dance floor. Leaning up to whisper in his ear, his teeth worried a lobe before he spoke. "Enough of teasing. I need you," he said.

Turning to pull the bigger man with him, he lifted his eyes and noticed two men near the bar. *Oh fuck*, he thought to himself, quickly turning and hiding his face, pretending to look down.

Clocking the sudden change in his lover's demeanor, Nigel gaze tracked to where Will was trying so very fucking hard not to look and felt the fire in his blood turn to ice in an instant. Thin lips pulled back, baring sharp teeth in a snarl as the men at the bar continued to stare. *Anatoli Kuznetsov...* The man with him leaned down to whisper in the Russian's ear and suddenly Anatoli was eyeing Will with far too much interest for Nigel's comfort.

Of all the people that Nigel didn't give a fuck about seeing Will with him, Anatoli Kuznetsov was not one of them. Not based here in the states, the man was only in town for a short time to meet with his subordinates and oversee some changes in the ranks. Unfortunately, the man had decided to linger for a few days, to see the sights or some other bullshit. All the men, the really powerful ones, in Nigel's world were dangerous, unpredictable. Anatoli was all that and more. The man's brain was like a bag of rabid weasels and his greed and avarice knew no bounds. To make matters worse, no one, inside his organization or out was off limits or safe from the Russian's heavy-handed plotting. Nigel would never claim any kind of moral high

ground, but there were certain things he would do not do. Anatoli had no such limits. The way the other man was looking at Will, consideration heavy in his gaze, was making Nigel's skin crawl.

But none of that explained why Will was suddenly trying to bury his head in Nigel's chest like a kitten seeking shelter from a pack of crazed hyenas... Tipping his head down, he pressed his lips to Will's ear. "What's going on, Angel?"

"We should go to your office for privacy," Will whispered, tugging Nigel away from the men and towards the back. He could only fucking pray that asshole did not get a good enough look at his face. He licked his lips nervously and kept his head down.

Anatoli was the worst of the worst. Will had first heard about him from one of the detectives at work, seen his file, and been among the cops that busted up a small cell he had going on the French Quarter. It went bad- they'd wanted to get him, but he wasn't there. It was his right hand man, Vedernikov. Will had his gun trained on him, they'd locked eyes and the empath was nearly knocked blind with the evil behind him. Inky darkness with blood around the edges. Not just any blood, but innocents. The man was a pedophile and rapist, violent, not a common criminal even for the underworld where Nigel dwelled. The shock that washed over him was a split second, but long enough that he'd gotten away. No one had seen him choke except his target. Will was terrified what the man would do if he saw him, if Vedernikov identified him.

They didn't get more than a few steps before Anatoli's companion did something very, very stupid. A heavy hand landed on Nigel's shoulder, halting his forward progress. It didn't remain there long. Shoving Will out the way with the arm that had been wrapped around his waist, Nigel *moved*. Seconds later, Vedernikov was on his knees, arm twisted up at a painfully *wrong* angle with Nigel standing above him, furious and snarling.

Laughing, Anatoli strolled over, enjoyment for the situation gleaming in eyes that were just this side of madness. "Nigel, always so touchy. Be a good man and let go of Vedernikov's arm before you break it, won't you?"

The kneeling man grunted in pain as Nigel twisted just a bit more, holding it for a long second before he reached down and pulled the gun from the other man's waistband.

Releasing him with a shove that sent him sprawling, Nigel raised his head just enough to glare at Anatoli from beneath lowered brows as he snarled. "You come into my house,

uninvited and armed, and then fucking dare to have your man put his hands on me? Have you lost your fucking mind, Anatoli?”

Will reeled back when Nigel pushed him away and stood watching the scene unfold with great trepidation. He knew Nigel could hold his own but these were very bad men. He found himself wishing he'd brought his own piece with him, even though it would be very unwise to use it here. *I should get an unmarked gun*, he thought to himself.

“Perhaps I have at that, my friend.” Waving his hand absently at his man to get back, Anatoli's attention refocused on Will, drawn by either some movement or sound the younger man made. “But, we have interrupted your evening, yes? My apologies to you and your little policeman friend. You are aware, of course, your companion is a cop, are you not?”

Nigel had to fight the urge to put himself between Will and the Russian, his instincts screaming at him as he watched the other man's oily gaze run over his boy. Despite everything in him telling him to kill Anatoli now, that the man was a threat, Nigel knew he couldn't do that, no matter how much he wanted to. Ten years ago, he wouldn't have hesitated to cap both these fuckers and damn the consequences. But now, with what he and Darko were trying to do, he couldn't afford the fallout killing the powerful Russian mobster would cause. The best way, the *only* way he could protect Will right now was to make sure Anatoli never found out just how important the younger man was to him.

Stretching his neck to release the tension, Nigel smirked, visibly relaxing and tucking the gun he still held into his own waistband. “I'm not in the habit of discussing my business in public. We were just heading up to my office. Join us for a drink, tell me why the fuck you're here.” Not waiting for a reply, Nigel slung an arm around Will's shoulders and drew him back to his side with casual ease. Walking ahead of the men following behind them, Nigel leaned in close, pressing a kiss to Will's temple and taking the opportunity to whisper quickly, “Whatever happens, keep your mouth shut and trust me.”

The kiss was little comfort as the mood of the curly-haired brunet grew more tense. His shoulders were stiff even as Nigel hung off him, but he tried to follow his lead and relax his stance as best he could. Fuck, this might not end well, but he tried to trust the Romanian knew what he was doing.

It didn't take nearly long enough to reach his office, but once in, Nigel put on his game face. Relaxed and indifferent, Nigel flopped down on the couch, but not before slapping Will's ass

and jerking his head towards the bottles of booze on a table against one wall. "Pour the drinks, darling." God, he hoped like hell Will trusted him enough to follow his lead. Nigel didn't have another play here, and if Will mouthed off the way he normally would to being treated like that, this situation was going to hit the shitter pretty fucking quickly.

Will frowned and whipped around to stare at Nigel. Was this part of some act? His cheeks burned red. After all they'd done, it somehow felt degrading. "Sure, *darling*," he replied sassily and went to go to the bar. Pouring himself and Nigel a drink, he avoided the other men's leers and handed Nigel a glass.

Taking the offered drink, Nigel raised a brow, nodding towards Anatoli. "Don't be rude, gorgeous." Not waiting to see if Will obeyed or not, praying that he did, Nigel fixed his gaze on the Russian. "So. Why are you here, disrupting my fucking evening and making a nuisance of yourself in my club, Anatoli?"

Steam was coming out of his ears, but Will went as uncaringly as he could manage to the bar. He poured two more bourbons and sauntered back over, handing them to the men before he picked his own glass back up and hung back a bit. "You're welcome," he said.

Anatoli smiled, attention once again on Will and Nigel wanted to strangle his mouthy little lover for it. "Anatoli, you are fast exhausting what little fucking patience I have left. Why. Are. You. Here." Nigel's voice snapped out, demanding the Russian's answer.

"Business, what else. But first, let me ask you again, are you aware of your little friend's occupation? Because Vedernikov here tells me he's a cop, and I have to wonder just how safe is it to discuss such things in front of him?" The man's voice was still friendly, but the underlying tone was not. The implication was clear. Either Nigel was stupid and had failed to have the man he was fucking vetted, or he was working with the police and Will was his handler. Either one would make Nigel a liability and in the criminal underworld, liabilities tended not to have a very long shelf life. Having these men believe either one of these things was not an option.

Which meant the Romanian was going to have to do something he had really, really been hoping to avoid. But he was fast running out of alternatives and Anatoli had a look about him that said he wasn't about to let this go. There was no help for it then. He was going to have sell the other man a third option and make the Russian believe it. Nigel just had to trust that Will knew him well enough to know what was about to happen was an act.

Nigel leered lewdly. “So he’s a cop. Doesn’t mean he’s not a great fucking piece of ass. One that happens to come with the added benefit of having a bit of inside information he might pass along from time to time. Makes him useful as well as being easy on the eyes. So talk all you fucking want, it won’t make a damn bit of difference if the boy is in the room or not.

He’ll do as he’s told and keep his mouth shut.” Snapping his fingers at Will, he motioned him closer, reaching out to tug him into his lap as soon as he was within reach. “Unlike you, I know how to keep my pets on a short leash.”

Will’s cheeks were burning up now, his stomach knotted with fury, humiliation, and heartache. He should’ve known the man would recognize him. He was fucked, so very fucked. And was this truly how Nigel felt? If this was meant to be an act, it was indeed a cruel one. He was in too much shock to fight back, and he allowed himself to be tugged into the Romanian’s lap limply, struggling to summon a reluctant smile. *Pet* indeed. *Motherfucker*, he thought to himself, swallowing hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down slowly. At this point, he thought it best to bite his tongue and not say what was on his mind.

Nigel could feel how stiff Will held himself against him, his body transmitting just how uncomfortable the younger man was very clearly. Nigel was just grateful his temperamental lover was keeping his sharp tongue under wraps. As much as he regretted what he was doing, he could think of no other way to keep Will safe from Anatoli. The moment the other man realized just how much Will meant to Nigel, just how *important* he was to him, the boy would become a target and his safety would become leverage the Russian would try to use to bend Nigel to his will. And Nigel would do whatever he had to to keep that from happening. Surely Will would understand that once Nigel had a chance to explain.

“Now, if your fucking concerns have been met, I would very much appreciate it if you would get to the fucking point so I can get back to what I was doing.” Running on hand up the inside of Will’s thigh suggestively, Nigel left little doubt as to what he meant. “Last time I’m gonna ask. What do you fucking want, Anatoli?”

The Russian sat back in his seat, his expression letting Nigel know he wasn’t one hundred percent convinced but was willing to let it go for now. Taking a sip of his drink, he sighed. “I can’t say I blame you, he is quite lovely. But as I am leaving tomorrow night, this could not wait. I was hoping to revise our agreement. An addition to that which was already agreed upon.”

Nigel's eyes narrowed. Last minute changes were never good for business, always adding an extra, unnecessary element of danger to an already dangerous enterprise. "What exactly are you fucking proposing, Anatoli?" Nigel had a sinking feeling he knew where this was going and he didn't like it one bit. If he was right, things were about to become very...uncomfortable.

"Nothing too far outside of the original parameters of our original agreement. In addition to what you are already moving for us, I would like to discuss adding additional...cargo."

Motherfucker... Nigel had been against dealing with the Russian from the start, had argued against it fiercely, but Darko had finally convinced him that it was almost necessary since they were expanding and that if they snubbed the powerful man, it would have negative effects on their efforts to establish a foothold here in the states. Nigel had let himself be convinced and they had managed to work out a very profitable agreement to move guns, drugs and other contraband for the group along their routes, using the men and contacts the two Romanians had painstakingly developed over the long years. And the Russians paid well. Very well. But there was one thing Nigel had refused to budge on, ground he would not concede. Darko had agreed, both men sharing the same disgust at Anatoli's *other* major trade good.

And now, with Darko gone back to Bucharest, this fucker had come back, hoping to change Nigel's mind. Eyes flat and cold, Nigel decided to end the conversation before the man truly pissed him off and made him do something...rash.

"If you're going where I think your fucking going with this, don't. I don't peddle in flesh. Ever." Voice as flat and cold as his gaze, Nigel's words should have told the other gangster that this was non-negotiable. But Anatoli didn't get to where he was by taking no for an answer.

"Why are you being so unreasonable my friend? All I want is to use your smuggling routes. Your men would never even have to come into contact with the merchandise, we would handle all of that. It's easy money for you. I don't see what the problem is here."

Shoving Will off his lap less than gently, Nigel stood to loom over the room. "The fucking problem is that I don't fucking traffick women and children you sick fuck. I'll move your guns, your drugs, but I'll be *goddamned* before I help you sell innocents into slavery. I saw enough of that in Bucharest, saw the empty shells and dead eyes of the *merchandise* you deal

in. I want no fucking part of it and if you fucking know what's good for you, you will *never* approach me or any of my organization like this again." Taking a deep breath, forcing himself to back away from the razor-fine edge of violence that was screaming through him to end the sick bastard in front of him *right fucking now*, Nigel pulled the gun from his waistband and held it against his thigh. "Now get the fuck out before you really piss me off."

Anatoli eyed him for a moment before shrugging casually. "Very well, But should you change your mind, you be sure to let me know." Standing, the man moved at a casual pace towards the door taking his man with him. Pausing, he looked over at where Will sat on the couch and smiled. "And if you tire of your plaything, call me. I'll give a good price for him. Even used, he'd fetch high dollar in certain markets."

Nigel cocked the gun but didn't aim it. He didn't have to. The message was clear. Laughing, the Russians finally left, closing the door behind them. Sighing in relief, Nigel uncocked the gun, thumbing the safety before shoving it back into his waistband. Running a hand through his hair in frustration before picking up his glass, he moved to the sideboard to refill it.

Slamming the liquor down, he refilled it a second time and repeated the motion. "God *fucking* damn it! Fucking Russians..." The curse was loud in the quiet of his office. Finally, reluctantly, he turned to look at Will. "You alright, darling?"

Will's eyes were ablaze, the apples of his cheeks stained crimson with his anger. "No, I'm not fucking *alright* ! What the hell was that shit about?! Is that what you think of me? Just a piece of ass, a whore, someone you fuck for fun? How many others do you have? You fucking asshole, I can't believe I...I didn't see..." Will said, tears stinging his eyes as he clenched and unclenched his fists at his side. He wanted out, wanted to leave desperately, and began walking for the door.

Nigel knew Will was going to be upset, probably had no clue as to why Nigel had acted so callously towards him, and the Romanian had expected the backlash of the boy's hurt confusion. But coupled with the stress of the last half hour, piled on top of the shit at dinner, *that* word triggered Nigel's own temper and he knew, even before he moved, he was only going to be making things worse, but he couldn't stop. He was moving before the thought was completed, grabbing Will and shoving him up against the door he had been about to storm out of, pinning him in place with his larger bulk.

Voice soft as silk and as dangerous as barbed wire, Nigel almost cooed in the younger man's ear. "Darling, you just *never* learn, do you?" Pressing harder as Will struggled, Nigel was all but crushing the smaller man into the wood of the door and he was pissed enough he didn't

care. “Call yourself a whore again, love, and I will show you *exactly* how men like me treat them. Is that what you want, Will? Or are you going to calm down and let me explain?”

“Take me home, now,” Will demanded petulantly, eyes wet and trembling as pearly teeth bit down on his lower lip anxiously. “Take me home!! To my place, now, please...” His breath came in ragged pants, heart beating quick as a trapped rabbit. He looked down, the act of even looking in those intense, dark eyes making him feel as though his insides were cracking open.

Will’s distress focused Nigel’s anger, calming it marginally as concern for the emotional boy began to override his ire. But he couldn’t relent completely, not yet. The fact that Will so easily believed the lies he had spun for Anatoli meant that the younger man was still entertaining doubts about how Nigel felt about him and what kind of relationship they had. It couldn’t be allowed to continue, or it would tear them apart. Gentling his hold, Nigel drew the reluctant body to him, shushing the half-hearted struggles. “No, Will. We’re going back to my condo and we’re going to fucking discuss this, calmly. There’s a very good fucking reason for what happened here tonight and you’re going to hear it whether you fucking want to or not.”

No more energy at the moment to fight back, he agreed. “Fine, but I’ll leave when I want to,” Will answered.

The ride back was tense, to say the least; Will looking out the window with his jaw set stubbornly, lips pressed together tightly. He remained painfully silent the whole way, sitting with his arms folded across his chest stubbornly.

And the longer Will sulked, the more annoyed Nigel became. Not that he didn’t understand *why* Will was upset, but more because the younger man seemed so eager to believe the worst, to assume that Nigel’s affections were so shallow. It was becoming fucking tiresome. How many times and in how many ways did he have to prove how he felt before Will finally believed him?

Leading the way into the condo, Nigel gritted his teeth when Will slammed the door, biting back any comment as well as the urge to just bend the petulant man-child behind him

over the closest flat surface and give him the spanking he was so badly asking for, choosing instead to make his way to the wet bar in the front room to pour himself a drink, holding up the bottle over his shoulder in silent question to Will.

“Yeah. Yes, please.” Will shuffled sullenly with a heavy sigh and sat on a chair, where he knew Nigel couldn’t sit next to him and touch him. He rubbed his face and crossed his legs. How quickly the night had gone from happiness and hot sexual tension to this.

Handing Will his glass, Nigel stood over him for a moment before turning away to stare out the window, the stunning view wasted on him in his current mood. “How much do you know about Anatoli, Will? And why the fuck did his man seem to know you?”

Will took a long swig of his drink, almost downing the whole thing in one swallow. He sighed again and looked over at Nigel, his back to him. “We broke up one of his human trafficking rings in the French Quarter. He was taking poor, drug-addicted teenagers and kids, kidnapping them off the street, turning them around to sell. It was one of his men that saw me when we made the arrest, but he got away. We nailed three of his crew, but they all had good lawyers and there were other complications. The fucker must have seen me from their surveillance. He probably ID’d all of us. But seeing as how he apparently fucking knows *you*, I should have grasped this would happen sooner or later,” he finished with a frown.

“Not a good fucking way to get on their radar. And Anatoli? You know what he does, what he trades in, but do you realize just how fucking dangerous he is? How dangerous it is for him to take any fucking kind of interest in you? Especially in relation to me?” Nigel’s voice was serious, his expression closed and unreadable.

Will whipped his head up and glared. “You that insecure or are you just jealous? You afraid he’d take me for himself? I’m not some fucking whore, Nigel, I’m a fucking cop and I’ve taken down bigger, tougher men than either of you,” he snarled like an angry puppy.

Everything in Nigel went very, very still. Any urge he had had to explain, to make Will understand fled with the boy’s rash words. The constant, petulant defiance was triggering every dominant instinct the older man had. Setting his glass down very carefully, his movements were far too controlled for the cold anger flowing through him. The distance between them was easily closed, Nigel moving quickly to lean down into Will’s space, hands gripping the arms of the chair Will sat in so hard the leather creaked in protest. His larger bulk loomed, caging the younger man in and leaving him nowhere to retreat to.

“Anatoli Kuznetsov is not your average thug, Will. And he sure as hell didn’t rise to the head the biggest crime syndicate in Russia by playing by the established fucking rules. Would you like an example? One of his favored methods of getting what he wants is to find out what a person holds most dear, the most precious thing in their lives and once he finds it, he takes it from them, holding it hostage and using it ruthlessly to bend them to his will. Friend or enemy, it doesn’t matter to a man like Anatoli. Ironically, right now he wants something from me, something I won’t give him and up until tonight, he had no way to fucking change that. Until he set his eyes on *you*, darling.” Reaching a hand up, Nigel snagged Will’s hair, twisting his fingers into the soft locks and jerking the boy’s head back. “So forgive me if I didn’t fucking chose to hand him a loaded gun and invite him to hold it to my fucking head.” Nigel was all but snarling at this point, words hissed and vicious.

Acting on instinct, Will’s leg shot out and caught Nigel in the chest, loosening the grip he had on his hair enough to shove him away and jump up. The glass of whiskey fell to the floor with a crash, and Will used the distraction to put space between them. “It’s not my fucking fault you’re in the business you’re in and that shit stain is your enemy! It’s not my fault for any of this! This was supposed to fucking be about just...God damn it, Nigel!” Will shouted, unable to even form a thought clearly in the emotional distress he was in. The Romanian’s anger mixed with his own and left him feeling at war inside, his empathy colliding violently with his self-preservation and pride. What Nigel was saying would have likely made sense if he’d been calmer, or thinking rationally, but that was far from the situation any longer.

Too angry to back down either, Nigel closed the distance Will had put between them, towering over the angry young man and snarling right in his face. “No it’s not your fucking fault, but you knew what the fuck you were getting into with me! You *knew* and said you could handle it, but you couldn’t, could you Will? I asked you to trust me tonight, but you couldn’t even do that! Instead of using your head and acting like the cop you’re constantly reminding me you are and letting me explain what the fuck was going on, you decide to throw a fucking hissy fit like you always do. You’re always so fucking ready to doubt me, to accuse me of being a bastard who’s just using you, so maybe, my darling Will, *you’re* the one that’s fucking insecure!”

It was all too much for him. Trust issues? It was definitely a sore spot for Will. He started shaking as he did his best to hold himself together long enough to get away. He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t see anything except the anger in Nigel’s words and face and voice. “Maybe so, and maybe that’s just fucking fine! After all, you’ve hitched your wagon to a broken pony, Nigel, you may as well know what you’re in for picking someone like me!”

He stormed out of the room, moving fast and heading to the spare bedroom, slamming it behind him and locking it. Sagging against the wall, he slid to the floor and let the tears finally fall freely, heaving sobs rattling through his body.

Oh, *hell* no. There was no *fucking* way he was going to let Will run from this. Following fast on the boy's heels, Nigel got to the door just in time for it to be slammed in his face. The snick of the lock was just icing on the giant shit cake this night had turned into. Slamming his fist against the wood, Nigel's voice boomed off the narrow walls of the hallway. "Open this fucking door Will, before you *really* piss me off!" Nothing. "Goddamnit, Will I will be fucking *Goddamned* before I let you lock me out of a room in my own fucking house, now open this fucking door!"

"Go away!" Will screamed, his voice raw and ragged and full of the tears he was crying. "Just leave me alone!"

"Not going to happen, Will. You make me break this door down to get to you and you're going to fucking regret it. You've got until three. One."

Will curled into a ball, head tucked between his knees and covering his ears. He knew he couldn't keep this up, but he wanted to be anywhere but there. "No!!"

Testing the strength of the door with his shoulder, Nigel growled out, "Two. Last chance Will."

Frustrated and at the end of his patience, Will clambered to his feet. "Nigel, stop it, just go away. Go find one of your other whores."

"Three. I did warn you, darling." Backing up to the opposite wall, bracing his back against the smooth surface, Nigel drew one knee to his chest. The sound of his boot crashing against the door was like thunder in the small space, the cracking of the wood satisfying in so many ways. Once, twice and the wood splintered, the lock a flimsy barrier to the Romanian's rage at this point, the stressed metal screeching as it gave, the door finally slamming open to bounce against the wall and back again.

Will reeled back as the door exploded open, his back hitting the wall behind him with a thud. His eyes wide with fear, the tears drying on his cheeks in streaks. "Please, I don't..."

"Too late for fucking *please*, Will..." Nigel came through the door, dragging the younger man into his arms, crashing their mouths together forcefully, ignoring the fists that beat at his chest and shoulders, refusing to let him go. Not now, not fucking *ever*.

Shoving with all his strength Will tried to break free to no avail. Shame, humiliation, his wounded pride, none of it wanted to listen to anything Nigel had to say. All he could hear in his head between the rush of blood in his ears was the way he'd been called nothing but a piece of ass. His blue eyes smarted with salty tears once more as he panicked. "No, fuck no," he protested, struggling.

Ignoring Will's struggles, Nigel dragged him out of the room, past the damaged door hanging drunkenly on its hinges and down the hallway to the master suite. Still holding tight to Will's arm, Nigel planted himself in one of the two large leather chairs in the room, forcing the younger man face down over his lap. Pinning one flailing arm to the small of Will's back, Nigel reached under his hips and undid the button and flies, quickly jerking the denim down to expose the boy's ass and upper thighs. Will was doing his level best to kick and buck out of his hold, forcing Nigel to pin both of his legs beneath one of his own. Bent over the Romanian's muscular thighs with one arm held securely to his back and the other relatively useless in his current position, Nigel had managed to render the younger man helpless and bare in a matter of minutes. Now all that was left was for Will to realize that and calm the fuck down.

Will tried to steady his breathing; the firm, secure manner in which Nigel held him down, as well as his state of semi-forced undress somehow had a strangely calming effect. A rough, soothing palm rubbed his cheeks lovingly, and he let his body relax. Besides, the way his arm was twisted back it would be painfully impossible to fight him any longer. Limbs loosening, taut muscles went slack under the realization of what his Dominant was about to do. "Please, Nigel...I'm...I..." he stuttered fruitlessly, not even sure what he wanted to say.

Able to rein in his fury now that Will had finally stopped fighting him, Nigel continued to pet the younger man gently. "No, Will. I already told you, it's too late for *please* now. You've fucking brought this on yourself. I tried to reason with you, I was patient. I tried to explain, but you didn't want to listen, too hell-bent on pushing me away. You do that a fucking lot, you know? And frankly, I'm fucking sick of it. I don't know what goes on inside of that pretty little head of yours when you get like this, but I promise you, darling, I'm going to find out if we have to stay here all fucking night." Reaching up to grasp Will's hair gently but

firmly, Nigel forced the younger man to turn his head and meet his gaze. “We can do this easy or hard Will, your choice. But either way, you *will* talk to me and fucking explain what the hell is going on with you.”

Will whined low in his throat. “I’m not telling you anything. I don’t owe you anything. Just fucking let me go, and I’ll never bother you again,” he said in a defeated voice. He tried to avoid his gaze sullenly, his lower lip sticking out in a pout.

Staring into those defiant eyes, Nigel just shook his head and snorted. As if letting Will go was even an option at this point. Nigel might as well try and rip out his own heart. It would be easier. “Alright then, darling. The hard way it is. But trust me, you’ll tire of this long before I do. If you change your mind, just say so, yeah?” And without further ado, Nigel turned his full attention to setting his erstwhile lover’s ass on fire.

For a long while, the only sounds in the apartment were the ringing slaps of the Romanian’s palm against the vulnerable skin he was punishing and Will’s desperate, pain-filled cries. It might make Nigel a bastard, but those cries were music to his ears. Will could get under his skin like no one else, and normally the older man delighted in his sharp tongue and sass. But the constant doubts and accusations had to stop. This was more about getting to the bottom of what was causing Will’s insecurities than about punishing his bratty behavior. Well, mostly. Nigel knew himself well enough to admit he was taking a great deal of pleasure in delivering the solid smacks that were turning his boy’s lush bottom a beautiful shade of red.

Gradually Will’s voice lost most of its volume, dying down to deep sobs that wracked his whole body. Deeming this a good point to pause the spanking, Nigel began to speak.

“How many times do we have to have this same fucking conversation, Will? And do you really fucking believe I will *ever* let you go? I don’t know what I fucking have to do to make you believe I love you, but by God, I’m getting damned tired of you constantly doubting me.

How many times and in how many ways am I going to have to prove myself to you? What happened tonight...what I said and how I acted was to *protect* you, you little brat! And if you had taken the time to actually listen and *think*, you would have realized that. But this isn’t just about tonight, is it, Will? It seems to me that every time you begin to have even the slightest fucking doubt about us, your first reaction is to start pushing me away and throwing around accusations. I want to know why Will. You ready to tell me, or should I continue?” His large hand cupped one inflamed buttock gently.

Will looked back at him, his tear-stained red cheeks and big eyes making him look a decade younger than he was - Boyish and heartbroken. Nigel's words and voice had pulled it out of him inside. "I'll tell you," he said in a hoarse voice, turning his head so he could be understood.

"I have a hard time trusting. I've been hurt badly, betrayed, gutted by someone I thought loved me. It's impossible for me to fathom anyone could love me. I have these...forts...I keep people out. Everyone except you. You broke down my walls, Nigel. I let myself fall in love. And when you flipped the script with those men, all I could think was...so this is how he really feels. Even if it's an act to protect us, deep down it's what I suspect of myself. What I know. I'm worthless." Will stopped crying then, the relief of saying it seemed like a weight lifted. But he knew Nigel wouldn't like it.

The bitterness and self-loathing in Will's voice made Nigel want to kill something. Or more accurately, one specific someone. If he ever found out who had hurt his boy, had caused him so much self-doubt, the fucker would live just long enough to thoroughly regret ever having laid eyes on Will Graham. But that would have to wait. Right now, the boy draped so despondently across his lap needed his full attention. As much as he wanted to comfort him, Nigel knew he would be doing Will no favors by relenting now.

"Do you have any fucking idea how much of this could have been avoided if you would have just *talked* to me, Will? Sometimes I don't know whether to kiss you or spank the shit out of you, so thank God I can do fucking both! I'm sorry someone hurt you like that, darling, I truly am, but you have no fucking right to take it out on me." Nigel's hand came down without warning, biting into the already tender skin. "I'm not the lowlife son of a bitch that hurt you." *Crack*. "And I fucking refuse to stand in as his proxy and let you use me as some kind of emotional punching bag any longer. As for you being worthless, fucking *really*, darling? You know me well enough to know I don't waste my time with anything not worth my fucking while." *Crack*. "And I find it very fucking insulting that you would assume I would. If all I wanted from you was a quick fuck, I would have left you on the side of the road that first night." *Crack, crack*. "Trust me when I say there are easier ways to get fucking laid than having to prove myself over and over to you!"

Pulling Will up from his prone position, Nigel sat him on his lap and took his chin in hand, forcing those teary eyes to meet his. "From now on, you start feeling like this, you come and *tell* me instead of lashing out at me. And I'll give you all the reassurance you fucking need darling, whether that means taking you over my knee, fucking you into the mattress or just fucking holding you close until you feel better." Gentle now, but his expression still stern, Nigel wiped a stray tear from the boy's flushed cheek with a thumb. "But the next time you accuse me of not loving you or just using you like a *whore*, you won't sit comfortably for a fucking month. Understand?"

For the first time Will really saw clearly - maybe it was the pain singing through his body that made everything bright and clear and hyper-focused, but he suddenly saw what Nigel meant. It wouldn't be easy to change, but if he'd allow himself to truly put all his trust in this man, if he could let go just a little and believe him, it might work. Perhaps easier said than done, but he knew he had to try.

Tears slipped down his face as he nodded against him. "I understand...this won't come easily for me, but I will try, I will try to change and give you my trust...completely...I-I-I..." he sniffled hard, his ass burning from the blows of the Romanian's hand. "I love you, Nigel. I trust you. I'm so sorry," he said in a quiet, ragged voice. It was strange, it felt like every single emotion he had coursed through him at once.

"Good boy," Nigel murmured, pressing a lingering kiss to Will's lips, growling teasingly as the boy returned it enthusiastically. Everything they had gone through in the last hours, the passion began on the dancefloor, the bullshit with the Russians, the tension and anger of their argument, the catharsis of the spanking, it all coalesced into a fiery need that pulsed between them with an undeniable demand. Pulling him closer, Nigel rocked his hips upward, pressing the swelling evidence of his reawakened arousal against the plush globes of Will's sore bottom. "I think it's high time I have you gorgeous, don't you?" Nibbling on Will's neck and jaw, he whispered against the soft skin he was teasing. "I'll even let you decide how. Shall I make love to you slow and sweet, angel? Not as an apology, because we both know you fucking deserved every swat, but because you want it that way. Shall I worship every part of your hot little body with my hands and mouth and tongue until you're limp with pleasure?

Or do you want me to be rough and demanding, reminding you who you belong to? To *take* and *take* and *take* until you're overwhelmed with sensation and screaming for me? Tell me what you want gorgeous and you'll have it." Low and rumbling, Nigel seduced him with his voice, coaxing his lover into sin.

Will rubbed his eyes as his own cock swelled at Nigel's words, bobbing to life and unable to, of course, hide his reaction. Not that he wanted to. Both appealed to him in different ways, but right now he wanted it hard. The spanking had certainly driven home Nigel's point, but it also aroused his appetites for what the man did so, *so* well.

Dipping his chin, he blushed and bit his lip coyly, looking up at Nigel through his lashes. "I want you to take me. Rough and hard, please," he said sweetly, one hand touching the center of Nigel's warm chest.

Fierce arousal darkened Nigel's eyes from honey to molten gold, his pupils blown wide at the sweet, shy, filthy words dropping softly from his boy's lips. Lifting him by his hips with ease, Nigel turned him until Will was straddling him in the chair, just enough room for the other man's knees to fit on either side of him. Pulling him close, Nigel captured those tempting lips in a deep kiss, licking his way inside Will's mouth to taste and tease. Pulling back just enough to purr against his mouth, Nigel smiled wickedly.

"Are you sure, angel? Because if that's what you want, I'm more than happy to fucking oblige, but oh, *Will...*" Nigel's voice was full of heated anticipation as his hands slide from the slender hips he held to grasp greedy handfuls of Will's ass, squeezing and massaging the raw flesh despite the way Will squirmed. "It's going to hurt your sore little ass *so much* and you're going to cry such pretty tears for me while I drive every inch of my dick into your aching little hole." Nigel pulled the lush globes he was fondling apart, exposing the tight pucker nestled there to the cold air of the room. "My cock is going to stretch you so *wide* and every time I pound into you, you'll feel it, my hips slapping against your poor spanked bottom, reminding you of what happens to naughty little boys when they push too far. That what you really want, darling? You want to scream for me tonight?"

That rough, raspy lisp and those big possessive hands just absolutely did *things* to Will's body he might never understand. His erection throbbed against his belly, and he writhed in Nigel's lap to get more of him. Feeling the cool air on his most intimate place made him quiver in anticipation. "Fuck me until I can't walk, Nigel...bruise me, bite me, own me...I'm yours," he whispered, his sharp jaw shifting as he bit each word off breathlessly. He wanted this - Nigel - more than ever, exactly like this tonight. Feral and wild.

Sliding one arm under the boy's ass, Nigel surged to his feet in one powerful motion, lifting Will's weight with ease and forcing him to cling tightly with his arms around the other man's neck to keep his balance. The pants still tangled around the younger man's ankles were removed with impatient tugs of Nigel's free hand before they too wrapped around him. Five quick strides and Will was being shoved against the wall next to the nightstand beside the bed, pinned there by Nigel's body and the hungry, greedy mouth that descended upon his.

Still supporting the clinging man's weight with one arm, Nigel reached for the drawer of the nightstand with the other, opening it and fumbling around blindly until he found what he was looking for. The click of the lube bottle being opened blended beautifully with the tiny whimpering noises he was still devouring from his boy's mouth, never breaking the kiss as he messily applied the slick to his fingers one-handed. Will must have missed hearing the sound completely, throwing his head back and breaking their kiss as he gasped in surprise when Nigel's wet fingers found their way between their bodies and pressed firmly against his hole. A couple of passes over the crinkled flesh to spread the lube and then two of those large, thick fingers were working their way inside, insistent and relentless.

Will's gasps and whines were intoxicating, driving Nigel's lust higher and urging him on.

When the first tears formed in his lover's eyes to roll down his flushed cheeks, the Romanian smiled, pressing his lips to the soft skin to lap the glistening drops up. The soft shushing noises coming from Nigel's throat were in direct contrast to the way he was prying the boy open, forcing Will's body to stretch and accept too much too fast. "Hush now darling, this is what you wanted," he cooed gently. "I offered sweet and gentle and you chose this instead, so now you'll take what I fucking give you."

Will's body and brain were of course in conflict, one side of him set on fire with lust at the manhandling, while his muscles protested the roughness. It was exactly what he wanted, and more importantly, what he needed. His tongue danced with Nigel's, slick muscles sliding against one another. He moaned loudly and without shame, his muscular legs wrapped around Nigel's waist. "I know, I know, I want it," he panted, trying to will himself to relax and take it even as his body protested loudly. It burned – a searing pain that made him unwittingly clench down on thick fingers. This was gonna hurt like hell no matter what. "Nigel, take me the fuck apart," he demanded, blue eyes focused on amber with a primal heat.

Pulling from the clinging, greedy channel clasping his fingers so tightly and letting the younger man cling to him and bear his own weight for the time it took to rip open his belt and flies, Nigel poured a ridiculous amount of lube into one palm, slicking his cock with tight, hurried jerks of his fist before prying Will's legs from around his waist and hoisting them over his forearms. Planting both palms flat on the wall, he held the younger man bent, spread and helplessly pinned, completely vulnerable to the onslaught of lust he had begged for. Lining up, Nigel pressed the weeping head of his slicked cock against the barely stretched opening. Keeping his gaze locked with his lover's, Nigel began to *push*, forcing his way into the boy's inadequately prepared body in a slow, relentless thrust that would not be denied no matter how hard Will's body fought to keep him out. *And oh, how it tried...*

The tight ring of muscle clenched and spasmed around the thick girth bent on pushing past all resistance and Will squirmed and sobbed, trying in vain to break away from the arms that held him immobile and helpless for the invasion. Wrapping one hand around a squirming hip to hold it steady and where he wanted it, Nigel fisted Will's curls with the other, forcing the boy's head up, taking his mouth in a brutal kiss. "You'll take it, Will. *You'll take every fucking inch.*" The words were hissed against the boy's mouth, low and guttural and without mercy as he finally forced his way in, all the way to the hilt. Will's keening wail was beautiful...

The pupils of Will's eyes were blown wide, his lips red and swollen from the brutally harsh kisses they shared. His grip on Nigel's biceps was tight enough to leave bruises, though he'd certainly not be the only one marked by the end of the night. Tears fell freely down his face, filling blue and mixing in with every scream that came from his mouth. It was too much, too much, but while his body fought, the Romanian had him, secure and firm. He couldn't form words just yet, and barely recognized his own voice, ragged, high-pitched and pleading. It was a good thing Nigel used such an overabundance of lubricant.

With Will's legs still draped over his forearms, all the wiggling and squirming availed the boy *nothing*, leading only to Nigel taking a firmer grip on those writhing hips, fingers biting deep enough into the soft flesh that bruises were a guarantee. The weak struggles, the sobbing cries, they were music to Nigel's black soul, making him want to wring more and more of the sweet noises from his little lover's throat. And bless his masochistic little heart, Will gave them to him, screaming to the ceiling when Nigel pulled slowly out until only the fat, the mushroomed head remained inside, only to thrust brutally forward, burying himself deep inside again and again.

The pace Nigel set was unrelenting, and even when he slowed, pulling all the way out and driving to the hilt, the sensitive ring of muscle stung from the stretch. Looking down Will saw that thick, veiny olive shaft disappear inside, displacing the slick lube with noisy, obscene squelches. His own cock defied him, dripping pre-come and hard as a rock, slapping against his chest as he was opened and bent in half. The more Nigel breached, the more his body accepted, either by loosening or sheer exhaustion, he couldn't fight anymore...not that he wanted to. The pain was making him harder than he'd ever been. "Fuck yes, please, please," he begged when he was able to find words. Nails dug into flesh as he held on for dear life, but all he wanted was *more, harder, faster*.

Hissing at the bite of Will's nails raking his shoulders and grunting with every thrust into the willing body writhing against his, Nigel held nothing back. Every powerful surge of his hips sent Will sliding up the wall only to be jerked back down for the next jackhammering snap of the Romanian's hips as he fucked into him over and over, relentless, demanding, taking the boy just as he had demanded to be taken. Sweat dripped from his temples and chin, falling to mingle with the wet smears of precum leaking from the younger man's eagerly twitching cock, each slap of their bodies making the hard flesh jerk and leak lewdly.

Adjusting his hold on the pinned man, Nigel angled their hips so the next stroke of his cock inside the clenching channel hit the plump, needy kernel of Will's prostate dead on, making him scream in agonized pleasure. Piled on top of all the other sensations Nigel was forcing upon him, the older man knew it would be too much, too overwhelming. But that was what Will had asked of him, *to be taken apart*, and Nigel was going to make damn fucking sure he delivered.

Keeping the same angle, driving the head of his dick over that hyper-sensitive and needy spot, again and again, Nigel laughed, the sound dark and sinful. “Greedy little boys should be careful what they ask for, Will. They just might fucking get it.”

The instant Nigel brushed against that little nub inside him, Will's head hit the wall hard and he let out a broken howl of pleasure. Lightning shot through his body, and a thick glob of clear fluid pooled at the slit of his reddened cock head, smearing over his own belly. His jaw slackened, he was helpless to do more than beg Nigel, plead with him for more of that. “Don't fucking stop, that's it, right there, fuck, please, please,” he moaned whorishly, trying to use what little leverage he had squeezing his thick thighs and hoisting himself higher up the wall, strong legs over the Romanian's broad shoulders. His ass clenched around Nigel's length, gripping him tight and using every muscle he could employ to massage his cock with each thrust and stroke into the tight heat of his body.

Hissing as the clench of Will's ass almost tipped him over the edge unexpectedly, Nigel pulled out with a snarl. “Oh no, little boy. It's not that easy. You asked for something very specific from me and we're nowhere *near* that point yet.” Ignoring the pleading sobs begging him to *put it back in, now, oh please, now*, Nigel pulled them both away from the wall and turned toward the bed, dropping the confused boy to bounce lightly on top of the mattress. “Hands and knees, Will. Head down, ass up, thighs spread wide.” Eyes burning with heat and need, Nigel stepped back and began stripping the sweat-drenched clothing hanging from his body.

Will shook with need, startled at the sudden withdrawal, the lack of contact all at once and shock of separation. Scrambling quickly to his knees, he did as Nigel commanded, spreading thick thighs wide and looking over his shoulder with hooded eyes, his lashes long and dark on flushed cheeks. Curls spilled down and he bit his lips as he panted; He could feel how obscenely open his ass gaped from the rough fucking he'd been taking only moments before, and knew how pornographic it must look. “Like this, *Sir* ?”

Climbing up onto the bed, taking his place behind the kneeling boy, Nigel snared Will's curls in his fist and pushed, forcing him face first into the soft comforter. “Head *down*,” His other hand pulled those lithe hips higher, “ass *up*.” Pushing his way back inside the now well-fucked body once it was bent to his liking, Nigel curled his body over Will's, pressing close so there wasn't an inch of space between them. Will had turned his head to the side to avoid being smothered and Nigel murmured his next words directly into the shell of his ear, his tone considering and more than a little sinister.

“Take me the fuck apart... I believe those were your exact words, darling. Considering everything we’ve already done together, you can understand why I might take that as a bit of a challenge.” Rolling his hips slowly against the younger man’s ass as he spoke, Nigel hummed softly at the quiet moans his attentions drew from the pinned man. *“So debauched, so needy, angel.”* Pressing a lingering kiss to the flushed, sweat-damp skin of Will’s cheek, Nigel’s smile was pure sin. *“Let’s see just what it takes to get you there. How much *more* you can really take.”*

Rearing back on his knees, Nigel kept Will’s hips snug against his groin with one hand, cock still buried deep, but not thrusting, not *yet*, while his other hand started a slow glide from the nape of Will’s neck down the long line of his curved spine, lingering over every vertebra as if counting them one by one.

Will’s own hips shook with want and fought to press back against Nigel and demand more, beg for that deep, violent rutting he needed desperately. Moaning into the pillow, his fists clenched the sheets in frustration, back muscles flexing beneath Nigel’s thumbs. Curses and pleas whispered in a broken voice echoed against the bed linens as he struggled and bucked rebelliously against the Romanian. *“I can take *more*, ”* he finally said petulantly through clenched teeth.

The dark, sensual chuckle that trickled from Nigel’s smirking lips really should have given the younger man pause, but his Will was as reckless as ever, inviting his dismantlement with his own sweet brand of fearlessness. Was it any wonder Nigel was held captivated by him?

The hand Nigel had been tracing down Will’s back reached its destination, trailing a leisurely path between the spread globes of the boy’s ass to gently tease the tight ring of muscle clenching and trembling around the thick shaft of his cock. *“Can you now, love? Since you’re so eager, let’s put that to the test, shall we?”*

Gathering up the copious amounts of lube that coated the younger man’s balls and thighs and dripped from his stretched hole, Nigel coated his index finger thoroughly before slowly sliding his cock out until only the head was held inside. When he began to push back in, slowly, *so very, very slowly*, that finger was lined up along the pulsing length, the tip nudging at the twitching entrance with intent.

Will’s eyes snapped open at that, a low groan edging from deep in his chest outward. He didn’t shy away from Nigel, but he did lick his lips nervously, heart pounding faster as he

wondered how far this would go. “O-o-o-o-ohhhh,” he said softly in answer, head still obediently down on his forearms, ass high and thighs parted.

Almost moaning himself as he watched his cock and finger sink simultaneously into the tight pink flesh parting so reluctantly for him until both were buried as far as they could go, Nigel panted and cursed softly against the urge to just *thrust*, the mindless *need* to rut blindly into his beautiful lover almost overwhelming. But, as much as he loved the pretty tears and cries he always drew from Will, Nigel had no desire to do the boy actual damage. “Still with me angel?”

He could barely breathe, it hurt so much yet felt so *good*. It was the pressure, the powerful feeling of those big rough hands gripping his hips, the thick-accented lisp behind him and needy edge in Nigel’s voice. While the Romanian was absolutely in physical control of the situation, Will knew how much power he himself yielded, and how it made him feel when he’d hear whispered curses and feel the swell of his engorged cock, shuddering moans, eventually feel the flood of hot, thick, sticky come, knowing he pulled that out of the gruff criminal - that was a feeling of ultimate power for Will. Clenching and releasing his plush ass cheeks, he arched his back slightly. “I’m with you,” he gasped.

Grunting at the unbelievable pressure wrapped around his dick, Nigel’s voice rumbled like whiskey over gravel, lust making his words almost guttural. “Good boy.” Keeping his finger still where it was buried to its base, Nigel began thrusting slowly with his cock, giving Will time to get used to the new stretch, running a soothing hand over Will’s fevered skin as the younger man rocked and moaned in front of him. Waiting until Will was moving easy, stretching to take what Nigel was giving him greedily, the older man again gripped a slender hip and held fast. If Will thought things had gone as far as they could, he was about to find out differently. Teeth bared in a smile of anticipation, Nigel murmured, “Use your safe word if this next bit is too much for you, darling.”

Will had just enough time to part his lips in confusion before a second finger began sliding into him alongside the one already in place, Nigel’s cock slowly pushing in soon after. Will’s body bucked beneath him and the wail the impaled man let loose was almost inhuman. Buried deep and fighting to stay still, Nigel’s lips curled into a satisfied snarl. Seems he might have found his lover’s limit at last. “Since I’ll never share you with another, this is as close as you’re ever fucking going to come to a double penetration, little boy.” Pressing down with the tips of the fingers caught in the now vise-like grip of the channel sheathing them, Nigel tapped gently at the plump, swollen nub of Will’s prostate. “What do you think, Will? You ready to come apart for me yet, angel?”

The fullness coupled with pressure on his prostate made Will's vision white out, and rapid, ragged gasps were his only answer at first. Thighs trembling, his knees slipped, but he pushed up and back, struggling to regain purchase on the sheets and feel that tortuous stretch even more. The *tapping* wasn't enough. He was right on the edge of coming, clear fluid dripping from the slit of his angry, hard cock, he needed just a little more. He knew what to ask for. "Hand around my throat, and pound into me, and I'll come," he whispered back to Nigel. It was more of a command than a request, and under the circumstances, it could backfire on him. He'd always been a sassy, bossy bottom, though, and he hoped it would benefit him.

"*Fuck*, Will..." His lover never ceased to amaze him. Will had taken everything Nigel had given him and still, he asked for *more*. Carefully withdrawing and repositioning his hands, Nigel jerked Will up against him, the boy's back to his chest and wrapped the fingers of one hand around the slender neck that bared itself so eagerly to him. Tightening slowly, carefully, those long fingers expertly constricted to control the flow of blood *just* enough as he slid his aching cock back inside in one smooth glide. "Do you have *any* fucking idea what you do to me, baby? Any idea how dangerous you are, how much power you fucking have? You fucking *own* me, Will." Not giving the younger man a chance to answer, Nigel began to *move*, delivering the hard, pounding strokes the boy had demanded of him, plowing into Will's hungry ass in sharp, jackhammering thrusts that hit his prostate dead on from the beginning.

That was what he needed and wanted. That thick, heavy cock, teasing the rim of his abused hole only to slam back inside and batter insistently over his overstimulated gland, played him like a well-tuned violin, and Nigel proved how well he knew Will's body with every rough and tender touch. All the pressure built up to a boiling point, heat in Will's groin and the base of his spine finally snapping and shooting like lightning through his pelvis. Without a single touch to his cock, it jerked against his belly, come splashing white hot across his chest and the bed, a broken wail choked out from the constriction around his neck. "Nigel...!"

"Oh, *fuck*.. Will, darling.." Nigel had released he hold on Will's neck the minute the boy started to come, knowing the rush of blood would heighten the younger man's pleasure tenfold, but he hadn't realized just how close he himself was to that edge. When Will's body began convulsing with the force of his orgasm, the rippling contractions were too much to resist, dragging Nigel's climax from him violently. Pressing his forehead into the sweaty skin of Will's back, he rode out the waves of pleasure that seemed to go on and on, his hips giving a few final thrusts as it finally began to ebb away.

Turning just enough so they wouldn't end up laying in a mess, Nigel eased from the still twitching grasp of Will's body and lower them both to the bed. Will flopped down onto his stomach, exhausted. Nigel lay on his side, head propped up on one hand as the other skimmed over his lover's back and ass possessively. Pushing Will's thighs apart a bit, Nigel

hummed in satisfaction at the still gaping, puffy red flesh between the younger man's cheeks. Will's ass was the very picture of well fucked and Nigel couldn't resist teasing the tender opening, gently rubbing with his thumb, pushing in just a bit to watch his own cum leaking out before pushing it back in again. Perhaps he should buy the boy a plug. The idea of Will walking around after they had fucked, wearing a plug Nigel had bought and placed inside of him to keep the younger man full of Nigel's spend was a pleasant one that had his cock twitching weakly in agreement. Leaning in to nip affectionately at Will's shoulder, Nigel smirked. "You're going to be fucking sore for a few days gorgeous."

Will laughed, a rough, exhausted laugh, nodding as he turned his head towards him. "Might have to take a couple sick days. Limping like a new jockey is gonna get noticed, that's for sure. But fuck, that was worth it," he sighed in satisfaction. "Could use a hot soak though," he said. Looking up at Nigel, he smiled sweetly. "Thank you...and I get it. I do. I love you."

Bumping their foreheads together affectionately, Nigel returned the smile. "Soul deep, angel. Soul deep."

The Greatest Gift Was You

Chapter Summary

Even “bad” men like Nigel had birthdays. Will goes out of his way to make it special.

Need I say more?

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, sorry we've been gone for a while, but stuff has been happening. But we're back and while this chapter was SUPPOSED to have plot, this happened instead. We hope you enjoy it anyway, as the next two chapters will be mostly plot driven so as to move the story along.

As always, we don't own it, we just love to celebrate it!

Love and Hugs,

CS and Alone

Even “bad” men like Nigel had birthdays.

When Will had been doing his investigation of the man early on, he'd made careful note of the date, and it was fast approaching. He never let on to Nigel that he knew, in fact, he'd planned on surprising him. He had it *relatively* all planned out - have Nigel come over for dinner, cook for him, give him a nice gift, a birthday blow job, make him feel special. Will didn't know if Nigel would like it, but he hoped he could make it all seem good enough.

But what to get the man who has everything? Well, maybe “everything” was overstating it, but Nigel was a hard man to shop for. Or maybe it was just that Will Graham was a typical “guy” and bad at buying gifts. Besides, Nigel wasn't just another person; he loved him. He was important to him. This had become a relationship over the last several months. Had it really been that long now? It had...

It was hard keeping track of time. It felt like so much had happened...like he had fallen so deeply for this violent, tender, passionate, fierce, handsome, incomparable man that had caught him completely off guard. Will had high fences, brick walls, moats, and Nigel had destroyed them all, navigated over and around and through, and embedded himself in his heart like no one else had ever bothered to before. Everyone usually only got so far and realized it was too much work for not enough pay off. Not Nigel.

Will found himself smiling like an idiot as he thought of the Romanian, and shook his head as he scrolled the internet trying to find something for him. An image caught his eye, and he remembered a small shop downtown he had passed a few times. Jumping off his couch, he grabbed his keys and bounded out the door.

Will had done an exhaustive amount of research and grocery shopping. He was no gourmet cook, but he knew his way around a kitchen, and he leaned against the counter as he looked at his haul spread over the counter. Picking up the phone, he tried to keep his tone light and casual as he dialed Nigel to invite him over the following night.

Sitting in his office at the club, Nigel nursed a drink in one hand while flipping a pen through the fingers of the other. A spread folder lay open in front of him on the desk, rows, and rows of numbers in neat, mind-numbing lines that seemed to blur more the longer he looked at them. It wasn't that Nigel didn't understand what he was reading, it was simply that he didn't *want* to be reading it. Darko had always handled the paperwork end of the business, but with the other man safely back in Bucharest, that wasn't an option. Managing the books now fell into Nigel's lap and he was quickly finding that if you didn't stay on top of it, the paperwork would pile up and drown you in no time.

Groaning, the Romanian reluctantly put his glass back on the desk and flipped the page of the report he was currently reviewing. Minutes later, when his phone began ringing, Nigel leaped upon the excuse to abandon the papers. Seeing Will's name on the caller ID made it even better.

"Hello, gorgeous! You have no idea how fucking happy I am you called!" Flipping the folder of reports closed with glee, Nigel leaned back in his chair and picked up his drink again.

“I was wondering if maybe you’d like to come over for dinner tomorrow night? I made you spaghetti that one time, but that wasn’t really cooking. Might be nice to have a night in, you agree?” Will answered. Of course, Nigel might have to work, which would ruin everything, he thought to himself.

Eyeing the large stack of folders sitting on the edge of his desk, Nigel grimaced. As if he had to think twice about choosing between spreadsheets and a night spent with his boy. “Darling, I would be fucking delighted. What time and can I bring anything?”

Will felt almost giddy, it was funny. Like a teenager. “Nothing but you needed. Have everything here. Still have your overnight stuff here so you can spend the night...which I’d like. I should get a better bed one of these days. Sorry,” he rambled, a combination of nerves and excitement.

“Of course I’ll sleep over, love. And I’m not going to argue with you about needing a better bed. But if you want me spending the night more often, maybe we should go pick out the bed together? Kinda a couples thing, yeah?” Nigel knew he had to tread carefully here, but couldn’t resist the chance to maybe improve the state of Will’s apartment. Besides, that sofa bed was truly horrible and Nigel was getting too old to sleep on such things. Not that he would admit to that. “Nothing too soft or too hard, but just right for fucking you into the mattress night after night. How’s that sound, angel mine?” Keeping his tone teasing, Nigel hoped he might coax his stubborn young lover into at least thinking about it.

Will knew it had to be done at one point or another. If it was just him, he could sleep anywhere, but he couldn’t expect to keep having his “boyfriend” spend the night and sleep on a pullout from two decades ago. “When you put it that way, I could definitely be talked into it, yes,” he said, rubbing his chin and blushing. “So, uhm, tomorrow then, about six, okay?”

“It’s a date darling. Think of me till then.” They said their goodbyes and Nigel hung up the phone reluctantly. Staring at the papers on his desk, he sighed deeply and picked his pen back up, twirling it through his fingers with resignation.

“Fuck my life...”

Freshly showered and casually dressed in the bowling shirt Will had liked so much, Nigel walked up to Will's apartment building with a spring of anticipation in his step. He had been looking forward to this evening all day as he diligently worked through the piles of paperwork that had covered his desk. Truth be told, it was probably the only reason he hadn't put off getting it done until tomorrow. Or the next day. Or sometime next week. Nigel *hated* paperwork of any kind, but knowing he was spending the evening with his boy was enough incentive to get the shit done and out of the way.

Knocking on the door, he couldn't help the smile that curved his lips. *The hell with it*, he thought. Will made him happy and anyone that didn't like it could fuck right off. Hearing the lock turn, Nigel braced himself against the door jam, leaning forward in anticipation of stealing a kiss as soon as the door was opened, so he was rather surprised when all he was greeted with was Will's retreating back as he hurried back into the apartment, hollering over his shoulder to 'Come on in, he had food on the stove.'

Eyebrow cocked in curiosity, Nigel walked in and closed the door behind him. And was immediately surrounded with the smells of *home*... "What was his boy up to? The closer he got to the kitchen, the more familiar the scents coming from the stove were. "Darling, what have you done?"

Will was fussing over the stove, tee shirt damp with sweat and a towel thrown over his shoulder. He'd fully planned on cleaning up and changing before Nigel got there, but things had gotten away from him just a bit. "Sorry, sorry, ahhh...just maybe grab a beer from the fridge and have a seat here at the counter. I have another..." he squinted at a clock on the wall. "...twenty minutes and we'll be good." He cast a grin at the other man and waved his hand at a plate sitting amongst an array of bowls and ingredients in various stages of use. "The sarmale are ready to eat...that was supposed to be the appetizer, uhm..." he scurried back to grab a wooden spoon and stir something on the stove. "You know it's your birthday, and I thought I'd make some Romanian food, make it special for you. This uh, here will be, or is supposed to be Balmos. I'm no cook though, and I'm probably going to butcher this, so in hindsight, this was probably a terrible idea," he chuckled in his rough, hoarse way, cheeks red half from the heat of the stovetop and his own embarrassment.

There were very few people or circumstances that could stun Nigel at this point in his life. And of the few that could, it seemed Will Graham had the market cornered. Standing frozen in place, Nigel could only stare, eyes darting between the stovetop full of foods from his past and his nervous, blushing lover. Something warm and sharp blossomed in the older man's

chest, very much like the fierce, driving need he always felt around his boy, but softer somehow. Gentler. It was a feeling very much like what Nigel had often dreamed of as a boy growing up in the cold institutional setting of the orphanage and again much later as a young man trying to carve a place out for himself in Bucharest's underworld. It was kindness and care, warmth and acceptance. It was what home should have been all along and what, for Nigel, it had never been.

Coming up behind the smaller man, Nigel wrapped his arms tight around Will's shoulders, drawing him into his larger frame and burying his face in curls that smelt of spices and savory herbs. Inhaling deeply, trying to settle himself, Nigel tried like hell to keep his voice from shaking. "I fucking love you, Will."

Will could feel the energy from Nigel and it hit him like a wave. It was good, very good, just...powerful, like everything from the man. He wanted him to be happy, for this to be a good surprise, and he dipped his chin to kiss his forearm. "I love you very much, Nigel." He turned his head as much as he could and kissed him. "Don't thank me though until you actually try some the stuff first," he chuckled quietly, trying to keep things light. "I did make old-fashioned Southern Louisiana cornbread for the Balmos though. Probably not traditional, but I thought it would be tasty with it."

Tightening the embrace for just a moment, Nigel pressed a lingering kiss to Will's cheek before moving away to grab a beer from the fridge and then took his seat at the counter.

"Sounds wonderful, darling. How did you know it was my birthday today? Hell, even I forgot about it." Nigel never bothered celebrating his birthday. For him, it was just another day, nothing special. That Will had bothered to find out when it was and then go out of his way to do something to make it special felt...nice.

Will stirred a savory smelling soup on the stove and checked the oven. He had no actual idea if any of this food would go together, but he hoped it would. "Well...you know how I found the club? I looked you up and that's how I knew your birthday, made a note of it," he said, almost shyly. He picked one of the cabbage rolls up and lifted it to the other man's mouth. "Try one?"

Opening his mouth to take the offering, Nigel made sure to caress Will's fingers with his tongue as he took the roll into his mouth. Flavors he had not tasted in far too long burst against his taste buds and his groan of appreciation was not feigned in the slightest as he chewed. Swallowing it down, Nigel smiled and licked his lips, chasing the taste. "Darling, are you sure you've never made them before because those are perfect! Reminds me of the

ones Darko and I would steal from a small cafe in our old neighborhood every chance we got.”

Will bit his lip as Nigel licked his finger, his face lighting up at the praise. “Really? No, I’ve never made them, I just looked online. I used to watch my Dad cook a lot though, and I know a few things. It’s funny, Romanian isn’t that different from Southern cooking. Heavy on the meat and dairy,” he laughed. “Probably to fuel all the farm work and soak up all the alcohol.”

“I don’t fucking doubt it, angel. We do have that in common. We love to eat and drink.” Smiling wickedly, Nigel couldn’t resist adding, “And while I’m no farmer, all those extra calories *do* come in handy when I’m trying to keep up with you. Greedy, lustful little thing that you are.” Will’s blush was adorable and Nigel loved him all the more for it.

Will gave into temptation a second longer, biting his lip before pressing a palm to the center of Nigel’s chest and standing on tiptoes to kiss him deeply. He hummed, savoring his taste, that intoxicating blend of smoke and beer and honeyed warmth he loved so much. The man’s heart under his hand beat harder, and Will’s little kitten lips curled up at the ends just as a bell rang on the stove. Cursing under his breath, he pulled the towel off his shoulder. “So, dinner is, uhm, ready, I think,” he said a little nervously, aroused from the kiss.

Lids low and lazy with the arousal Will sparked in him so easily, Nigel leaned back in his seat, letting the younger man pull away reluctantly. “Perfect, darling. I’m suddenly fucking *ravenous*. Perhaps after dinner, I’ll have *you* for dessert.” Letting all the *want* and *need*, and yes, the fucking *love* he felt for this wonderful, sweet boy show in the heated look he passed over Will’s body, Nigel smirked fondly as Will blushed harder in response. “You’re fucking lovely when you blush, Will. You know that?”

Hearing Nigel say that in his irresistible, rough, raspy lisp made Will blush an even deeper shade of pink, and he dipped his chin down grinning. “I’ll never get food on the table if you keep saying things like that, Nigel,” he laughed, picking up the soup pot and moving it off the front burner. He bumped Nigel back with his rump so he could open the oven and check the bread and balmos. As he opened the oven, the rich aroma of creamy cheese and corn wafted up. “It’s a bit like a very cheesy polenta. Fuck, it does smell pretty good. With the chicken soup...yeah I don’t know if any of this actually goes together but I mean...” he laughed and pulled the trays out of the oven, carrying them to the table to place on potholders already there.

Moving to help as he could, Nigel grinned. “That’s the beauty of Romanian foods, gorgeous! You cook what you’re in the mood for and it all somehow works to fit together.” Pressing a quick kiss to the boy’s temple as he passed him, Nigel winked. “And if not, that’s what the alcohol is for.”

Will’s small table was crowded with foods from his past, warming the older man’s heart in a way he had never experienced before Will had swept into and then taken over his life. The soup and the cabbage rolls crowded in with the freshly baked cornbread and balmos creating a veritable feast. All due to the quiet efforts of the young man currently sending him nervous glances. Nigel snorted softly to himself. As if anything Will offered him would ever be rejected or found lacking.

Looping a long arm around Will’s waist, Nigel drew him in, cradling the smaller frame gently in his arms as he pressed a soft, chaste kiss to his lips. “*Mulțumesc*, Will.”

“*La Mulți Ani*, Nigel” Will said with a shy grin, knowing he probably butchered the pronunciation, but trying anyway. He felt so cherished and loved by the Romanian, in a way no one had made him feel before.

Will sat at the table and spooned the chicken soup into their bowls. The rich scent of chicken and vegetables filled the air, which he topped with sour cream and parsley. “This is supposed to be Ciorba Radauteana. I just replaced tripe with chicken because...it was less intimidating for me,” he chuckled. After adding a bit of the balmos and cornbread, he served himself and sat next to Nigel. His bright blue eyes watched the older man, eager to see if he liked it.

Under Will’s watchful eye, Nigel deliberately kept his face grave and blank as he took the first bite from his plate. Taking his time, chewing slowly, Nigel swallowed and carefully placed his silverware down on the edge of his plate before reaching for his beer. Again, taking his time just to watch the boy squirm in his seat with anticipation of his reaction, the older man took several slow pulls from the bottle before returning it to its place. Turning a bit in his seat, face serious and voice solemn, Nigel took both of Will’s hands in his.

“Darling, I want to ask you something, and I want you to carefully consider your reply before you answer. It’s something very important, so think carefully. Do you promise?”

Will's whole face fell, his heart already feeling crushed at the edges. "We can just go get pizza. I-I-I'm sorry I...I ruined everything I know. I guess at least the rolls came out but..." his lower lip trembled as he tried to keep his composure.

"Will." Nigel's voice was stern. "You're not listening again, gorgeous. What I was going to ask you was just what it would take to convince you to quit your job, move in with me and be my full-time housewife. I haven't had food this delicious since I left Bucharest!" Grinning wickedly, Nigel tugged the flustered boy from his chair and tumbled him into his lap. "And I think you would look fucking hot in nothing but an apron!" Laughing as Will began to struggle in his arms, Nigel tried to capture frowning lips with his between flailing hands pushing him away.

Will blushed all the way up to his ears smiling at that. "Housewife nothing, stop it, come on cut it the fuck out, I'm not a puppy," he protested, squirming.

"Fine, not a housewife then, but you'll wear the apron, yeah?" Nigel grinned, finally getting to steal the kiss he was after. "And cook for me like this again once in a while? It really is fucking fantastic, love."

"So you mean you like it then?" he replied as he wriggled in Nigel's lap. He considered his words, wondering if he was kidding. "Are you serious ... about all of it? I-I mean you know it's a little ...complicated," Will said breathily, but as he ran one finger down the side of the older man's sharp cheekbones to his jawline, he couldn't deny how in love he was. Nigel made him feel so treasured and loved and complete. He leaned closer and kissed his lips. "I do *want* to, though," he whispered.

Nigel sat back in his chair, the playfulness gone from his eyes as he considered. Speaking slowly, as if picking his words carefully, he nodded. "I meant it. I don't expect you to quit your job, but yeah...I would fucking love to have you living with me, Will. To be able to share space, to sleep in our bed with you wrapped up in my arms every night...hell yeah, I fucking want that."

Will stared into his lover's eyes, feeling that heavy warmth in his belly, one that wasn't at all unfamiliar or unwelcome. It had become part and parcel of spending time with Nigel, something that came over him unexpectedly. "I would love to if you really do want that- yes, Nigel...yes. But we will need to negotiate the wearing nothing but an apron business," he said with a grimace.

“Oh, but darling, I should warn you now, I am a *very* good negotiator. You don’t stand a chance of winning against me. I’ll have you in our kitchen in nothing but an apron by the end of the first week,” Nigel growled, taking the boy’s mouth in a ferocious kiss, using the aggressive move to mask the pure joy Will’s answer brought him. His boy, living in his condo, turning it from a place Nigel lived into the home the Romanian had always longed for but had never had. He didn’t deserve Will, would never deserve him or the love the younger man so freely offered, but by God, Nigel would take it and happily spend the rest of his life making sure his boy wanted for nothing, giving him everything and loving him with all the fierce force of his heart and soul.

Pulling back just enough so that he could gaze into ocean blue eyes, Nigel ignored the rising lust straining against his zipper to murmur tenderly against the mouth he had taken so brutally only moments before. “You make so fucking happy, angel, you know that?”

Of course stubborn, rebellious Will knew he wouldn’t actually wear *nothing but an apron*, though he was sure Nigel would try to make him. For now, though, it was his birthday and he’d humor him with the visual, plus his kisses felt so fucking good. In fact, if it weren’t at the risk of all the food he’d spent so much time on going cold, he was very tempted to forgo dinner altogether. “You...ahhh....you make me happy too. Jury’s still out on the apron, and I want to do more of *this*, ” he teased, his hand moving between Nigel’s legs to squeeze his erection through his trousers, “but the food’s gonna get cold,” he smirked, rubbing him before letting go, kissing him again and climbing off his lap.

Letting Will go with a growl, Nigel turned back to the table and picked up his fork again. “Can’t fucking have that, now can we?” Tucking into the food with gusto, Nigel chewed and swallowed with a grin. “It’s gonna happen though, Will. Just you fucking wait and see, darling. I’ll have you perched on top of my granite countertop, legs spread wide, a frilly little apron shoved up around your waist while I fill my mouth with something just as delicious as your cooking.” Winking at the flabbergasted look on Will’s face, Nigel continued to eat as though he hadn’t just said something so completely outrageous. He loved teasing his boy, the younger man blushed so beautifully while eating up every word like he was starved. It really was Will’s own fault; how he expected Nigel to resist when he responded like that was beyond him. “And when you’re squirming and begging me to take you, making all those cute little needy sounds I fucking love so much, I’ll flip you onto your belly, bend you over that counter and use your apron strings to haul your tight little ass back onto my cock while I fuck you silly.”

Will’s cock filled immediately, cheeks burning crimson right to the tips of his ears, but Nigel knew that would happen. He did it on purpose, Will was positive. He covered his gasp around

a mouthful of food, brows knitted together as he struggled to keep his composure and shot Nigel a chastising look. Chewing and swallowing thoroughly, he licked his lips and took a swig of beer. "I think you could do all that without the apron, you know," he remarked sassily, smirking.

Laughing, Nigel shrugged lazily. "Course I fucking can, gorgeous, but now the idea's in my head. And once I set my mind on something, I always find a way to get what I want. You should know that by now. But I can be patient." Deciding he had teased his boy enough, for now anyway, Nigel instead began telling him stories about growing up in Bucharest. Funny stories about Nigel and Darko getting in trouble, the close scrapes they had with the juvenile authorities and all the crazy shit they got up to when they managed to escape the confining walls of the orphanage.

It was the best-damned meal Nigel could ever remember having.

After dinner, the two lounged in Will's tiny living room where he'd arranged a couple of small boxes atop a larger one. He'd had the shopkeeper wrap everything for him, jet black, shiny wrapping paper with silver ribbon. He thought maybe it looked more manly. Picking up one of the smaller boxes, he handed it to Nigel, rubbing his knee. "Just a couple things. The main gift is the big box," he said with a little grin.

Nigel took the small box with an almost shy smile. After their rise to power, lots of people had given Nigel gifts over the years. But they had been seeking his favor, every one of them wanting something in return. All Will wanted was to make Nigel happy. *These* gifts meant something. Carefully peeling away the slick wrapping paper and pulling the lid from the box, Nigel hummed in appreciation. Nestled in a small bed of tissue paper, a gleaming silver bracelet glittered softly. Holding it up to the light, Nigel admired the gift. Clean and masculine, it fit his personality to a T and when he slipped it around his wrist, it fit perfectly.

"Thank you, darling. I love it!" Leaning in, he pressed a quick kiss to Will's smiling mouth.

Will exhaled and touched the side of his neck- he was so relieved he liked it. "I'm so glad...hmmm...ok next one," he urged, pressing the second small box in his hand.

The second gift opened as easily as the first in the Romanian's hands, paper and lid falling to the floor with a quiet shuffle of sound. There was a moment's pause before Nigel dipped a finger into the box and slowly lifted out what lay inside. A single golden eyebrow cocked suggestively as he turned to the fidgeting man beside him, the wispy material of a very fine pair of black silk boxers dangling from his uplifted hand. "Well now darling," Nigel drawled playfully, "this is unexpected. What naughty thoughts have you been entertaining lately?"

The apple's of Will's cheeks warmed as he smirked and licked his lips, sharp teeth biting his lower lip as he looked up at Nigel through his lashes. "I thought I'd like to see you in these, you know...I really...you're so...you're really sexy," he blushed. "You're hot, you'll look hot in them," he said more confidently, trying to recover.

Nigel smirked, pulling Will close with a tug at the back of his neck, taking his mouth in a slow, sensual kiss, lips coaxing Will's to open and sliding his tongue deep inside to stroke over every inch of the boy's mouth he could reach. Slowly pulling back, Nigel purred softly. "You made dinner, darling. I suppose it's only fair I put on the show." Winking playfully, Nigel sat back on the couch, hands running over the cool silk still clenched in his fist.

Will didn't have any need to hide how shamelessly hard he was from that kiss, his chest rising and falling slowly. "There *is* one more gift. The big box. Might...come in handy. Open it?" Will prodded, handing it to him even as he thumbed open the fly of his own jeans just to make a little room.

Eyeing Will's obvious arousal with a playful leer, Nigel couldn't resist commenting on it even as he reached for the last box. "Are you sure it's *this* box you want me opening up right now, gorgeous? You seem to be in a bit of a *hard* way right now. I'd be happy to offer a helping hand or two."

Will exhaled and licked his lips suggestively. "Technically, that's *not* the *last* gift, but the more you talk, the longer you wait. I want my dessert, you know, so..." he impatiently grabbed for the ribbon and yanked it, tossing it to the side playfully.

"Greedy boy," Nigel laughed, pulling the lid off the box and tossing it on the floor. Pushing tissue paper away, he glanced down. "Oh, darling... This is..." His voice trailed off as his hands ran over exquisite leather, the texture smooth and soft as butter. Carefully lifting the garment, Nigel shook it out, staring in surprise at the thoughtful gift. A warm, soft brown, the leather jacket was beautifully made and was definitely something Nigel would have chosen

for himself. It had also most likely cost the younger man a month's salary. Turning to face him, Nigel was at a loss as to what to say. "Will, this is... Thank you. I love it."

Will's face was alight with joy; he was so happy Nigel liked it. "I could just see you in it and knew it was you. Now," he said, his eyes darkening, "I think it would go really well with the boxers. I think maybe you should try them on. Just the boxers and the jacket. And then- your *real* gift," he said, rubbing the side of his mouth and eyeing his crotch hungrily.

Laughing at the outrageous demand, Nigel shook his head fondly. "Alright, darling. If you've developed a clothing fetish, I'm happy to feed the fantasy. Be right back." Standing from the couch, Nigel carried the boxers and jacket with him to the bathroom. From the look on Will's face, he was going to enjoy the next part of the evening immensely.

Stripping out of his clothing quickly, Nigel slid the gifted boxers up his legs, shivering as they settled over him. The cool silk caressed his skin like a kiss and he could already tell they would cling and slide over him with every step. In the past, he had just worn his serviceable boxer-briefs if he bothered with underwear at all. This was altogether different. *Fucking distracting, is what it is*, he thought to himself. He might have to buy a few more pairs to sleep in. Shelving the idea, for now, Nigel drew the jacket on next. Lined with some kind of soft, slick material, the jacket itself was surprisingly lightweight. And it fit him perfectly. Checking himself one more time in the mirror, Nigel smirked. Damned if he didn't look good. He might have to let Will shop for him more often. Opening the door, Nigel propped himself up against the frame, arms above his head gripping the wood lightly, leaning in and letting his body stretch in a lazy display of muscle and power. "Where do you want me, darling?"

Will was stripped down to a pair of scandalously small, black bikini briefs by the time Nigel came out, kneeling beside the couch with a fresh beer, pack of smokes, lighter and ashtray all lined up like he was a king. He sat back on his heels, palms flat on his thighs, looking up adoringly at the Romanian with lips parted in a gasp. "Wow," was all he could manage as he admired the other man head to foot.

Stalking over to where his boy was waiting, Nigel ran a hand through Will's curls possessively. "Look at you...fucking gorgeous Will." And he truly was. All but bare, just a small scrap of cloth shielding him from Nigel's hungry gaze. Long and lean, all taut muscle and grace and *so fucking pretty* kneeling at Nigel's feet. A very fucking perfect gift indeed. "What do you want, darling?"

“I want you to sit in this chair and let me give you the best birthday blow job you’ve ever had in your life. Does that sound okay?” he asked, thick, dark lashes fluttering against pink cheeks. He sat up just enough to arch his back, the bikini dipping low as the v of his hips pointed directly towards the soft tuft of hair leading down into the waistband of the flimsy underwear that was already bulging with his arousal.

“Careful, gorgeous. You’re going to spoil me.” Nigel murmured, smiling as he slid into the chair, leaning back in the cushions and letting his legs sprawl wide. “But I promise not to fucking complain if you do.” Curious to see just how bold Will was willing to be, Nigel let his hands settle on the armrests of the chair and waited, content to let the younger man lead for now.

Will crawled closer, body dipped low, brushing his lips over furry calves and thighs and up, until his hands were skating over the thin silk of the boxers. Pressing his body flush against Nigel’s, he gave a coy, sweet smile as he ran his hands over the smooth leather. “Fits perfectly, doesn’t it? The liner even feels good against bare skin, hmm?” he mused, teasing him as he nuzzled up against his neck and kissed softly, nipping with his teeth.

Letting his head fall back against the chair, Nigel hummed appreciatively as Will’s mouth moved over the sensitive skin of his throat. “Yeah, love. It feels fucking amazing and so do you. Love your hot little mouth on me, gorgeous. Always turns me on. Everything about you makes me want you. All the fucking time.” Nigel had no problem admitting the truth and loved how it made Will squirm in pleasure at being praised. Unable to resist, Nigel ran his hands over the long line of the younger man’s back and cupped his ass greedily.

Will’s hands slid between them inside the waistband of the underwear, finding his growing length already hot to the touch. He wrapped slim pale fingers around in a light grip, groaning as he began rocking his hips as he tugged. He decided to try a little of the dirty talk Nigel was so good at himself. “I can’t wait to taste you, feel you choke me, feel your load fill my mouth, my tongue, have you fuck my throat,” he whispered in his ear, darting his tongue out to trace the edge of one lobe.

“*Jesus fucking Christ, Will...*” Snaring the boy’s curls in one fist while kneading one buttock in the other, Nigel crushed soft, plush lips beneath his own, taking Will’s mouth in a hot, opened-mouth kiss that went on and on. The younger man rarely indulged in dirty talk, so hearing those filthy words coming out of his mouth was a huge turn on. “Fuck yeah, darling. Suck me off, make me come for you.” Letting go of the slender body clinging to him, Nigel urged him down between his spread thighs.

Will was only too eager to get started, lips already swollen and cheeks flushed from the rough kiss. He was rock hard, that was just what Nigel did to him- everything about the older man made him lustful, sex-crazed, and shameless like he'd never been in his life. Well, he was making up for lost time, all those years being a shy, awkward wallflower clueless about people gawking at him.

Massaging muscular thighs, Will rubbed the thick length that snaked down the leg of the boxers, the tip extending obscenely from the bottom. Looking up through thick lashes, his pink tongue found the tip and lapped at it just before full lips enveloped and sucked the head, pushing the fabric up just enough to take in the first inch or two. "Mmmm..."

Nigel let a low, pleased sound rumble from his chest at the first, soft lick of Will's tongue against him, eyes narrowing at the seductive tease of petal soft lips moving far too shallowly on his shaft. "Planning on teasing me tonight, darling?" The Romanian only smirked at the hum of agreement Will gave in answer, sighing as the vibrations traveled from the boy's throat, through the tongue now curling around his cockhead and sending pleasure shooting to his groin. Will had gotten very, very good at giving pleasure with his wicked little mouth and seemed to derive a great deal of satisfaction from pushing the boundaries of Nigel's control with this particular act when given the chance. Watching Will slowly, teasingly work his cock between curled lips, Nigel realized with delight that tonight was going to be one of those times. His darling was in the mood to *play*.

Reaching for the soft pack sitting on the side table, Nigel lit up, inhaling deeply as he slouched further into the chair, spreading his legs wider and giving the kneeling man more room to work. Blowing a thick cloud of smoke towards the ceiling, he stared down at the ocean blue eyes glittering up at him. "Go on then, gorgeous. Show me just how far you're willing to take this game."

Will gave him a wicked smirk and tugged the waistband down, pulling a very impressive, thick, length of cock out and stroking with both hands, admiring olive skin shifting over purple veins and up around the fat head. The brunet licked his lips and hummed as he bent down dramatically and took him down in one swallow to the root, right until he felt the tip pushing the air out of his lungs. Nigel was pressed against the back of his throat and filling that small, wet space, and he slid back just enough to hum with him right there so the vibrations would slide up his spine. Slim fingers fondled Nigel's balls as he worked, languidly bobbing up and down as though he had all day and enjoyed it- which he truly, truly did.

Stifling the need to rut deep into the warm, wet recesses working his cock with exquisite force, Nigel forced tense muscles to uncoil, to keep up the pretense of relaxed indifference, even if they both knew it for the lie it was. It was part of the game. Will wanted to watch him unravel, to lose control and shatter for him. And Nigel would. Eventually. In the end, Nigel's control would break; lips snarling and teeth snapping as he reached for the kneeling man, grasping lithe muscle in brutish hands, marking soft flesh with harsh fingers that would force long limbs to spread wide to allow for a wild and possessive taking. Will would push him to it, goad and tease until the older man had no choice but to snatch the boy up off his knees only to flip him to his belly so Nigel could shove his cock deep into tight, willing flesh, fucking his boy as fast and hard and as dirty as they both wanted.

But first, Will would *earn* it.

Face still schooled into an indifferent smirk. Nigel took another lazy drag from the cigarette dangling from his fingers, smoke drifting from his nostrils in long streams. "Oh, darling...surely you can do better than that."

Will tugged the paper thin skin up over his cockhead, slithering his tongue in the hollow and flicking inside over the tip before pushing it back down, licking over the slit, pressing firmly over the prominent vein running along the front. He smirked around the fat meat filling his mouth even as his saliva dribbled messily out the side. Slipping off, he licked down to Nigel's balls, wide, watering cerulean eyes looking up at him as he sucked one in and rolled it on his tongue delicately as a hand crept up his chest to knead and pinch a flat brown nipple. "Mmmmm-hmmm..." he hummed around him.

The hand teasing over Nigel's nipple was captured easily and moved to press over the slow, steady beat of his heart while the older man's other plucked the nearly finished cigarette from mocking lips. "Better, darling. But..." Crushing the smoldering tip into the glass ashtray Will had so thoughtfully provided, Nigel carefully brushed messy curls off the boy's forehead before long, smoke-scented fingers snared tight. Tugging Will's face up, Nigel dragged the head of his cock slowly over wet, plush lips, watching with burning eyes as the ridged head caught and pushed them out of shape. "Open your mouth and do it properly, little boy."

Palming the back of Will's head, Nigel's hand was heavy, applying steady and undeniable pressure.

Those magical words went straight to Will's cock, and even as he heard them in Nigel's thick-accented lisp, he felt a drop of pre-come gather at the tip of his own erection. He pressed down on himself impatiently, the bead soaking the front of his thin, very small bikini, and he did just as Nigel asked. Parting his ruby lips wider, he swallowed him to the root,

maintained eye contact as long as he could until he felt himself begin to choke. Refusing to stop, he paused long enough to take a breath and continued, working into a steady rhythm, hard and fast, accompanied by Will's gasps and the wet squelch of Nigel's cock hitting the back of his throat over and over. He gripped his thighs for balance, very nearly fucking himself on Nigel's cock as rough and fast as he went. Tears streamed down his face and saliva dripped down his chin, but he was stubborn and determined to call Nigel's bluff - all in the name of pleasure of course.

There was something captivatingly beautiful about watching Will work so hard to please him, choking and gagging himself on Nigel's cock all in the pursuit of wrecking the Romanian's control. That kind of behavior deserved a reward. Allowing a single, deep groan to hiss past his lips, Nigel cradled Will's head between both hands, stilling the frantic bobbing and holding him steady. Panting shallow breaths, Nigel gave a slow roll of his hips as he fucked himself back into the furnace of the boy's mouth. And Will took it, took it all, letting Nigel fuck his mouth, ocean blue eyes glittering from beneath sweaty curls. "Such a good boy... God, your fucking mouth! *Fuck*, suck me harder, Will." Panting in earnest now, Nigel's hips were moving faster now, pistoning into Will's mouth almost violently. "Gonna be the end of me, angel."

The trembling in Nigel's thighs and belly, the rasp in his voice, his words, they were all perfect encouragement for Will, and he hollowed his cheeks, doing exactly as he was told. He sucked harder, rolling Nigel's balls in one palm and gripping his thigh for leverage with the other. Moaning around him, he closed his eyes, timing his inhales with the tight press of that thick head as it closed his airway. He moved into that sacred headspace where everything was light and blurry and euphoric, every cell of his being centered in Nigel's pleasure, and in some strange way, it gave him a heady thrill. A feeling of power and pleasure that was almost as perfect as receiving. Sometimes he wondered if he preferred this to it.

Nigel could feel his balls drawing up, impending orgasm tightening in his groin and punching the air from his lungs with every thrust. Amber eyes roamed over the lithe form kneeling before him, taking in the hungry eyes, the taut muscles, the outline of a straining cock caught tight in a tiny snatch of black cloth, the damp spot spreading across the front. Will was *hard*, and he was *wanting*. And *goddamn* if Nigel was going to let it end like this. He could be selfish another day, spill his pleasure into the perfection of Will's mouth another night. Right now, he wanted Will to come apart with him.

Decision made, Nigel moved fast, tugging Will off his aching length despite the mewled protests, up and into his lap in a flurry of motion, forcing the younger man to straddle him while taking his mouth in a voracious kiss before thrusting two fingers into his wet, welcoming mouth. "*Suck*." The order was half growled, a deep, lust-filled utterance that rumbled from his chest to the accompaniment of ripping silk as Nigel's other hand tore the tiny bikini shorts from Will's body, the scraps tossed to the floor carelessly.

Dark lashes clung wetly to flushed cheeks as Will looked up coyly at the Romanian, his swollen lips resisting a smirk, and he obediently took the thick fingers offered him, sucking lewdly. He whimpered a bit when the underwear was torn free, wiggling his hips as he remained kneeling. He swirled his tongue around Nigel's fingers, arching his back.

Pulling his fingers from Will's mouth, Nigel palmed wiggling buttocks to pry them apart, wetted fingers searching for a tight opening. What he found instead had his eyebrows hitching wide in surprise. Nudging at a hard rubber flange, he watched the boy in his lap gasp as the plug moved with Nigel's manipulation. "And what the fuck is all this, darling? Felt like experimenting a bit, did you?" Tapping the tip nestled between Will's cheeks sharply, Nigel laughed with lustful delight. "What a dirty boy you've become, Will Graham."

"I ordered it online because I read it helps to make the uh...*bottom ready* so you don't have to do anything except pull it out and...fuck me," Will said, the last part almost whispered as he rocked himself eagerly in Nigel's lap. The truth was he'd really hoped Nigel would want this but even if he hadn't he figured it would feel amazing no matter what tonight's outcome was.

Images of Will researching and choosing just the right plug, probably blushing the whole time, then opening the package when it arrived, giddy with forbidden excitement and then hiding it away until today...Waiting until just before Nigel was due to arrive to prepare himself, lubed fingers working himself open, nervous about using the toy for the first time, slowly pushing the hard rubber nub past the tight ring of his opening, sighing and moaning as it slid in and nestled deep inside, gasping as every shift of his body made the tip of the tear-shaped flange brush over his prostate...

Snatching the boy closer, crushing their chests together, Nigel nipped at Will's smiling mouth. "Turn the fuck around, darling. Daddy wants to see..."

That word, that name...Nigel's furry chest rubbing against his sensitive nipples, not to mention how every movement drove the toy deeper, shifting across his already overstimulated prostate. Gods, he needed something bigger, harder, he needed Nigel's cock. Obeying, he stood on shaky legs and spread them, bending forward and looking back. "You mean, like this, *Daddy?*" he nearly cooed, biting his lip and popping his booty out alluringly.

Seeing that lithe body move and bend at his command, pliant and obedient, *just fucking did it for him...* There was nothing more beautiful in this world to Nigel than Will, whether he was being belligerent and full of sass or sweet and submissive. But when the younger man was as he was right now... Long arms snapped out to grasp at slender hips, dragging the boy inexorably back to the man that owned him body and soul, pulling until he tumbled back into Nigel's lap with a yelp. A strong hand wrapped carefully around the long column of the young man's throat, yanking hard enough that Will's back landed flush with Nigel's chest. A deep growl built volume, rumbling up to purr in Will's ear, hot breath fanning the curls at his temple.

"Fucking minx... *the things I am going to do to you tonight...*" Sucking a deep bruise into the soft skin below the boy's ear, Nigel smirked at the moan Will couldn't contain. Sliding his grip from Will's throat to his nape, he pressed until the younger man was forced forward and down, bent until his head lay against Nigel's knees. Squeezing once for emphasis, Nigel murmured a quiet, "Stay." Smugly confident that he would be obeyed, the Romanian released his grip and slid his hand down the smooth, muscular back stretched before him, pressing to deepen the curve and force his lover's hips to tilt beautifully, the black tip of the plug winking up at him from between the round globes of Will's ass. Cupping one cheek in each big palm, Nigel pushed them apart, staring with hungry eyes and running his tongue over lips curled in anticipation.

"It's...ahh...it's not enough. Please, Nigel," Will begged, voice ragged, breath hot on his knee. If he shifted his hips the smallest bit, he had almost enough friction to send a jolt of pleasure rippling up his body, but Nigel held him still enough to limit the movement. "Oh god, I need to feel you," he whispered, almost too quiet to hear.

"Do you now, love?" Softly murmured, the quiet words almost absently delivered, the older man's full attention snared and captured by the tight, fluttering clutch of Will's lube-wet rim around the wide neck of the toy nestled between his cheeks. Long fingers grasped the tip, tugging gently and slowly twirling, listening to the soft gasps falling from his lover's lips before they bled into a high pitched keening sound of pleasure when Nigel pushed firmly on the plug, forcing it deeper to rub over where Will was most sensitive. "Seems you're feeling quite a fucking lot already, darling..." Nigel pulled on the toy again, just enough to watch the twitching ring of muscle begin to stretch as the wider section of the plug came into play. Pushing it back in, Nigel thoroughly enjoyed the tiny, pleading noises Will made for him. And the more Will squirmed on his lap, the more Nigel could feel the boy's throbbing cock leak against his thighs. "Greedy boy, you're enjoying this, aren't you? My naughty, gorgeous little Will..."

Will decided he was going to need to ramp things up if he was going to get Nigel inside him, and the sassy brunet was growing impatient, rutting against his thigh for relief. "Don't you

like how I feel? How hot I am inside, the way I fit you perfect and take every inch of you tight, suck you in, pull the come out of you like you can't stop it? Like my hole was made just for you alone, for your big fat dick? Fuck, please...please...fuck me, *daddy*... ” he begged, voice thin and reedy with desperation.

The lewd words made Nigel's own aching length throb painfully, reminding him that he had been hard for far too long. But the Romanian hadn't gotten to where he was in life by letting himself be goaded into acting before he was ready. A heavy palm came down on Will's left buttock hard enough to leave a livid imprint before slowly rubbing in the sting of the spank. “Filthy, demanding little thing, aren't you, darling? If you want my cock so badly, *this*,” Nigel tugged and twisted the plug teasingly, smiling wickedly at the way Will trembled beneath the slight touches, “will have to come out. And since you've decided to be a brat and rush me opening my present, you can go ahead and finish the job.” Reaching for one of Will's wrists, Nigel wrapped his fingers around the slender joint before guiding the boy's hand back between his own cheeks. Releasing him, Nigel cupped his ass and spread him wide, watching with lust blown eyes as trembling fingers grasped the tip hesitantly. “Go on, love. Open my gift so I can enjoy it properly...” Smooth as sin and sweet as honey, Nigel's voice coaxed and encouraged.

Will gasped, knowing full well every movement pulled him tremblingly close to climax, and he'd be damned if he would come without Nigel's cock inside him. Gingerly he tugged, biting his lip until he drew blood, eyes screwed shut, fighting against his own body that wanted to suck the toy back in. His muscles clenched around the plastic and he exhaled deeply, pulling it out at last with a wet squelch. The immediate aching emptiness left him agape and wanting worse than before. He sat up, using his arms to anchor himself back against Nigel's chest and crane his neck to twist enough to kiss him roughly. “Nigel...” he panted.

Nigel watched in fascinated arousal as Will obeyed him, the newness of this act evident in the trembling, hesitant fingers as he slowly worked the toy from his body. Watched as the boy's opening resisted, tightening in reluctance to let the rubber go, watched as Will forced his muscles to relax enough to let it finally slip free to be tossed carelessly to the floor. When Will sat back, leaning into him to catch their mouths in a rough kiss, Nigel returned it hungrily, licking into the younger man's panting mouth to dance their tongues together almost frantically. “Such a good boy, so fucking hot and sexy...” Nigel was hanging on to his control by only a few, frayed strands now, and they were quickly being strained to the breaking point by the whimpered begging noises Will was pressing into his jaw, begging Nigel to take him, to fuck him, now, now, *now*.

“Shhh, I've got you, Will. High time I gave us both what we fucking need.” A strong hand wrapped around the younger man's waist, urging him to lift just enough off Nigel's lap so the

man's other hand could grasp himself at the base, alining the fat, leaking head of his cock up against the stretched and lubed opening made ready for him. Nigel urged Will down, tightening his grip on the hip he held, pulling him onto his cock and the boy went eagerly, sliding down Nigel's pulsing length with greedy thrusts of his hips. The plug had done its job, keeping Will's body open and ready for the hard flesh now invading him, the excessive amount of lube the younger man had used making lewd, squelching sounds as Will settled back in Nigel's lap, taking him to the hilt.

Head thrown back, Will let out a long, low moan as inch after girthy inch invaded the confines of his ass, stretching him until he felt he could take no more. He was stuffed full, and while the toy had helped, it still burned; Nigel was so thick, and curved at the tip in just the right way where he needed that delicious pressure most.

Another desperate kiss, foreign words whispered from Nigel's lips, both praising and cursing the siren that held him sheathed, words of love and sex that seemed endless as their mouths coupled again and again. "When I'm done, when you've milked every last fucking bit of spunk from my aching balls that I have to give, when I've buried my seed as deep into your hot little body as I can fucking get, I'm gonna put that plug back in, gorgeous. Stop you up and keep you full of my spend until I'm ready to fuck you again. Over and over, all fucking night, until you're swollen with keeping me inside you." Nigel emphasized the growled words with a slow roll of his hips, eating Will's whimpered response from his lips.

The words made Will lightheaded, drunk with lust and depraved need. He wanted to be covered and filled with Nigel's come, sticky head to toe, would bathe in it if he could, and visions of him going to work in uniform, wearing a butt plug while his ass was full of Nigel's seed made his cock throb and a fresh drop of pre-come ooze down the side of his shaft. "I want to always be marked as yours, always have your come inside me Nigel, oh fuck...all over me...I'll go to work with it, hmm?" he whispered, hips undulating in Nigel's lap as he flexed his ass up and down, working over the Romanian's shaft.

Nigel loved watching Will's body take him in, the eager way the boy's opening stretched for him and clung greedily and inviting no matter what position Nigel had him in. Whether on his back or on his knees with Nigel taking him from behind or bouncing wantonly in the older man's lap, Will's tight little hole always parted reluctantly at first before giving way, sucking him in and squeezing like a vice, demanding and needy and always wanting more.

With the way Will was riding him now, almost a reverse cowboy, not only could Nigel watch as he fucked into his boy's body, he was treated to the pleasure of seeing the way the younger man's back flexed and tensed as he rode the thick cock piercing him open and the beautiful bounce of the lush globes of Will's ass every time they slapped against Nigel's thighs on a downstroke. Ocean blue eyes peered at him over Will's shoulder and plump, wet lips hung open, gasps and moans falling from the younger man's mouth as he worked them both towards completion. Nigel couldn't keep his hands from wandering over the soft skin of his

lover's body, broad palms and long fingers greedily stroking and caressing every inch he could reach. "Beautiful, gorgeous, *fucking* perfect Will... What you do to me, darling..."

With every downward thrust, gravity pushing Will down, ass cheeks slapping against Nigel's thighs, the bulbous head brushed against his prostate. It sent sparks shooting up his spine, and he arched back, holding back nothing as lewd moans and curses spilled from his lips. He had one hand around his own cock, stroking himself as he rode the Romanian. "Oh god, that's so good, oh fuck Nigel, like that," he sighed, rocking faster in his lap.

Every rock of Will's hips, every bounce and slap of their flesh colliding, every desperate gasp and lewd moan from Will's mouth pulled Nigel closer and closer to the precipice, orgasm hoving close enough to send familiar streaks of lightning to gather at the base of his spine in warning. Knowing he had only moments left before he gave in to the inevitable, Nigel did the one thing guaranteed to drag his lover down into madness with him.

Will's head was thrown back in his pleasure, baring the long column of his neck in a beautiful arc, tempting and vulnerable. Left hand still on Will's hip to encourage him to an even faster pace, Nigel's other slid up the sweat-slicked skin of the boy's chest to slowly wrap around his throat, drawing the smaller body back against his until they were pressed flush once more.

Long fingers gripped expertly, using steadily increasing pressure to slow the flow of blood to the brain as Nigel snarled into the delicate shell of Will's ear.

"You win, darling. Consider my control fucking *snapped*." Pinned at throat and hip, the younger man was held helplessly in place atop his lover and could only shudder his pleasure as Nigel began to fuck him in earnest. Short, staccato thrusts powered into Will's writhing body, Nigel angling his thrusts to nail his prostate every time now, desperate in his need to drive the other man to climax with him. "I'm going to come soon, Will. Gonna pump my spunk as deep into your tight little ass as I can get. *This* is what you wanted, yeah? To break my control, push me to my fucking limits until I can't help coming for you?" The words were a hiss now, punctuated with grunts and gasps, every word meant, every syllable full of desperate, obsessive love. "So I'll fucking break for you, angel. But by God, I'm not going to fucking break alone!" Chest heaving with effort now, Nigel fucked into Will harder, faster, giving himself over completely to the joy of losing himself in his lover as he panted the words against Will's throat.

Of course, Nigel knew what he was doing, knew exactly how to wring pleasure from Will and play him like a skilled instrument. As that large hand tightened around his throat, he felt the pressure build and just like that, it burst through him like lightning, from his balls all the way up his spine. It pulled up his shaft, thick creamy shots of come from the head spilling over his belly. He groaned and rode Nigel hard, chasing his pleasure as he used it to get every last drop out. "Oh fuck, fuck, oh fuck, Nigel..!"

Will's climax triggered Nigel's own end, tearing a roar from the older man's throat along with his orgasm, both men caught in the overwhelming wave of pleasure as they rode out the onslaught together. Shuddering through the last of it, Nigel managed to manhandle them both to the floor without disconnecting from where they were joined, curling around Will's still trembling form with a sigh. While not the most comfortable places to rest, there was no way Nigel was moving for a while. And to be honest, it wasn't much worse than Will's mattress. The older man smiled as he realized they wouldn't be going shopping for that new bed after all but instead they would be packing Will's things up to move him into Nigel's place. Anticipation curled in his chest at the thought, Nigel wondering how fast he could make that happen. Stretching slightly behind Will, Nigel groaned softly at the pull of tired muscles. *Definitely not happening tonight*, he thought with a self-deprecating grin.

His movements had dislodged his softening cock from Will's body and the evidence of Nigel's pleasure was now making a wet path down the boy's thigh. The sight reminded Nigel of what he had promised and what Will had so eagerly agreed to, so he reached out to pluck the plug up from where it lay on top of Will's clothing. Gently prodding the younger man up onto his hands and knees, Nigel slowly, teasingly pressed the plug against the well-fucked opening. "You still want this, darling?"

Will was utterly boneless, taken apart from bliss, and didn't want to have Nigel leave his side. "Just as long as you get back here behind me again, mmm, yes...put it back in. It's...pretty hot. Never done that before, or even thought of it. Or wanted to. Until now," he smirked, looking over one bare shoulder at his lover. God, Nigel was sexy as hell like this. Sweaty, tanned, his silvery blond hair hanging in tendrils along his forehead, muscles catching the light and glistening. He felt lucky. So damn lucky.

Chuckling softly at the sassy words, warmed by the affection and want in his boy's eyes, Nigel slid the toy home without further teasing. Letting Will settle back onto the floor, he curled back around the smaller man as requested, wrapping him up in his arms and pulling him close so he could nuzzle his face into Will's soft curls. Pressing a kiss to the side of Will's neck, Nigel just basked in the happiness he had found.

"Thank you, darling. Thank you for making my birthday something worth celebrating. Before you, it was just another fucking day. You changed that. Changed my whole fucking life, really. So, thank you." Nigel's voice was a bit gruff, not used to expressing such soft emotions, but wanting very badly to convey how much Will meant to him.

Will pulled Nigel's hand up to his lips and pressed them to the center of his palm, where he left a kiss before putting it over his heart. Inside it felt like hot lava, throbbing warm and alive, threatening to burst through his ribs from the intensity of his feeling for the older man. "You changed my life too, you know. You gave me something I didn't know I needed, Nigel. You're...you're everything to me. Happy birthday," he whispered, snuggling back into him with a blissed-out sigh.

Emotions raw and so sharp they hurt were fighting for space in Nigel's heart and he had to clear his throat twice before his voice consented to work again. "Of all the things I have fought for, fucking killed and bled for, all that I have taken, or had given to me in this life, Will... The greatest gift was you."

Caught Out

Chapter Summary

Nigel didn't need Gerard to confirm the three men watching their table so closely were cops. Will's reaction as soon as he got close enough to see them clearly told the Romanian all he needed to know. Body language alone was enough to make it clear there was a shit storm hovering in Will's future, the fallout from being spotted in a very public display with his lover was sure to follow the younger man to work in the coming days. Whether that fallout was going to come from who his lover was or because that lover was another man was still open to question. Either way, there was very little Nigel could do to shield Will from it. That didn't sit well with the older man, the thought turning his mood sour in an instant.

Or Will and Nigel go on a date and run into some of Will's coworkers. Not exactly a good thing.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, CS here. This chapter has a bit of forward-moving plot, a touch of smut and a dash of foreshadowing for things to come. The good news is we have outlined the final few chapters of the story and are hard at work to bring it to you soon!

We hope you enjoy this as much as we did the writing of it!

I edited and of course, we don't own anything but hey, when has that ever stopped us?

Change wasn't something that came easy for Will Graham, but this was the exception. In fact, it seemed like when it came to Nigel, everything was the exception. He had never lived with a romantic partner before - well, he'd never even had a romantic partner before, certainly no one like Nigel. He'd had one girlfriend in high school that had lasted a few months, a couple girls he'd fooled around with, but most of them came and went when they realized how "weird" he was. That had followed him into his adult life.

This thing with Nigel was into month four now, and here he was moving in. A cop living with New Orleans' most notorious drug lord. It was like a set up for some kind of hilarious romantic comedy if it weren't real life, and actually fairly dangerous.

But none of that was on his mind tonight. Tonight he was celebrating his new move, from his run down, shitty apartment into Nigel's spacious, modern, luxurious bachelor pad, with his incredibly comfortable king size bed and enormous jacuzzi tub and rainforest shower and 70-inch flat screen television. It was insane. When he relaxed enough to let the man spoil him a little, he couldn't comprehend what that would mean. He was currently wearing a fitted, dark blue designer shirt that brought out his eyes and black jeans that cupped and shaped his ass like nothing else. Not to mention Nigel himself had used some kind of goopy shit in his hair to form his normally wild curls into shape and made him look actually decent, even in his eyes.

They were in a hot, up and coming jazz club, lowlights and cocktails, and he was sipping on an expensive Japanese bourbon and leaning back on Nigel's arms in a booth, enjoying a small three-piece band playing in the corner. It was perfect.

There was very little Nigel loved more than holding Will in his arms, but being able to do it in public, secure in both his environment and the company surrounding them, made the experience even better. The club Nigel had brought Will to was not on his turf but belonged to an associate that had approached the Romanian after the success of his own club concealing his true business dealings had become apparent. What had begun as a tentative alliance to increase profit had slowly bloomed into a kind of friendship and Nigel felt confident enough in that to bring Will with him tonight. And from what he had seen so far, Gerard had taken everything Nigel had done with his own club, added his own spin and then made it work for him. Classy and high end, nothing about the jazz club hinted at what it was covering up.

The smooth, moody notes of the music blended beautifully with the warm bite of the bourbon they were sipping, relaxing Nigel further as he held Will closer. The younger man was lovely tonight, and Nigel felt pride swell in his chest that Will was his, that this vibrant, enthralling man had chosen to be with him, was happy to be in his arms and was unafraid to be seen in his company. Sometimes Nigel wondered if Will fully comprehended the risk of being in a relationship with him, not just the physical dangers of possibly being caught in the crossfire of something in Nigel's world going to shit, but the ramifications that could come from people in Will's world learning of the relationship. While Nigel took every precaution to keep Will safe from the more dangerous elements of his business, there was little he could do about how the younger man's world would perceive them. Officially, Nigel was an upstanding businessman, but he was well aware of the various ongoing investigations looking into his dealings. The authorities couldn't prove anything, of course, but that wouldn't stop them from turning on Will if they became aware of their entanglement.

Nigel knew they would have to address the situation sooner or later, but he was loath to bring it up, not wanting to burst the bubble of happiness they had existed in for the last four months. And now that Will had moved in with him, he was even more reluctant. Looking down at the man nestled against him, Nigel wondered again, perhaps for the hundredth time, if this was all a dream, if his brain had made Will up out of sheer loneliness. Pressing a kiss to slicked back curls, Nigel decided that he wasn't about to do anything to jeopardize what they had now and if things went to shit, they would deal with the fallout together.

Will hummed in contentment, pressing himself against Nigel's muscular chest, and turning to whisper in his ear. "This is so perfect. I don't think I've ever been so happy," he smiled lazily, the liquor having loosened his muscles, his blue eyes fixed on Nigel's lips. Why did his *boyfriend* have to be so goddamn sexy? Will felt insatiable with him, even now, he found himself wanting to kiss him.

Leaning in to take advantage of the offer in Will's eyes, Nigel licked the sweet taste of bourbon from the other man's lips before taking his mouth in a kiss far too dirty for the very public place they were sitting. Pulling back with a smirk before things could truly get out of hand, Nigel laughed. "That makes fucking two of us, darling." Settling back into the booth, he pulled Will closer into the circle of his arms until the boy was all but sprawled out, half in his lap while long legs stretched out across the leather.

They both turned their attention to the singer that came up onto the stage, a lovely woman that sang like a fallen angel, spinning a tale of love lost and regained. Smooth and smoky, her voice drew the crowd in, Nigel and Will included. But it wasn't long before an itch at the back of the Romanian's neck distracted him from the performance. Nigel knew that feeling, had learned to listen to it from long years of experience. He was being watched.

Emptying his glass, he swiveled his head left and then right, glancing casually around as if in search of a waiter to refill his drink, alert eyes scanning the room for what had triggered his instincts. Nothing seemed out of place at first, but on the second sweep of the room, he spotted them. Three sets of eyes that glanced away from the stage far too many times to linger in the direction of Will and Nigel's booth. Clean cut, but not *too* clean cut. Well dressed but not *too* well dressed. Sipping at their drinks, but slowly. Eyes far too alert for a casual evening out. Either professionals or cops. Since Nigel had spotted them so easily, he was betting on cops. He wondered if Gerard knew he had pigs in his establishment. Best to find out.

When their waiter finally showed up long minutes later, Nigel ordered another drink with the added request for the owner's company, sending the waiter scurrying back to the bar to

whisper in the barkeeper's ear. Looking down at Will, Nigel decided the younger man should not be present for the upcoming conversation. He needed a diplomatic, but honest way to keep Will out of this. The last time Nigel's business has collided with their relationship, things hadn't gone well and Nigel *really* wanted to avoid a repeat.

"Darling, when Gerard comes over, he and I need to have a small chat. Won't take more than a minute or two, but if you could maybe excuse yourself, I think it might be best."

Will felt suddenly a bit more sober, already detecting a slight change in his lover. He looked around but didn't see anything out of place immediately. "Yeah, okay. I will, no problem...but...everything alright?" he asked with a puzzled look. He straightened his spine and shifted a little to sit up more, trying to move casually and yet remain alert.

Nigel considered just feeding Will a pacifying line for about half a second before discarding the idea. While keeping his lover out of harm's way by making sure he knew little to nothing about Nigel's dealings was not only a good idea but one they had mutually agreed upon, lying to Will about a potentially dangerous situation would only blow up in his face as soon as the younger man found out about it.

Tugging Will back into his arms, Nigel nuzzled playfully along his jaw as if he couldn't resist, which wasn't a hard act to pull off. Smiling as if he were whispering sweet nothings in the younger man's ear, Nigel murmured quietly, "I don't know yet. But the table in the back left corner...I don't like the fucking looks of those three."

Will, of course, knew better than to turn and look, but he trusted Nigel enough to know if he suspected something, there was probably a good reason for it. "I'll take a look when I go to the can," he whispered, taking a lazy sip of his whiskey and pulling Nigel's arm closer, kissing the inside of his wrist. Warm, wet lips brushed over his pulse and he left a fluttering lick there before releasing him.

"Minx." Nigel rumbled in response to the teasing caress, hugging Will tighter for a brief moment before releasing him with a gentle nudge. "Go." Gerard was making his way nearer their table and Will did not need to be here for that discussion. If the three men were cops as Nigel suspected, there was a good chance Will would recognize them when he walked past their table. If they were members of another group or organization, Gerard should be aware and if not, they would find out who the fuck they were together. Either way, Will needed to go.

The brunet drained his glass and scooted out of the booth, getting up and looking back at Nigel

once more before heading to the men's room. He scanned the room and zeroed in on the corner right where he'd said those men were seated.

Well, fuck.

Peters, Bishop, and Malloy, from the precinct. And the look on their faces said they had definitely seen the kiss.

He fought to keep his expression stony, and since they'd already exchanged eye contact, there was no avoiding the curt nod he gave them as he walked by. He was on his own fucking time and didn't have to say a word to them.

The problem was, being *out* wasn't exactly accepted in a macho boy's club like the New Orleans Police Department. The modern times hadn't quite caught up to the conservative state, even in a den of hedonism like NoLa; for civilians, it was one thing, but the police force was very patriarchal with its fragile masculinity and sexism. As it was, four months ago Will thought he was straight or at least bi, so this hadn't exactly been a slow realization that he'd had time to work out.

Inside the men's room, he checked the stalls and, satisfied it was empty, slammed his fist on one and yelled a stream of expletives. He'd been so happy, it felt perfect. He liked to stay off the radar at work, low and off the map, quietly working and keeping to himself. Now he has the attention of these fuckers and it could get real shitty real fast.

Nigel didn't need Gerard to confirm the three men watching their table so closely were cops. Will's reaction as soon as he got close enough to see them clearly told the Romanian all he needed to know. Body language alone was enough to make it clear there was a shit storm hovering in Will's future, the fallout from being spotted in a very public display with his lover was sure to follow the younger man to work in the coming days. Whether that fallout

was going to come from who his lover was or because that lover was another man was still open to question. Either way, there was very little Nigel could do to shield Will from it. That didn't sit well with the older man, the thought turning his mood sour in an instant.

Gerard sliding into the booth across from him pulled Nigel from his racing thoughts, the drink the other man set before him a welcome distraction. Throwing half of it back, Nigel snarled against the burn, baring his teeth before setting the glass back down sharply. "Interesting crowd you have in here tonight, Gerard."

The elegantly dressed black man smiled easily, unbuttoning his blue silk suit jacket before leaning back in the booth, dark intelligent eyes glancing lazily over the room to slide casually over the table where the three cops still sat.

"Perhaps you are referring to the swine in the corner? I noticed them, but as they are behaving themselves, I thought it best to just let them be for now. You have to admit, it would be far more suspicious to ask them to leave than to let them stay."

Nigel grunted in unhappy agreement. "So they're not yours then." Nigel hadn't thought they were, but having it confirmed didn't help his mood.

"No, not mine, I'm afraid. From the looks of them, I'd say vice, not beat cops. And I believe they know your companion if their expressions are anything to go by."

Nigel turned his head just enough to be able to see the back of the room in his peripheral. Gerard wasn't wrong, the recognition on the three men's faces was loud and clear as they watched Will make his way back from the men's room. Their expressions were not friendly.

"Well my friend, I'll leave you to enjoy the rest of your evening. Do give my regards to your paramour. I'll call you tomorrow if I find out anything regarding why our three guests are here tonight." Slipping from the booth just as Will reached them, Gerard gave a flamboyant bow in his direction before strolling over to another table to chat up his patrons.

"Gerard is a terrible flirt, darling. Ignore him and come let me hold you." Smiling through the unease crawling up his spine, Nigel held out a hand to draw the younger man down into the booth. Gerard must have heard the comment, for he turned for just an instant to throw a jaunty wink their way.

Will was too focused on the inner turmoil raging through his mind to even notice Gerard. He looked right through him and barely acknowledged the man as he slumped into the booth. He stiffened at Nigel's touch, almost flinching, before sighing and leaning back again. It really didn't matter now; after what they'd seen, there was nothing to hide. "Ah-huh. How did it go?"

Nigel sighed, the mood of the evening lost. "I think you know, darling. For what it's worth, Will...I'm sorry. I know things are going to be fucking hard on you now."

"It's just...yeah it's gonna be...fucking horrendous," he groaned. "I'm not exactly very *friendly* with the other cops, don't hang out with them, and they are all pretty old school about things like... *us*," Will said, gesturing between them. He just wanted to be alone with Nigel and could feel the emotions welling up that he kept pushing down and down. He loved this man whose arms felt like home. But he could possibly lose his job if those cops wanted to make things bad enough for him.

"Fucking assholes. Is there anything I can do to make it easier, darling?" Nigel asked, already knowing the answer. Will would want to handle this on his own, in his own way. Didn't mean Nigel had to like it. He had already memorized the faces of the three cops so he would know who to hunt down if things got too bad.

Will was positive, in fact, that Nigel would wipe them off the planet without a trace should they lay a hand on him, but he was a grown man. "I can handle it. But I'm sure I'll want to see you after my shift," he said with a coy smile. Seeing the concerned look on Nigel's face, he kisses his jaw. "I'll be okay. I'll just talk to them. I'm sure it'll just be some locker talk and then blow over, ya know?"

Letting the younger man nuzzle into him, Nigel turned his head just enough to level a threatening glare over the curly head towards the three men openly staring at them now. Will had best be alright or there would be hell to pay, Nigel would guarantee it. "If you say so, darling." Pulling back just enough to press a kiss to the younger man's forehead, he smiled wickedly. "You about ready to get out of here and head home? Early enough to have a bit of fun and still get a decent night's sleep before work tomorrow, yeah? And then I'll knock off at the club early, come to pick you up when your shift ends and we can have dinner. Sound good?"

Will could just *feel* their stares and was exhausted from what had started so relaxing and wound up anything but. “Sounds good to me,” he replied. Squeezing his hand, he slid out of the booth.

Rising from the booth, Nigel stood to his full height, looming protectively over the smaller man and deliberately placing himself between his lover and the hostile glares being thrown in their direction. “Come on, angel. Let me take you home.” Urging Will forward with a hand at the small of his back, Nigel guided him through the room and towards the exit. Stifling the urge to bare his teeth as they passed the cop’s table, he tried like hell to ignore them until one called out Will’s name.

“Hey, Graham!” Both men turned at the shout and were caught in the blinding glare of a cell phone’s flash. “Smile for the camera!” They laughed at the startled look on Will’s face, but it cut off suddenly when Nigel started towards them with a snarl.

In one stride, Will stepped between the men, both hands firmly in Nigel’s shoulders. “Come on, we’re just leaving, love,” he said to him, using their momentum to try to keep them moving. Photos were bad enough, but Nigel killing a police officer was *not* happening. Using more muscle than he normally would, he roughly manhandled him out the door, leaning most of his weight on the taller, bulkier man. “*Now!!*”

Surprised a bit by the forceful way Will was shoving at him, Nige allowed himself to be dragged out of the club, amused and trying very hard not to show it. He doubted Will would appreciate his humor at the moment. “Alright, alright, darling. I’ll behave. For now, anyway. Handle it your way, then.” Setting aside his rage, for now, Nigel let it settle deep inside for when he would need it later when the shit inevitably hit the fan. “If you’re not going to let me work off my frustrations the way I fucking want to, I think it’s only fair you take me home to bed and let me work them off there, yeah?”

A mischievous smirk played over the young man’s red lips. “That’s exactly what I was planning.”

Will wasn’t looking forward to this at all, but he knew it was like ripping off a band-aid; best to just get it over with and hope it wasn’t as bad as he thought it would be.

He was right. It wasn't as bad as he thought it would be – it was worse.

It started in the office, with Malloy shooting a look at him as he drank his coffee, staring a hole through his head. Bishop, cornering him in the men's room, asking him how his weekend was, trying to look rather pointedly at his junk when he took a piss. It felt as though everyone in the whole place was whispering behind his back. He knew that wasn't likely, but it made his skin crawl and gave him a sick feeling in his gut.

Then Peters, in the locker room, changing at the end of the day out of uniform, watching him like a hawk as he shrugged out of his work clothes and into jeans. Finally, all four men were there together alone, and he'd had enough of their poking all day.

“Do you have something to say to me, gentlemen?” he asked, shorter than all three of them but shoulders squared firmly. If Will was anything, he was never a coward.

Peters leaned against the locker by his head, smirking. “I don't know, Bishop, you got a question for our pretty little officer Graham?” he asked sarcastically.

“Well, last time we saw you, some fucking Romanian drug lord had his tongue halfway down your throat. And last time I checked, you weren't fucking vice. So, why don't you tell us what the fuck you're doing sucking face with a dude, and a fucking drug dealer no less?”

Will's heart stopped in his chest and the color drained from his face. “It's none of your business. I don't answer to any of you,” he whispered, fists balling up at his sides.

Bishop laughed and spit at Will's feet. “Filthy cocksucker. What are you gonna do to keep us from going to IA?” he demanded, punching the locker beside his ear.

“*You can't threaten me*,” Will whispered in a deadly calm voice, eyes darkened, and his clenched fist shot out with unexpected speed, catching Bishop square in the nose as a spray of blood burst from his face. The other two shouted and a fight broke out, one kicking Will in the gut and sending him sprawling to the floor with a moan.

More punching, kicking and cursing continued until Peters yelled for them to stop. Will was slumped against the lockers with a black eye, blood streaming from one corner of his mouth, the other men looking about as bad as he did.

“Keep your fucking mouth shut, Graham, and maybe we will too,” Malloy shouted angrily as they limped away.

Will was home, nursing a bourbon and holding a bag of frozen peas to his eye when Nigel got in, and he was dreading the man seeing the condition he was in worse than he'd dreaded going to work that day.

Nigel had gotten Will's text an hour ago telling him not to come to the station, that Will was going straight home and didn't feel like going out. It had taken everything in him not to ring the other man up immediately, demanding Will tell him what had happened, what was wrong. Because something *was* wrong, Nigel could feel it in his gut. The text had been abrupt in a way his boy never was, not an emoji in sight. And after the run-in with the three cops the night before, Nigel had a pretty good idea of what he might find when he got home.

It didn't make seeing it any easier. Will looked like he had been in one hell of a fight, sitting hunched over on the couch, a drink in one hand and a bag of frozen vegetables in the other.

Carefully controlling the rage that was howling to get out, Nigel walked over to stand in front of where the other man sat, one hand brushing away the homemade ice pack to reveal the swollen eye beneath, already heavily bruised. Gentle touches caressed down Will's cheek, ghosting over the split lips and battered jaw. With every wound witnessed, Nigel's rage grew exponentially, the beast coiled inside of him demanding blood. His boy had been badly beaten and someone was going to *pay*. Long fingers tilted Will's chin up to better survey the damage and Nigel revised his last thought to *several* someones, considering the amount of damage that had been done. Will was a scrapper, wouldn't have allowed just one man to land this many blows. One on one, he was more than capable of handling himself. The only reason Nigel had taken him so easily that first night was due to a combination of surprise and the fact that Will hadn't really wanted to win. That and Nigel was a damned dirty fighter.

“All three of them then, was it?” Voice deceptively calm, the words almost gentle, giving no hint at the nightmare being birthed beneath the older man's skin.

Will knew he didn't have to answer- Nigel already knew just looking at him. "It's worse than just...I think they might go to IA. They know who you are. I'm fucked. I'm really, really fucked." Will's voice was a rough whisper, blue eyes cast down, and as strong as he'd been all day, he'd been a live wire of tension and could feel the threads unraveling as he found his breath and safety with Nigel. He reached out to touch him, just hold his hand, trembling.

Nigel ran his thumb softly over the split knuckles of the hand clinging with quiet despair to his, offering comfort while the gears turned furiously in his mind. Reaching into his pocket with his free hand, he withdrew his phone, dialing quickly and speaking calmly in Romanian when the line was picked up.

"Three cops, probably vice. Bishop, Peters, and Malloy. I want to know every fucking thing there is know about them. Where they live, where they sleep, where they eat and where they go to get drunk. I want to know who they're fucking and when. If they're dirty, I want to know who's fucking pocket they get paid from. If they're not dirty, find out the easiest fucking way to make it look like they are. Go as far back as it takes." Hanging up without waiting for a reply, Nigel brought Will's hand to his mouth, pressing a kiss to the broken, battered flesh.

"We tried it your way darling. Now we'll fucking do it mine."

Will licked his lips anxiously and looked up wide-eyed at Nigel. He didn't understand Romanian, but he picked out their names easily enough. It wasn't hard to speculate what Nigel was asking for. "What does that mean for me? They launch an investigation and out me as...being involved with a known...with...my career is clearly over," Will said, scrubbing his hands over his face. "Fuck this shit."

Stuffing both hands into the pockets of his slacks, Nigel rocked back on his heels, head tilted and lips curled cruelly. "Known what Will? They don't fucking *know* anything. At least nothing they can prove, and that's the fucking kicker, isn't it? If anything, they're going to try and flip you, darling. They'll huff and puff, make a lot of noise trying to pin you to the wall with a bunch of fucking bullshit charges they know won't hold up in court to scare you into turning on me." Cold and harsh, the words were sure to add to Will's anxiety, but it was a reality the younger man needed to face. Running a possessive hand through the soft curls at Will's temple, Nigel tugged gently until Will had no choice but to look him in the eye. "How do you think they're going to react when you won't give them what they want, Will?"

Bright red lips parted involuntarily as Will's big blue eyes met Nigel's darkened ones, breath deepening, and the unspoken promise in the thick, strong fingers tangled in his silken curls, pulling gently but with deep meaning, made Will's heart pound in his chest. It was such a simple gesture, but so powerful, one conveying ownership, devotion, control, need, want, protection, and desire. The younger man's pupils grew larger, and he knew - he knew more than anything - he'd never give Nigel up for anything. Not his career, not his coworkers - nothing.

"They won't like it. But it doesn't matter. They won't get anything from me. Ever," he whispered, swallowing slowly.

"Oh, darling, don't you think I know that? There's not a force on this earth that can fucking tear us apart now. Certainly not three cops stupid enough to fuck with me and mine." Leaning down, hand still buried in Will's curls, the older man brushed their lips softly together, tongue darting out to lick over the split, lapping at the raw flesh as if to sooth. "What concerns me now, angel, is keeping you out of harm's way."

A sharp intake of breath cut through the air between them when Will felt his tongue, but he tilted his head into it rather than moving away. He felt the warmth of Nigel's presence, his love, everything about him that soaked into Will's skin like moisture he was desperate for, it all washed over him and made his head swim with relief. "I know you'll keep me safe. Whatever happens, it's you and me."

Nigel narrowed his eyes in speculation. It wasn't like Will to accept without question. The situation must have the younger man more upset than he was letting on. But Nigel needed to be sure. Once put into motion, his plan could not afford any interference from Will or it would fail. "You're giving me free reign to do what needs to be done, Will? Despite knowing what kind of man I am and just how fucking far I'm willing to go to keep you safe?"

Will stopped to consider Nigel's words. He would lose everything he'd worked for. Years of training, school, his hopes of joining the FBI. What if this relationship with Nigel failed? He'd be ruined. And yet his heart was telling him he'd never felt more connected to another human being until now. He'd never felt an absence of that lonely ache, that emptiness, and pain since his mother had died. He'd loved one person, and that one had betrayed him horrifically. And it had never even been fully consummated. Nothing at all like this.

But, *what if?*

The doubt must have crossed his face then, and he faltered, blue eyes cast down. “I-I don’t know...”

Nigel’s grip tightened, slowly cranking Will’s head back, his body bending into a measured, defined arch as the Romanian braced his free hand against the back of the couch so he could lean down into the younger man’s space. Nuzzling close, Nigel ran the tip of his nose gently up the column of Will’s straining throat, pressing a kiss to the corner of his jaw before sucking an earlobe into the heat of his mouth. “Darling, you’re worrying about *the wrong fucking thing here.*” Raising up to stare down into Will’s wide blue eyes, Nigel smiled cruelly. “I told you, there’s no getting away from me, that I will *never* let you go. Till death do us fucking part, Will. Don’t tell me you need that particular lesson repeated.”

Like Pavlov’s dog, his body betrayed him, and he felt the twitch in his trousers at the ramped up intensity in Nigel’s words. The man knew exactly what buttons to push, that was for damn sure, and Will wasn’t exactly complaining. He had no desire to get away, not by a long shot anyway. It was the answer to his question. Nothing was worth losing the rush of blood in his veins, the heat in his loins, the pounding in his chest, the lightheaded bliss and fullness and completeness this man brought him. He’d figure out the rest later.

He jerked his head a fraction of an inch, tugging painfully at his own curls by doing so, but just enough to bite a kiss into Nigel’s bottom lip hard. “It’s not needed. My answer is yes. Do whatever you must.”

As much as he wanted to capture that mouth in a brutal, owning kiss, Nigel was very much aware of the split and tender skin. He settled for sucking a dark bruise into the soft flesh of Will’s throat, leaving his mark for all to see. As the younger man’s arms wrapped around his shoulders, Nigel released the tight grip on Will’s curls to run a possessive hand down his side, freezing at the sudden gasp and flinch his actions caused. Frowning, he straightened and tugged at the collar of Will’s shirt. “Take it off.”

Will hardened further under the teeth and lips on his neck, and carefully pulled off his shirt as instructed. Insatiable- that’s how Nigel made him, satisfying him in every way and yet he still couldn’t get enough. A complete contradiction, but one he didn’t care to argue with when it felt this good. He craved those big rough hands all over him. In turn, he tried using his free

hand to push open Nigel's shirt as well, slim fingers scraping through the thick chest hair between the buttons.

Nigel stilled Will's wandering hands, easily grasping both narrow wrists in one of his much bigger hands while his furious gaze roamed over the other man's torso. Dark, ugly bruises marred the creamy skin that was his alone to mark. No stranger to the evidence violence left behind, Nigel was fairly certain Will had been kicked more than once in the stomach and side. He pushed gently, feeling along Will's ribs for signs of breaks, only marginally satisfied when he didn't find any. The soft, pained sounds the boy could not bite back only notched the older man's fury higher. He wouldn't kill them only because Will still lived and killing cops was bad for business. But by God, he would see them utterly ruined before he was done. "Bruised but not likely broken. Which one of those fuckers did this?" Rage made the words guttural and he knew he probably looked feral at that point, but he was barely keeping his need for violence in check. It was the best he could do.

"Bishop mostly, though Malloy did too. Peters stopped them," Will said, knowing by saying as much he was writing their death sentences. He was too hurt and angry to care. It was the first time in his life he'd felt loved and happy, and they'd hated him and tormented him since day one at the academy. Bullies, just like he'd had all his life, they'd never grown up, and seeing him with Nigel had just given them a concrete reason to get him off the force, or at least to blackmail him into being their punching bag. They'd never stop.

Nigel snarled, storing the information away in the back of his mind so that he could exact vengeance with vicious precision when the time came. Every mark, every bruise, every drop of blood would be paid back tenfold in screams and pained pleas for mercy that would not come.

With visions of violence dancing in his head, Nigel scooped Will up into his arms, ignoring the startled yelp in his ear as he headed for the bedroom. Laying his burden down gently in the center of the bed, he divested the younger man of his remaining clothing before stepping back and stripping out of his own. Crawling up the bed to hover on hands and knees above Will, Nigel pressed a gentle kiss over the smooth skin protecting the rapidly beating heart beneath.

"I need to hold you, Will, to touch you, feel you in my arms so that I *know* that you are ok and still here with me. Will you let me, darling? I promise to be as gentle as I can, but I fucking *need* you right now."

Will couldn't stop the grunt of pain from the bruising along his sides from where he'd been kicked. In truth, every inhale hurt like hell, but he was trying to hide it; he just hid it less the more comfortable he was being vulnerable with Nigel. Like a prey animal who'd somehow fallen in love with his predator. "I need you too," he whispered, splayed out underneath the beast above him, marveling at how such a man could look so dangerous and wild yet so loving and vulnerable himself. It wasn't readily apparent to everyone perhaps, but Will saw it there in the warmth of his amber eyes.

"You have me, angel. Always." Nigel's smile was as tender as the feather-light kisses he closed Will's eyelids with before pressing more to his cheeks, the corner of his mouth, the tip of his stubbled chin. Nigel fed his love and adoration into those kisses, his relief that Will was ok, his need to protect the younger man from the world, the vicious drive he had to have the boy with him for the rest of his days, and the want, always, always the *relentless want*... All of what he felt was poured into each one, along with his hope that Will could feel what Nigel didn't have the words to express.

Leaving a trail of damp kisses down the long column of Will's throat, Nigel made his way lower, giving lingering attention to each hurt and pain painting his boy's body, making the marks his own with gentle nips and stroking tongue. Finally broad shoulders nudged willing thighs to part further to make room for the larger man to lay down between them. Blowing hot breath across Will's groin, Nigel groaned softly when Will's hard cock twitched in response. Running the flat of his tongue up one side, he hummed before dipping the tip into Will's slit to taste him.

Every nerve ending was alight simply from the combination of the day's trauma and Nigel's tender yet intense attentiveness, and when he felt the warm exhale near his cock, his head lolled back in anticipation. That skilled, strong wet tongue though...that drew a sharp gasp. His back came off the bed, and he immediately regretted the involuntary movement, as his ribs strained in protest. He let out a moan that was half pain, half pleasure, though by no means did he want Nigel to stop. "My...uh, ribs...sorry," he whispered sheepishly.

Warm palms soothed over Will's hips and sides, easing him back down as Nigel rose up and moved to lay beside him. Gently coaxing the smaller man onto his side, he pulled him close, Will's back to his chest so he could spoon behind him. Running a hand down one long leg, Nigel tugged it up, bent, until the boy's buttocks parted, leaving him open and spread. Fingers danced up the back of Will's thigh, caressing the warm flesh and cupping on cheek possessively. "This way won't put a strain on your ribs, darling. But only if you want to. If you're hurting too much, just say the word and I'll just hold you while we sleep."

“No, no, I need you inside, I want to feel you please...please,” he begged, letting his thick thighs part and leaning against him. Nigel anchored him, connected him to his body, to the man who loved him and showed him what a cherished treasure he was. “Not too much...” he whispered, one hand reaching back to caress Nigel’s flank.

“Ok, baby...ok. Just let me...” Nigel moved away just long enough to grab the bottle of lube from the bedside table, flicking open the lid and quickly coating his fingers, rubbing them together to warm the cold slick before running them down the cleft of Will’s ass. “Move your leg a little higher, gorgeous.” The words were murmured into the nape of Will’s neck as Nigel nuzzled there. “Open up, let me in darling and I’ll make it so good for you.” Slick fingertips rubbed with gentle but persistent pressure against the tight pucker.

Will hiked up his leg, moaning at the thick fingers teasing his hole. He was already hard and Nigel’s touch felt incredible, eliciting a rough moan from his chest. His body resisted at first, naturally, but as he deepened his respiration and relaxed into him, the muscles loosened enough to allow Nigel to breach him with a wet finger. “Ahhhhhh...yes...” he hissed.

“That’s it, darling. Just be still and *feel*.” Nigel teased around the sensitive flesh of Will’s opening, rubbing and tapping before sliding a single finger just inside to torment the nerve-rich tissues just past the rim. Refusing to be rushed, wanting to savor having his lover safe in his arms, Nigel repeated the process over and over until Will squirming in his arm before thrusting deep and pressing firmly against the hard nub of the younger man’s prostate. The gasping, needy sound Will made drew an answering groan from the older man. “Always so greedy, love. Always wanting more. Can’t fucking tell you how much of a fucking turn on it is when you moan and make those sexy little noises for me like that, how hot it is when you’re tight little ass squeezes my fingers and cock, like you can’t get enough of what I’m doing to you.” Adding another finger, Nigel began to work him open in earnest, twisting and scissoring his fingers within the tight sheath of Will’s body. “Oh, and darling, when you *beg*, I’m fucking lost. What you do to me, angel...”

Oh gods, was Nigel an expert at taking him completely apart from the dirty talk *alone*. That lisp, that smoky, accented, rasping voice, those filthy words whispered in his ear, melted his insides to molten lava. His own moans pitched higher, thin and reedy as calloused fingertips brushed against his prostate and drew thick beads of clear fluid from the slit of his throbbing shaft. “Oh, fuck, Nigel, oh fuck...god yeah...”

“That’s it, baby, let me fucking hear you.” More lube was added before a third finger pushed its way inside, stretching Will out, making a place for Nigel deep inside. “Are you hard for me, Will? Is that gorgeous cock of yours throbbing and aching between your pretty thighs? I

bet it is, greedy boy. I bet you're fucking leaking for me already just from the feel of my fingers in your needy ass." The words were purposely crass, spoken low and rough, just the way Nigel knew Will liked it. And Nigel, hell he was so fucking turned on already, and the blush of embarrassed lust creeping across Will's cheeks just pushed his own arousal that much higher. "Gonna fuck you soon, love. Just as soon as I get you good and loose so I can slip inside you nice and easy."

Will couldn't stop himself from rocking back against Nigel's hand, lips open as he vocalized his pleasure louder. Will was never a quiet lover and fortunately, Nigel didn't seem to mind. He angled his hips, seeking friction for his leaking cock, though there wasn't much to be had just yet. "I am, *Sir*, I'm so fucking hard it hurts. Ahhh, more, please," he urged, ready for another finger as he pushed back insistently, eager to take his lover.

Slipping his fingers from the clinging warmth surrounding them, Nigel gripped Will's hip, tugging him back onto his side and away from any stimulation his cock might find against the sheets. "Naughty boy, your only job is to be still and let me have you." Nigel rolled his hips, slanting them so his already lubed cock slide between the plush globes of the younger man's ass, the wide head teasing over the fluttering hole nestled there. "Can you do that Will? Can you be my good boy and let me give you what you need?" The words were almost cooed into Will's ear, tone smug and confident, the older man already knowing that though the boy would try, Will was completely incapable of remaining still for long.

The brunet growled in frustration but was distracted quickly by the sizable, slippery cock rutting over his entrance. He wanted both, *now*, but he knew this was part of what Nigel did so well, bringing him to the edge over and over and playing him to perfection. It made the climax all the more earth-shattering. Still, Will was a rebellious creature, and he squeezed and relaxed his gluteals in an effort to massage Nigel's cock and urge him inside. "*I can* be good, yes," he answered, the smirk almost audible in his tone.

Nigel huffed a groaned laugh into Will's curls, shifting and moving with the demanding grind of the boy's hips. "Minx. I've spoilt you, giving you what you want too easily, but I can't seem to fucking help myself." The hand on Will's hip slid down, cupping one buttock to part him further as Nigel notched the head of his cock at Will's opening. "This what you want, darling?" A lazy roll of Nigel's hips and he was sliding into lover's well-prepared body with ease. Bottoming out on the first thrust, Nigel rocked against Will's ass, barely withdrawing before pushing in again, giving slow, sweet little nudges that ghosted across the younger man's swollen prostate.

Even with preparation, the Romanian was so thick, and the breach took his breath away. A broken, strained mewl slipped out as his fist bunched into the sheets below, gripping tight until he could breathe again. He was rewarded when on one deep inhale he felt the fat head stroke across his sensitive gland inside; sparks flew behind his eyes and a much deeper moan came out, one straight from his gut. “Oh fuck, yes, that’s...ah fuck...yeah...” he babbled, arching back just the slightest bit. As much as his ribs allowed.

Wrapping one arm under and around Will’s shoulders, Nigel held him closer, nuzzling against his throat to press sucking, wet kisses to the sensitive flesh while sliding his other hand from Will’s hip to take him in hand. Long fingers circled the hard flesh of Will’s cock, giving him a firm squeeze just as he picked up the pace he was fucking into him with. Short, quick thrusts that would not aggravate the younger man’s injuries but still would drive his pleasure higher, each one timed to match the firm strokes working the leaking cock in Nigel’s fist.

“Yeah, just like that angel, just like that. So fucking good... Fuck, the way you feel, the way you take my cock... *Fuck, Will...*”

Will hissed under the grip of that strong hand, leaking heavily with Nigel’s skilled touch at work. He wanted to talk dirty right back to Nigel, say things that would drive the man as wild as he did, but Will’s mind was awash in pleasure, and he was utterly at a loss to craft anything remotely coherent. “Ohhhhhhhh..!!”

“Mmmm....I like that one. Almost as good as when you scream for me. I think I’m going to keep you in bed the rest of the week, darling, pampering you, feeding you up and spending *hours* seeing just what other kinds of noises I can pull from that pretty, pretty mouth of yours...” Slowing down to easy, rolling thrusts that brought them both back down from the edge, Nigel laughed low and silky at the whine Will let out in protest. “And since I’ll have to fuck you slow and gentle until those ribs heal up, I’ll have to get creative, won’t I, gorgeous...”

Another clear bead of pre-come dripped from the tip of Will’s aching cock, toes curling as sweat began to glisten along his upper lip, collarbone, and forehead. Just perfect the way Nigel pulled him back away from that delectable edge after getting him so painfully close. “I guess you will, but, I’ll be *sure* to find a way to pay you in kind as soon as I’m... fully recovered,” he panted, the smirk on his lips curving his words playfully. Another gasp and his hips twitched, his body fighting him to fuck right into his hand with abandon.

Nigel laughed again, this one lighter, truer, full of the joy Will brought him. “Of that, I have no fucking doubt, love.” Swirling his palm over the head of Will’s cock on the next upstroke, Nigel sped up again, switching back to the short, sharp thrusts into the younger man’s willing

body at the same time. “You’ve been so good for me tonight, darling, so sweet and hot. I want to feel you come around me, feel the way you give into what I do to you, feel you lose yourself in it and take me with you. No more fucking teasing, Will, we’ll go all the way this time. Take your pleasure, angel.” Nigel fucked and stroked him with a bit more force, still gentle, still mindful of the boy’s injuries, but giving Will everything he needed to tip over the edge into glory.

“Oh, fuck, Nigel,” Will moaned deep, rough and throaty, and thrust up into his hand with intent, biting his bottom lip hard as a dewy sheen of sweat blossomed further over his chest and neck. Nipples pebbled as he began to unravel, his face twisting in pleasure as he gave one last shout and exploded in Nigel’s hands, his hot seed shooting up his belly. “Oh my fucking god,” he panted. No one could take him apart like Nigel could. Never before and never again.

Nigel made no effort to hold back, giving over completely to the pure pleasure of losing himself in Will, sharing his lover’s pleasure and following him into climax only moments later. Shuddering with the last of his orgasm, Nigel held Will close, not ready to allow space between them just yet. Today had unsettled the older man more than he cared to admit, the threat to Will creating in him something he had not felt in many, many years. *Fear...*

There had never been anything in Nigel’s life he could not abandon immediately if the situation called for it, nothing he could lose that he could not replace. Until now. *Until Will.* Pressing a kiss to the sweaty nape of the drowsy boy’s neck, Nigel sighed tiredly. There was so much to do and all he wanted was to stay in bed and hold Will deep into the night. Compromising, Nigel allowed himself to settle deeper into the bed, knowing it would not be long before the younger man was deeply asleep and then he would get up and begin putting his plans into motion. “Love you, darling. Can’t fucking lose you. You know that, right?”

Utterly spent, Will tugged Nigel’s arms around him and pulled his palm up to his lips, pressing a kiss there and sighing. “You won’t lose me, Nigel. I’m yours, always, and you’re mine, right? It’s settled,” he said as he felt himself drifting into slumber. “I love you,” he managed before falling asleep.

Do What Needs To Be Done

Chapter Summary

Will had fallen asleep so sweetly in his arms, soft and trusting. Trusting Nigel to make things right. It was that thought that finally drove the older man from the warmth of their shared bed, the gears of his mind turning, not in a frenzy, because that was how mistakes were made, and mistakes had no place in what Nigel intended to bring about. Rather it was methodical, relentless calculation followed by ruthless, savage execution of his plan that would ensure that Will was kept safe.

Or, Nigel shows everyone just how he deals with threats against his darling... And Will is pretty kick-ass too!!!

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, CS here. I know this has been a long time coming, but life is not a very understanding thing and loves to get in the way. This chapter moves things along nicely and there is only one or two more to go before we wrap this baby up! And while this chapter might hurt, remember, I don't do sad endings. Not. Ever. Anyway, Alone and I hope you enjoy it and if you have a minute, let us know what you think!

As always, we don't own it, we just played with it until it broke a little!

Love and Hugs,

CS and Alone

Shirtless and clad only in the slacks he had pulled on after climbing from the bed, Nigel reclined in one of the leather chairs in the darkened room, one hand hanging over the armrest, two fingers of bourbon dangling from his fingertips, the dark amber liquid swirling round and round in the as of yet untouched glass.

Will had fallen asleep so sweetly in his arms, soft and trusting. Trusting Nigel to make things right. It was that thought that finally drove the older man from the warmth of their shared bed, the gears of his mind turning, not in a frenzy, because that was how mistakes were made, and mistakes had no place in what Nigel intended to bring about. Rather it was methodical,

relentless calculation followed by ruthless, savage execution of his plan that would ensure that Will was kept safe.

Not long after Will had dropped off, Nigel's phone had buzzed, the call alerting him to the fact his men had hit paydirt, the email that followed containing an avalanche of information.

None of the three cops involved with the attack on his boy were exactly clean, but only one was dirty in the way Nigel was interested in. Malloy. Nineteen years on the force, twice divorced with no kids but he did have a very pretty young mistress with expensive tastes.

The kind of tastes that a cop's salary couldn't hope to satisfy. Not without a little outside supplementation, at least. A little digging in the right places and Nigel's men had found out just where that extra income was coming from. And here was where things got very fucking interesting.

Malloy belonged to none other than Anatoli Kuznetsov. Absolutely fucking perfect. Everything would turn on that one, crucial point. It was the key to setting Will free.

Nigel set the breakfast tray on the nightstand before climbing into the bed and gathering a still sleeping Will into his arms. Nuzzling softly into the sleep warm skin of the younger man's neck and shoulder, he coaxed him awake with nipping kisses and smiling lips. "Time to rise and shine, sleeping beauty. I've made you breakfast."

There was plenty of light coming in through the large windows, seeing as it was well past ten in the morning, and the way Will rubbed his eyes and squinted against the light was adorable.

Like a sleepy little puppy, Nigel thought to himself. Will burying his head in Nigel's chest with little grumpy noises only reinforced the imagery, making Nigel laugh softly.

"Ten more minutes," he mumbled into soft chest hair, squeezing his eyes shut stubbornly and throwing a thick thigh over Nigel's leg to keep him from moving. It was far too warm and comfortable in his bed. "Just a little more sleep..."

Carding his fingers through Will's truly spectacular bed head, Nigel smirked at the familiar refrain. Will was notoriously hard to wake sometimes and the combination of the emotional stress, the beating he had suffered and their lovemaking had definitely worn the young man

out. "I would love to indulge you, darling, but it's half past ten already and we have things to discuss. And not to mention your lawyer will be here in about an hour."

That woke him up more. "My what? I don't...my lawyer?" Will sat up, his brow furrowed and a decidedly grumpy look on his face. "Why is my lawyer gonna be here? And since when do I have a lawyer?" he asked, rubbing his face.

Nigel let Will pull away, and as soon as the younger man was settled against the headboard, he placed the breakfast tray in his lap. Picking up the mug of coffee, he handed it to Will who took it automatically. "Drink that first, darling. You know you're fucking useless until you've had a cup. Then you eat and I'll tell you all about it, yeah?" Nigel's smirk was indulgent, and he would admit, maybe just a touch condescending. But it really wasn't his fault. Will was just too fucking cute all fuzzy headed and confused like this.

Will snorted but took the cup and sipped it with a moan, the soothing, hot nectar reviving him. "Alright you may be right about the coffee, but I know when you're..." he paused mid-sentence, huffed, and drank some more, waving his free hand around. "Being *that way*. Never mind," he mumbled, catching sight of a pastry on the breakfast tray. He took a bite and moaned again. "Fuck, never mind, for real. You're a lifesaver," he mumbled, crumbs spilling from his lips as he stuffed his mouth full.

Nigel laughed, grabbing his own cup of coffee from the nightstand and settling back into the chair he had spent most of the night plotting in. "That's better, darling. Now, as to when you got a lawyer, that would have been about two this morning when I called mine and got his ass out of bed to start drawing up the formal complaint he filed with your district captain about three hours ago. You are now officially represented by the firm of Hughes and Mikkelsen." Nigel's voice was now blatantly smug and he made no effort to hide it. "Just imagine the fucking hornet's nest *that's* gonna stir up."

Will stopped mid-bite, and took the pastry out of his mouth, blue eyes narrowing sharply and he spat crumbs out on the tray. "You did *what*?" he exclaimed, pushing the tray over so he could swing his legs out of bed. "Nigel what the *fuck*! That's my job, I mean, fuck! A complaint?! Towards who, you mean Malloy, Peters and Bishop?" he spat, grabbing his jeans to hop into them one leg at a time as he fumed.

Setting his coffee aside, Nigel stood from the chair and stalked over to where Will was struggling to dress, taking him by the shoulders with hard hands, forcing the younger man to

still and look at him. All traces of humor were erased from Nigel's features to be replaced by a cold seriousness. "Did you or did you not tell me to do what I felt needed to be done, Will?"

Will stared at him, chin tilted up defiantly. " *Yes* , but I would've expected you to maybe fucking ask me first before you filed a formal complaint *in my name* ! Jesus, I can't even...why didn't you at least run it by me first?!"

Giving the stubborn man glaring up at him so defiantly a slightly less than gently shake, Nigel growled down at him, "Because there wasn't fucking time and you would have said no!" Releasing him, Nigel stepped back and returned Will's glare. "Do you know what Peters, Bishop and Mallory were doing last night, Will, while you were lying in my arms covered in bruises and trying to hide how much your fucking ribs hurt? No? Well, I fucking do. They were in a bar, talking about how they were going to fucking ambush you on your next patrol, beat the hell out of you before gang raping you for a while and then making sure you never made it back to the precinct house. They couldn't seem to make up their fucking minds as to whether to shoot you and dump the body in the swamp or just bash your fucking skull in when they were done with you."

Will stopped mid-protest. That was a little too specific to be made-up, and knowing Nigel, he'd had people watching them. "They were really planning that, weren't they?" he remarked, pinching the bridge of his nose and walking back to the nightstand to retrieve his coffee. "Fuck."

"Yeah, angel, they were. You're damn fucking lucky I called my attorney instead of going to find the fuckers myself." As much as he wanted to offer comfort to the other man, Nigel needed Will to understand just how serious this situation had become. "Want to hear the best fucking part? Before they left, my man overheard Malloy tell the other two that maybe they shouldn't kill you after they'd had their *fun*, but, and I quote, 'sell your pretty little faggot ass to Anatoli Kuznetsov.'

Blue eyes grew wider in shock and horror as the weight of Nigel's words sank in. "Those fuckers," he whispered under his breath. He knew without the man's help, he'd be up shit creek without a paddle. And now, fuck...now that they knew this?

"Kuznetsov's connected to them? I should have fucking known. God, how did I not see that? Malloy took a trip to Eastern Europe last summer, said he was picking up a wife, some girl he'd been talking to online. He came back with this young girl, didn't speak a word of English, they're married already...something smelled off about it." Will cracked his knuckles and drained his coffee cup, getting up for more. "Did you make a pot?" he asked.

Nigel waved a hand in the direction of the kitchen. "Full pot on the counter. Malloy's lucky bride was probably a *gift* from Anatoli for loyalty or something. I fucking doubt that she was given much of a choice in the matter. I don't know if Bishop and Peters are as dirty as Malloy, but at the very least, they fucking know about Malloy working for Anatoli and don't seem to have much of a fucking problem with it. They didn't bat an eye when he suggested selling you to him as long as they got their turn with you and a cut of the profit from your sale. Nice coworkers you have there, gorgeous."

Will realized the gravity of everything and he stopped to sit back down on the bed, head in his hands. "My fucking god, Nigel. You're right. You've been right. Fuck...so what now? We're going to have to do it your way. If Anatoli is involved, no one's got a chance. I.A. isn't going to matter at all now. What's the plan?" he asked.

Relaxing a bit now that Will seemed to be taking this a bit more seriously instead of flying off the handle over what he thought was Nigel being high handed, he moved closer to run a comforting hand through the younger man's hair. "First we meet with your lawyer to see about keeping your job. Then we set up your friends and Anatoli for a very long fall from grace." Nigel's grin was calculating and cold, anticipation glinting in his dark eyes. "And to accomplish that, you, my love, are going to have to put on the performance of a lifetime."

Will swallowed back two aspirin with his coffee at the station the morning he finally came in. After a week off, he was healed up at long last - Nigel had taken very good care of him and seen to it he ate and rested, of course in between attentive and generous lovemaking.

He'd made sure Malloy and Bishop were around to catch wind of what he was working on - interviewing a C.I. on the whereabouts of a certain Mr. Anatoli Kuznetsov. As soon as they heard their own man was on his radar, they'd follow him right into the trap.

It was all carefully planned, but he was still nervous as fuck. He didn't like Nigel being involved if only because it would put him in harm's way. He knew, of course, the man could handle himself and had a small army of men at his command, but, he loved him, so he worried.

Predictably, he saw the two men circling around, and when he left to take an unmarked car to the meeting site, he spotted the tail a few blocks behind. It was almost too easy, how

predictable they were.

The site was an abandoned warehouse, one Nigel used to conduct business, and was crawling with his men in hiding.

Standing in the middle of the dimly lit warehouse, Nigel's large, lean frame was relaxed, no trace of tension to be found. Everything was set in place, awaiting only the arrival of the main players.

With the help of his lawyers, in return for dropping the formal complaint against the PD, Will had suffered only a week's suspension for having thrown the first punch in the locker room altercation and then had returned to work, bait for the rats they were luring in.

Nigel himself had his own part to play, his own rat to lure in. One long-distance phone call to Russia with an offer to renegotiate the cargo Anatoli has so badly wanted Nigel to move for him was all it had taken to get the other gangster on a plane back to New Orleans. He was due to arrive just before Will and his admirers.

The interesting thing about this particular warehouse, besides the fact that ownership could not be traced back to Nigel, was that it had a high catwalk that ran the perimeter of the building and was perfect for placing gunmen in such a way as those below could not see them easily. It made the warehouse floor a shooting pen, which was one of the reasons Nigel had chosen it. The other being that it also happened to contain Nigel's surplus stock of illegal arms. None that belonged to any of his customers, that would be bad for business, but just the twenty crates of various weapons that he tended to keep on hand for special occasions. Tonight was one of those occasions.

If everything went according to plan, by the end of the evening, Anatoli and his dirty cops would be dead and Will would get the credit for bringing them down and stopping the sale of a large cache of weapons. The world didn't need to know that he had had a helping hand. It would just look like a patrolman had stumbled across a weapons deal gone bad, two corrupt policemen dying in the crossfire.

The door to the warehouse opened behind him and Nigel slowly turned. The Russian mafia boss strode confidently into the room, a wide smile on his face. Only two of his own men follow him into the building.

Let the fucking games begin, Nigel thought to himself as he stood still and silent, waiting for his prey to come to him.

Will walked in cautiously, his weapon holstered, for now. He wasn't surprised to find the lights on; Nigel would've made sure the stage was set for their guests' arrival. Of course, there was to be no actual "CI", just Anatoli himself, as per the plan. Wouldn't Malloy and Bishop be surprised, Will thought to himself. It was all the more reason to be careful.

"Hello?" he called out.

Nigel turned from where he stood talking to Anatoli, stalling the man with business negotiations until Will arrived and there plan could move forward. Smiling suggestively at the Russian as he threw an arm around his shoulders in an overly friendly manner, Nigel called out. "Over here, darling. You're just in time to say hello to an old friend. How soon can we expect the rest of our guests to arrive?" Nigel had given his men strict instructions not to fire until he gave the signal and to avoid taking out Malloy and Anatoli if at all possible. Everyone else was to be eliminated as soon as possible, leaving the dirty cop and the Russian to Will and Nigel. But that couldn't happen until everyone was present and accounted for.

"Anatoli. Well well well, we meet again. I'd like to say it's good to see you again, but it really isn't. Are you surprised to see me?" Will asked, a sharp edge to his tone as he kept his ears alert for the men he knew were close behind. Even as he did, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand, and he knew they were closer than he thought.

"Nigel, our friends are here," he said, nodding in a barely perceptible way towards where the men were hiding.

"That's perfect, darling." Nigel smiled coldly as he stepped away from Anatoli and pulled his gun from the holster at the small of his back.

The Russian took a step back, arms half raised in surprise. “My friend, what is going on here? I thought we were to do business, *da?*” His two bodyguards went for their guns but hesitated when Nigel cocked his own and pressed the barrel to their boss’s forehead.

“I fucking wouldn’t, unless you want me to make a fucking canoe out of your employer’s head.” They froze where they were, looking to Anatoli for instruction, but the mafia boss was too focused on the gun pressed against his skull to offer any. Nigel spoke to Will without looking away from his target. “Angel, why don’t you invite your friends to come out into the open so we can see them.”

Malloy came out then, gun drawn and aimed at Will. “Boy, and I thought you were dirty before, Graham,” he remarked, and Will turned, reaching for his gun.

“I would absolutely not do that if I were you, Graham. Malloy, we’ve been fucking set up,” Bishop called out from behind, holding his weapon trained on Nigel.

Nigel grinned, eyes flicking over the two dirty cops. “You fucking think so?” he laughed before shouting “*Trage!*” at the top of his lungs, voice booming out to carry up to the catwalk around the second story of the warehouse. Seconds later, all hell broke loose as Nigel’s men obeyed his shouted order and opened fire on the men below.

Malloy’s eyes immediately tracked the movement above on the catwalk, his gun automatically following his line of sight and moving off of Will. Nigel used the moment of surprise garnered by the sudden gunfire to shove Anatoli hard, pushing him backward into his guards, sending them to the ground in a heap. Ignoring them as they scrambled to take cover from the bullets raining down from above, Nigel turned and began moving towards where Will had been only moments before only to see him struggling with Bishop against the far wall.

Will whipped around in time to catch Bishop coming up behind him attempting to clock him with an empty Glock. He shoved the man up against a wall in a headlock and attempted to hold him secure long enough to cuff him, but Bishop knocked him off balance just enough to loosen his grip. With one hand wrapped around Will’s throat, he tried to pick him up; as Will struggled and choked, he jerked his chin down, grabbed Bishop’s wrist and kneed him hard in the groin, making him double over in pain. It was just enough time for Will to tackle him to the ground and get a knee in his back to cuff him.

Trusting Will to take care of himself, Nigel went after Malloy, determined to get his hands on the dirty cop and make him *bleed*. The majority of the gunfire from above was being directed behind him where Anatoli and his men had managed to hide behind some wooden crates. Figuring his men would keep the three Russians pinned down for the moment, Nigel stalked across the warehouse floor having seen Malloy duck into the manager's office. The man was using the open door for cover as he tried desperately to return fire at the men firing from above. Nigel came up on Malloy's right, slamming into his side and driving him into the door he had been hiding behind and then further into the office. Nigel knew he should have just shot the other man, but it wouldn't be enough. Malloy had threatened the most important thing in Nigel's life and now he was going to pay. Hauling the stunned cop up by his throat, Nigel threw him across the floor, stalking after and delivering a solid kick to his ribs to send him rolling a few feet more.

"You're done, Malloy," Nigel hissed, "you're dead and you don't even fucking know it." Killing this man was going to feel so fucking good and Nigel bared his teeth in anticipation.

Malloy coughed and groaned in pain, flopping over onto his back to stare up at the man looming over him. Spitting a bit of blood from between his teeth, he laughed up at Nigel. "You can fucking kill me, but you'll never fucking forget me, asshole."

Malloy had dropped his gun when Nigel slammed into him, but he must have had a backup piece in a holster at the small of his back because he pulled it out from under himself now. But didn't aim for Nigel. Instead, he raised his gun to fire through the open office door and across the warehouse at Will, still crouched over a now cuffed Bishop.

Nigel fired without hesitation, satisfaction thrumming through his blood as he unloaded his clip into the prone man's chest. Malloy would never threaten him or his again. Relaxing as he watched the light leaving the dying man's eyes, Nigel was wholly unprepared for the searing pain that ripped through his shoulder and then his head, so wrapped up in his rage at Malloy that he never saw Anatoli coming for him.

"*Fucking Russians,*" Nigel thought as he slammed to the ground, blood already obscuring his vision. "*Will's gonna be so pissed at me for getting shot. He'll never let me hear the end of it...*" It was the last thought he had before the darkness took him.

Will was crouched over Bishop when he felt pain sear through his shoulder and whipped around just in time to watch Anatoli stalking towards a swinging door. Fuck, Nigel had to be in there- that was his only thought as he got to his feet in time to watch the man get off a shot through the doorway. He'd just gotten close enough to see the edge of Nigel's shirt and watch him hit the floor, and Will saw red. An inhuman roar ripped from his throat and he aimed his weapon at the man and emptied the chamber into his skull and chest, eleven shots, and when he stopped firing the man dropped to the ground dead. Will tore across the space between him and the room he'd seen Nigel in to find the man he loved in a pool of blood. A headshot. He started to hyperventilate and that was when he noticed the front of his own shirt covered in blood - his own.

Managing to get to his feet, he stumbled out to see if anyone was left alive. A few of Nigel's men were jogging towards him. "Area's secure, is the boss in there?"

"He's down. We need a doctor," Will managed. "Fast."

Nigel's second, Vasile, pushed past Will into the room, kneeling over Nigel's prone form, taking his pulse carefully. "He lives." Calling over his shoulder, he barked what sounded like orders in Romanian. The rest of Nigel's men came into the room, picking Nigel's body up off the floor carefully, moving quickly to carry him out of the warehouse and into the back of a waiting SUV. Turning to Will who had followed them out, Vasile stopped him from climbing into the vehicle after Nigel. "We will take the boss to his doctor at a clinic we fund. They will take care of him, do what needs to be done. You must stay here. Call this in and make sure that the scene is ready when the rest of the cops get here." Nodding his head towards the warehouse behind them, the tall Romanian asked, "What will you do with the man you left alive in there? He will talk."

Will nodded, holding his shoulder. "I'm gonna make sure he doesn't say a fucking word, trust me," he said and turned to go talk to the man before he did exactly that.

He walked over and knelt next to Bishop, cuffed on the ground and leaning against the wall. "So, this is gonna go one of two ways. I'm gonna get the place tidied up a little, our buddies are gonna come to process the scene, I'm gonna give a report, and you're gonna give a statement that backs up my report. If you don't, Nigel's men are gonna hunt you down and spray your brains all over the fucking French Quarter, but not before they play with you a little. You think the Russians are bad? Those Romanians can be some sick sons of bitches. Yeah, you and I are about to be real good friends. You understand?"

Bishop's face was pale, and without Malloy there- with Malloy now dead - he knew he had no choice. Peters was a chicken shit and was never in this far anyway. He was fucked. "Yeah, okay," he whispered.

"Good, I'm glad we understand each other. I'm going to uncuff you, but you do anything I don't tell you to, and you're done," he said, retrieving a gun from beside him and getting out his keys.

He held Bishop at gunpoint and ordered him around the scene, starting at the office where Nigel had been shot. There were buckets of bleach and mops at the ready, and Will told him what the *real story* would be as he held a gun on him and watched him remove all traces of Nigel from the premises.

"You've suspected Malloy was dirty for a long time, but you didn't have any proof and didn't want to drag his name through the mud with AI until you knew for sure. So you and I followed him tonight, stumbled across him in the middle of a deal he was doing running weapons to Anatoli's men. Things went south, Malloy and Anatoli argued about money and people got shot, including Malloy, Anatoli and two of his men. Several got away. We made it. Repeat it back to me."

Bishop did, huffing and sweating as he diligently cleaned. Will had confidence he wouldn't cave; the guy had a girlfriend he knew he had planned to propose to, so he had a reason to want to stay alive and not piss off a man like Nigel.

Once Will called the scene in, backup arrived in minutes to clean and process the scene. Of course, the EMT's bandaged him up well enough for him to walk his fellow cops through the scene in detail, all the beautifully crafted detail he'd worked out in advance with their helpful colleague Bishop. It all went very by the book, aided by having two police witnesses and tons of evidence that added up.

Will was taken to the hospital and better treated for his wounds, properly stitched up and sent on his way after far, far longer than he would have liked. He was sick with worry over Nigel, broken from having to keep himself composed all night in spite of his concern for his lover. Finally, when he'd gotten a ride home, he got to Nigel's apartment and got inside, somehow foolishly thinking he'd be there.

Will had no sooner closed the door then there was a short, sharp knock. Vasile waited on the other side, tired and grim looking. His voice was calm but conveyed a sense of urgency.

“He’s alive and I will take him to you, but we must hurry. You need to pack a small bag, enough for a few days. Bring your phone, charger, laptop and whatever else you might need so you don’t have to come back here for a while. Also any meds they gave you for your injuries, though we can probably get more as you need them from the doctors at the clinic.

Please move quickly. I do not like being away from the boss when he is so vulnerable. I left many loyal men there to watch out for trouble, but I want to get back as quickly as possible.”

Will’s eyes widened, and though he desperately wanted to ask more questions, he knew time was of the essence, and all he really wanted to do was see Nigel again. He swiftly made his way to the bedroom, gathering a few things in a duffel, and within short order was ready to move. Just the thought of seeing the Romanian again made him forget the physical pain he was still experiencing. “I’m ready. Let’s go.”

When Will would have bolted out the condo door, Vasile held him back with a firm grip on his shoulder. “Wait, let me go first.” Opening the door only after looking through the spyhole, the gangster stepped out into the hallway, looking both ways before motioning Will to follow. They made their way down the hall to where another of Nigel’s men waited by the elevator and they all three got in. “Sorry for the drama, as they say here, but we don’t know how much of what happened tonight has hit the streets yet and which version of it will be believed. If word gets out that the boss had anything to do with taking out Anatoli, things could get bad fast. And even if the version you fed to the police is the one everyone believes, if word gets out that Nigel is injured, every wanna-be kingpin and dealer is gonna come out of the woodwork looking to take a piece of our territory while they think we are weak. You would make a very nice target either way, so we will be a little bit over cautious now even if it turns out later to have been unnecessary.”

Will grimaced but nodded in agreement. He hated feeling helpless like this, but right now all that mattered to him was seeing Nigel again.

He followed Vasile’s lead, staying behind him and keeping his eyes open as they went to the car waiting outside. He loaded in his bags and buckled himself in, and wiped an exhausted hand over his face. He was running mostly on adrenaline and fear at this point.

Vasile was quietly relieved as he slid into the seat beside Will. They had all heard Nigel ranting at one time or another about how stubborn his beloved angel could be and so he had expected much more of a fight. Whatever the reason behind it was, Vasile was very grateful for how easy the young man was making protecting him. Lord knows it would be Vasile's head on a platter if anything was to happen to his boss's precious lover.

Easing the car out into traffic, Vasile drove with care, watching for any signs they were being followed and making random turns at sporadic intervals. The clinic was only a thirty-minute drive away, but with the extra precautions, it took them over an hour to arrive. He asked Will to wait for a moment when the other man would have gotten out of the car immediately and just sat watching the building for a time before signaling Will that everything looked ok.

Walking into the clinic, Vasile put a hand on Will's shoulder, turning him to meet his gaze. "The boss was still in surgery when I left, had been for several hours. All we know is that he lost a lot of blood and was in bad shape. The bullet he took in his chest, they got that out easy and patched it up without problems. The headshot though..." Vasile just shook his head, his eyes telling Will that it didn't look good.

Will's heart was racing in fear, but he just nodded grimly, not looking the man in the eye. He didn't want to face what he might see there. "Just tell me if I can see him," he said roughly. He couldn't waste time with what if's, letting his imagination run away. The thought was unbearable.

Despite how much time had passed since this whole mess had begun, it was still several more hours before Will was allowed to see Nigel. Settled into a private, well-appointed suite, Nigel lay pale and still on his hospital bed, tubes and wires protruding from his heavily bandaged torso. Half of his head had been shaved and the remaining hair stood up at odd angles around the gauze that swaddled him. He looked uncharacteristically vulnerable laying there.

The doctor was standing across from Will, Nigel's still form between them as he explained that while the bullet had not penetrated Nigel's skull, there had been some fracturing of the bones there and then swelling of the brain that had to be relieved. Nigel was breathing on his own, his vitals were strong and stable and those were all good signs, but there was no real way to gauge the extent of the damage the force of the bullet striking his skull had caused. All they could do was monitor him and wait for Nigel to wake up on his own.

Will rushed to his side and reached out, hand hovering over Nigel's for several seconds. He held his breath, eyes wide and nearly afraid to blink as they glazed with emotion he'd been holding back. He swallowed and grasped his hand, only one falling and splashing off Nigel as he sat down in a chair beside the bed to listen to the doctor talk.

Nigel didn't look like himself at all, he looked too vulnerable, frail, and Will swore of everything he'd seen in his life, no sight affected him like this. It terrified him.

For the first time since they fell in love, Will was faced with the idea of life without Nigel. He remembered his life before. Lonely, sad, isolated, angry, bitter. He was fine, he got by, but he was empty. With Nigel, he felt alive, finally. On fire, excited about living. He was loved, cherished, treasured, appreciated. Wanted for who he was, not for what he could do or how he made someone else feel but simply for who he was. Could he go back? There was a crushing sense of desolate emptiness when he tried to imagine that life. He loved Nigel completely for everything he was, not just for how he made him feel, but for the man himself. Romantic, tender, passionate, jealous without a doubt but also fair, fun, playful. Deep, not just a lover but a companion. A friend. His *everything*.

When the doctor finally left Will alone with Nigel, he kissed his knuckles gently, each finger one by one, tenderly as he spoke to him even though he knew he couldn't hear. Maybe on some level somehow he could feel him. If love could be a force for healing, Will wanted to pour his entire self over the man to restore him, mend every pathway and cell, stitch every injury and make him whole again.

He said all these things to Nigel, only leaving his side to shower and use the bathroom. The men encouraged him to sleep, but he couldn't. They knew he wouldn't leave- couldn't really, since it still wasn't safe for him to- and finally in the wee hours of the second night, after Vasile insisted he eat, he finally fell into a deep sleep.

It was the third day, and Will paced the room, too much pent-up energy after finally sleeping. He looked back at Nigel and walked to the end of the bed, lifting the covers and sitting there. He glanced over at one of the men guarding the door and then began to rub Nigel's feet; lying still for so long he knew wasn't good so he thought it would be a good idea to keep circulation flowing. Massaging up his ankles and calves, Will worked on each leg thoroughly, first the right and then the left.

Will began to get concerned about the business as he watched Nigel. All his men here and no one in charge would not be a good idea; perhaps it was time to call Darko.

He found his number and dialed him.

“If you are calling to tell me you are planning a vacation in Bucharest, I swear to fucking God I will meet you at the airport with the biggest fucking gun I own. You are absolutely not corrupting my wife you little shit!” Darko’s voice was full of black humor as he answered the phone, Will’s number recognized as the one Nigel had given him for the young man.

Will’s voice came out hoarse and broken. Sombre. “Darko. Nigel’s been shot. He’s alive, but not doing great. He’s been in a coma three days. We need you here, to help with...things,” Will said in a rush.

A sharp hiss of breath was the only response at first, Darko’s shock and fury telegraphing themselves loud and clear across the miles separating them. “Tell me exactly what the fuck happened, don’t leave anything out and then I want to talk to Nigel’s second, what the fuck is his name...Vasile. I want to know why the fuck no one thought to call me before now!”

Will’s brow furrowed and his chest puffed out a little, offended that Darko would be angry at him. “That’s a great question. You should ask him that yourself, call him. I’m just trying to stay alive here. I was shot too, and they’re not letting me go anywhere either since it’s apparently too dangerous to be seen. But you’re welcome for calling to let you know,” he huffed furiously.

Hearing Will’s raised voice coming from a room that had been near silent for the last three days, Vasile rushed into the room, hand on his gun and eyes scanning for the source of the trouble. “Officer Graham, what is...” He got no further before Will tossed his phone over to him with a glare. Confused, Vasile caught the phone on reflex and raised it to his ear. “Hello?”

Darko’s voice was less than pleasant and Vasile could feel his balls drawing up to lay like cold chunks of ice against his belly. This was bad. This was so fucking bad. He tried to explain to the dangerous man on the other end of the line that Nigel’s instructions had been very clear. If he was ever incapacitated, Vasile was to wait five days before calling Darko. Only if he was dead was the other gangster to be called immediately. Darko didn’t seem to find that decree at all sensible. It was a very long and loud conversation after that and ended with Darko’s growling voice informing him that he would be on the next plane out and Vasile himself had best be at the airport to pick him up.

Sighing with relief as the call was disconnected, Vasil handed Will back his phone. “Thank you for that, Officer Graham. I can’t remember the last time I have been verbally eviscerated

so thoroughly.” He tried to smile to take the sting out of the words, but it came out weak. He really was not looking forward to seeing Darko.

Will was seated at Nigel’s feet again, working over the unused muscles and staring at him as though the sun would never rise again unless he massages him back to life. “Yeah,” he said absently, his attention wholly on the blond Romanian. “He’s coming here? Good.”

“I’m not sure good is the word I would use, but yes, he will be here in less than twenty-four hours I would imagine. Darko is not a man to waste time once he has decided to do a thing.” Glancing from the seated man to the still form on the bed, Vasile’s voice sounded tired as he asked, “Has there been any change, any indication he will wake soon?” God, they needed him to wake soon. There was trouble rumbling in the streets, suspicion about Anatoli’s demise still quiet but gaining strength. No one was really sorry to see the crazy fucker dead, but questions were being asked about how it had happened. No one was quite brave enough to come right out and accuse Nigel or his group of having been involved, but everyone knew Will had been right in the middle of it, and Will was Nigel’s. The Russians were going to be demanding answers before long.

Will glanced up at the man, knowing he was simply worried about the business and how Darko would react to the situation. “The doctor said there’s brain swelling and we have to wait for him to wake up on his own. Any ahhh...any clues what Darko might do?” He scratched the scruff on his jawline that had accumulated from days of no shave.

Vasile shrugged. “Whatever needs to be done, I suppose. He will most likely have to do something about the Russians. They are pushing for answers I don’t have.” Vasile offered a smile. “Nigel is always bragging about how clever you are. Maybe you and Darko can come up with something together, yes?”

Will swallowed hard. This was getting into an area that proved uncomfortable for him, but he knew it would come up sooner or later. The day Nigel’s business and his would collide. That had already happened, he’d already paid a price for it. But he knew he was going to have to make a hard choice, and he wouldn’t be able to keep ignoring it for long. And as soon as Darko arrived, it was definitely coming up. He couldn’t hide behind someone in a coma. Blue eyes flickered over Vasile and back to his love, eyes closed, his usual tawny skin frighteningly pale over exotic features. “Yeah, maybe so,” he muttered. How did everything go so bad so fast?

Acts of Repose and Defiance

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of an undercover operation gone horribly wrong has left Nigel in a coma, injured from a gunshot wound, and Will absolutely lost in grief and fear. Nigel's loyal men quickly realize they are going to have to squash rumors and any potential plots to take over sooner rather than later, and call in Nigel's brother and overseas partner, Darko. Darko wants Will involved to pressure him into choosing sides - he knows it's his involvement in the NOLA police department and his corrupt colleagues that put Nigel in jeopardy to begin with. But will everything blow up in their faces, or will the strikingly handsome young empath play them all just well enough to reveal who's a traitor and who is loyal?

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, we're not dead! Sorry this update took so long, but stuff happens, you know? Anyway, we hope you haven't lost interest or given up, because we haven't! Alone did the summary this time, (she should do them more often, she's great at them!) and I edited as usual. Not tomatoes, please! They stain when thrown.

As always, we don't own it, we just like to take it through obvious plot devices and add a little twist to the mix!

Will couldn't sleep or eat, even through Vasile nagging him to do so. The man had finally left him alone and was sitting in an adjacent room, leaving Will in the recliner at Nigel's side. Every once in a while, he'd sit up and hold his hand, talk to him, let the tears slip down his cheeks, and finally, in the wee hours of the morning, he'd passed out from sheer exhaustion. He was tucked into a small cocoon, wrapped in a blanket and curled up on his side, one hand still holding Nigel's loosely, his face in slumber looking remarkably vulnerable.

He'd not suffered night terrors since he'd been sleeping with the Romanian, but that night he did. Too vivid, the landscape covered in bloody looking black ink under the cloak of darkness, he was chasing an unseen beast through the woods who was chasing his beloved. Sleep was deep but tormented. He didn't even stir though, not until Darko finally arrived.

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Darko stood in the doorway to Nigel's room, contemplating the two men sleeping in the dim interior. Yes, sleeping, because he refused to allow his mind to apply the word *coma* to the man who had always burned with a vitality that bordered on madness. In all the years the two men had known each other, Darko had never met anyone else with such a lust for life as his friend. His *brother*. And Darko absolutely refused to believe that Nigel would not come out of this, refused to believe this was the end. Nigel *would* wake up. And after he hugged him, Darko was going to kick his ever loving ass for being so stupid, for allowing himself to become so fucking besotted with his young lover that he became so recklessly careless as to get shot in a gunfight that should never have been allowed to happen in the first place.

He might have to wait for Nigel to wake up, but thank the fucking heavens above, he didn't have to wait that long to get his hands on Will Graham. Striding into the room, Darko loomed over the sleeping form slumped in a chair next to Nigel's bed, one long, slender hand resting on the covers and cradling Nigel's much larger one. Staring down at the younger man, even Darko, who was as heterosexual as the day was long, could easily see how his friend had become so enamored of the boy. Will was beautiful, dark curls and pale skin, his lashes long as they lay against his soft, smooth skin. Positively angelic. And wasn't that just part of the fucking problem? Will didn't look dangerous, didn't carry himself like the predators he was now walking amongst since he had become part of Nigel's world and that made him a target and Nigel's greatest weakness.

That would have to change. Will could no longer be allowed to hover between worlds, one foot in the dark and one still stubbornly planted in the light. It left both of them too vulnerable. Will was going to have to make a choice and he was going to have to do it soon. Before he got himself or Nigel killed. If the boy hadn't already figured that out, then Darko had every intention of driving that point home tonight.

Reaching down, he gave Will's shoulder a rough shake, determined to lay into the younger man and make him see sense. "Wake the fuck up, *Officer* Graham, you and I have to-" And that was as far as he got before the terrified look in the boy's eyes stopped him cold. Staring into those wide blue eyes, Darko realized, in that moment between sleep and awareness, Will honestly believed he was being shaken awake to be told Nigel had died. Darko had never seen such devastating pain in a pair of eyes before and it hit him like a punch to the gut. For all the fault he could find with the man, it was evident to anyone that cared to look just how much Will loved Nigel. Perhaps it would be enough.

Gentling the grip he had on Will's shoulder, Darko held him steady when Will would have tumbled sideways out of the chair as he turned, half panicked with terror, reaching for Nigel. "Easy, Will, easy. Nothing's changed, he's still here." Dark kept his voice low and calm, releasing Will when the younger man shook of his hold to press his face to where his hands clasped Nigel's on the bed. He gave him a minute to calm down before reaching out to grasp his shoulder once more. "Hey, we need to talk. Let's get some coffee, yeah? Vasile can come and sit with him for a while."

Will was not eager to leave Nigel's side. It didn't matter Darko was there; he pressed kisses to the man's knuckles and whispered the only Romanian that had stuck with him so far besides a few curse words - "*Te iubesc*," - before reluctantly getting up to follow Darko.

"Okay. Not too long," he muttered grumpily, running a hand through his messy curls and walking out with the taller man.

Silently, Darko led the obviously exhausted man down the dimly lit hallways of the clinic and into the small lounge, waving at a small table for Will to have a seat while he moved to the coffee pot sitting on the counter and poured two cups. Carrying them both back to where Will waited, Darko sat one of the cups down in front of the younger man before falling tiredly into the chair opposite of him. Blowing out a long breath and rubbing a hand over his face, Darko took a minute to just sit and observe the way Will slouched in his chair and stared blankly down into the dark liquid in the cup he now held loosely in his hands. He had all but ordered the younger man here so they could talk, but now, looking at the absolute devastation that seems to pour off of Will in waves, Darko suddenly didn't know how to begin. Offering comfort was not something he was good at and he wasn't even sure Will would accept it from him were he to offer it. Best to just stick to the facts for now and hope for the best. Keeping his voice level so as not to come across as antagonistic, Darko just bluntly asked the question that had been screaming around inside his head since Vasile had outlined what had happened for him during their ride back from the airport.

"I know *how* this happened, Will, but what I need to know is *why* the fuck it happened at all? When I left, we had a lucrative deal with the Russians, if not an overly friendly one. Now a great many of them are dead, including one of their most powerful bosses, and my best friend is lying in a hospital bed with multiple fucking gunshot wounds. Questions are being asked by all of the wrong kind of people and if I have a hope in hell of fixing any of this and avoiding a fucking lot of bloodshed, I need to know what exactly the fuck happened and I need you to tell me. Think you can do that Will?"

Will shook his head. "I think we were ambushed. Well, that might not be the right word. Anatoli took advantage of the distraction of Malloy and Bishop and used it to shoot Nigel. I couldn't..it happened so fucking fast. It wasn't supposed to be like that, Darko," the brunet said, his eyes red-rimmed, dark circles beneath and his ragged voice all vivid reminders of how this was affecting him. "I know I don't have any say in Nigel's business, but I want to help you. My loyalty is to him, him alone, and I don't want anything happening to his...what he's built, for his sake. You understand what I mean?" he asked.

Darko studied the distraught young man sitting across from him and had to shove the pity swelling in his chest for the boy aside. As much as he would like to coddle Will right now, it wouldn't help. What Will needed most right now besides Darko's support was a good dose of reality without any sugar coating. "I do, Will but I think that's where the main fucking problem is. Up until this point, you and Nigel have been trying to live in your own little world, keeping the reality of how things really are on the outside of things and that fucking bubble...it didn't stand a fucking chance against Anatoli's bullet. Look, kid, I don't doubt that you love Nigel, anyone with eyes can see that, but if what happened teaches you anything, it's that you can't keep going the way you have been. The world won't allow it." Sighing heavily, Darko rubbed at the back of his neck before dropping his hand back to the table and leveling Will with a stern gaze. "Nigel would kill me for telling you all this, he never wanted what he is to force you to choose between him and the job you've worked so hard for, but I'm telling you now, straight up-you've got to make a decision. If you keep trying to straddle that line, you're going to get yourself or Nigel killed and that's a fucking fact."

Tired blue eyes focused on sharp ones. "You're saying I should quit the force. Nigel *wouldn't* ask that you're right." Will rubbed his knuckles, fidgeting before sighing deeply and leaning forward, running his fingers through unruly curls. "I thought I could help him, that it would be better to have someone on the inside. Of course, that was before I knew how corrupt things were. That we had people inside already, in someone else's pocket. Fuck. Just... *fuck*." Will stood then and began to pace in agitation. How he wished he could just talk to Nigel. If he knew he'd be safe...this was his life though. His career. What was he supposed to do? Go into business with Nigel? He turned to Darko. "But what would I do? Work for you?" he asked almost innocently.

Darko grinned, he couldn't help it. "Work for me? Are you fucking insane? Nigel would have my head on a platter for even suggesting it!" Eyeing Will speculatively, Darko thought for a minute. "Nigel did say something once though, something about you being really good at reading people and their intentions as long as you weren't overloaded or stressed. Said you're some kind of empath or something. Is that true?"

Will furrowed his brow. “More of a curse than a gift. I can see...understand...things that people usually try to hide. It’s nothing mysterious, more about being attuned to people and paying attention to things most people ignore. People typically go through the world very focused on themselves and have no idea how much they leave...hanging out in the open. It’s easier to read intent when you can see inside them.” Will paused. “How would that help Nigel?”

Darko leaned forward, grinning like mad again. “Are you fucking kidding me, kid? Do you know how much time and energy Nigel and I have to put into vetting potential business partners and making sure the people we already do business with aren’t intending to fuck us over the first chance we get? You could sit in on meetings, monitor deals and shit like that!”

Will searched the older man’s face. He considered what Darko was saying though and it hit him hard; he would be turning his back on a lifelong dream. His entire career. At the same time though, he truly *loved* Nigel. He’d never known anyone like the man before, certainly never been in love or felt the kind of love he felt with him. In Nigel, it was as though he’d found another piece of himself.

Darko watched the thoughts and emotions filter across Will’s tired face and felt a rare sense of sympathy for the younger man. As far as he was concerned, sympathy was as useless as regret, a man lived and died by the decisions he made and there was no sense in crying over what could not be changed. But Will, he hadn’t asked for any of this. He was a good person at heart, unlike Nigel and Darko who had not only chosen this life but *thrived* on it. And now he was being forced to make a choice between the man he loved and the life he had worked so hard to build. Darko felt like a bastard for forcing the issue, but it had to be done. Taking a deep breath, he reached out and placed what he hoped was a comforting hand over Will’s.

“Only one question needs answering tonight, Will.” Waiting until those exhausted blue eyes met his, Darko smiled sadly. “Is he worth it?”

In his mind’s eye, Will conjured Nigel’s face; eyes closed, expression slack, his cheekbones so pronounced under the deep olive complexion, there was an almost delicate, nearly feminine beauty to his features. The full, plump lips and loose dirty blond and silver hair falling over his brow added to the effect, however, the decidedly broad, muscular shoulders and coarse chest hair certainly clarified his manliness. For all his external beauty though, it was really only a quarter or less of what attracted him, of what he loved and desired about Nigel. And if he was honest, truly honest with himself, he knew he couldn’t turn his back on what was likely the love of his life.

Will wasn't a risk taker, but this was one he was going to have to take. He knew if he kept trying to play both sides, Darko was right; one of them would end up killed. As it was, it had nearly taken his lover's life.

Looking Darko in the eye didn't come easy, but he met his gaze head-on. "Yes. He's worth it, and I'll do it." He knew how exhausted he must look, but when he made a decision like this, there was no going back.

Darko held the younger man's gaze, read the determination in the suddenly steel-blue of his gaze and finally gave a sharp nod. "Fuck right he is." Sitting back in his chair, he rapped his knuckles sharply against the tabletop. "Now, the first thing you're gonna do is get a full eight hours, even if I have to have the doc roll another bed into Nigel's room and strap your drugged ass down in it to get the job done. Can't have you meeting with our associates looking like you've been up all night fretting and wailing like a woman." Cutting off Will's objections with a raised hand, Darko steamrolled ahead. "If Nigel is going to have anything left to wake up to, I need you on top of your game. I've called a meeting for tomorrow afternoon and your job is going to be to help me weed out the merely ambitious from those with true intentions of taking over while Nigel is incapacitated. And to do that, you need to rest." Running his eyes over the other man, Darko smirked. "And a new suit. You must look the part of Nigel's consort, after all. I'll put in a call to Nigel's tailor, I imagine he still has your measurements. Now, go. Sleep. We have much to do in very little time and no margin for fuck-ups."

Will bit back his usual snarky sass and grumbled to himself with a somewhat grumpy nod. "That's fine. As long as I get a bed in Nigel's room. I want to be near him ...when he wakes," he said pausing before even beginning to utter *if*. No room for that. He was determined to make this meeting work for both of them and make a good impression. The suit...well, he wasn't thrilled about it, but he was too worn out to argue.

A few words from Darko and an extra bed was wheeled into the room and placed as close to Nigel's as the medical equipment would allow. He watched quietly as the exhausted man tumbled down into its waiting embrace, falling quickly into a deep but restless slumber.

Satisfied the Will would be at least somewhat rested come morning, Darko closed the door quietly behind him, pulling a lighter and a soft pack of cigarettes from his pocket as he strode down the hall, heading for a side exit that opened into a small patio area used by the staff for smoke breaks. Lighting up, he inhaled with relief, letting the thin, nicotine heavy smoke fill his lungs as he debated as to which, out of the many phone calls he had to make tonight, he should start with. Before he could come to a decision, the door behind him burst open, causing him to whirl around startled, right hand already reaching for the gun in his shoulder rig.

The dark haired woman striding towards him confidently ignored the gun now aimed at her head, smiling warmly while clicking her tongue mockingly. “Getting sloppy darling. If I had been one of the Russians, you’d be dead already.”

“Hello, my love.” Darko’s voice softened from his usual rough baritone, softening as in only did for *her*. For Elena, his beloved wife. “If you were one of the Russians, you would not have made it this far.” Reholstering his weapon, Darko held his arms out for her to step into his embrace. “What are you doing here, did you miss me so very much?”

Elena set down two wine glasses she’d brought with her, and slipped her arms around Darko’s shoulders and kissed his neck and then his lips. “You’re always gone too long for my liking. But I’m here now, my love. Come, sit. I brought us some Țuică,” she smiled up at him, eyes full of devotion.

Darko grunted in agreement, slipping an arm around her waist as they turned towards the small cafe table the staff used of their breaks. “I didn’t expect you, love, but I’m very glad you decided to come. Perhaps you can help me sort out the mess Nigel and his little darling have made of what should have been an easy expansion.” Pulling out a chair for her, he leaned down to press a quick kiss to her dark hair before moving to take the other seat. Running a hand through his hair in exasperated frustration, he sighed heavily. “Fuck, Elena, you will not believe what those fools have managed to accomplish in the short time I left them unsupervised!”

Elena shook her head and sat down, reaching over to hold her husband’s hand. She rubbed firm circles on the pad of his palm, just beneath his thumb, in a spot she knew usually calmed him down and eased him when he was stressed. “Tell me what’s wrong,” she said quietly and took a sip of her drink.

Darko took his time, explaining what had happened since he left, the trouble with the crooked cops targeting Will, Nigel’s tense dealings with Anatoli, how the two situations had come to a head and ended with the shootout in the warehouse. “And now Nigel is stuck in a coma of all fucking things and I am left to clean up the mess. Things with the Russians are precarious at best and there are signs of trouble within our own ranks, idiots that think to use the situation to take a piece of what we have built. But I may have a solution to both situations in the form of Will’s talent if he can tear himself away from Nigel’s bedside long enough to pull it off.” Elena shot him a questioning look, so he went on to explain about Will’s empathy (as much

as he himself understood it, anyway) and how he thought to use it. “What do you think, darling? Will it work?”

Elena paused and sighed. “This Will Graham sounds like quite an interesting young man. He can empathize so intensely as to actually be able to unravel crime scenes and get inside the minds of the perpetrators? Darko, my love, doesn’t that strike you as a bit more than just some kind of parlor trick or investigative skill?” She pulled Darko’s hand to the table, long, slender fingers massaging along each vein and bone slowly. “My *Bunica* would’ve called it clairvoyance. A spiritual gift, he can read minds, perhaps even see beyond the veil and commune with the victims if he’s so good at solving crimes. If he works for you? That would be invaluable.”

Darko considered her words carefully, a thoughtful look coming over his features. “A spiritual gift...” Thinking of how so very many of the Russians he had dealt with in the past, as well as a great majority of his own men, were extremely superstitious, a slow smile curled his lips. Even if Will’s gift was just a matter of too many mirror neurons (whatever the fuck those were) as the boy claimed, there was no denying how it would appear to the others. “Shall we present our little Will as a *vrăjitoares* then?”

The brunette’s eyes glittered as her lips curled into a smile. “Exactly. Be they men of logic or inclined to believe in such things, it would certainly catch them off guard. And you can use anything in negotiations to get the upper hand. It’s like a poker game, and you could have the ultimate weapon to get into their heads. And if I know Nigel, chances are this boy is easy on the eyes, hmm?” she asked with a mischievous smirk.

“Oh yes,” Darko laughed. “The boy is very pretty and he knows it. For all his fuck ups and faults, Nigel has always had good taste and a love of possessing beautiful things. Dark curls and big blue eyes that he uses to send longing looks at his lover in the most inappropriate manner. It’s scandalous, I assure you.” Finishing off his wine, he thought a moment and then decided. “How would you feel about taking over the task of making him look the part of Nigel’s pet witch? You have a better eye for these things than I do, darling.”

“I’d have to take a look at him, but I’m sure I can do something to help in that area. Dress him up, soften him, make him even more delightful and harmless looking perhaps? The appearance less of a former cop, and more of a comely divinator? Yes, I can do that. So tell me, my love, when do I get to meet the boy?” She brought his hand up to her lips and kissed each knuckle lovingly, turning his hand over and holding his palm to her soft cheek.

Turning his hand to grasp hers, he tugged until she rose and came to settle in his lap, warm, smiling lips pressed to his. Nuzzling into the dark mane of her hair, Darko nipped his way to her ear, sucking the soft lobe into his ear for a brief tease. “Not tonight, *dragă*. Tomorrow is soon enough for you to focus on your new project. This place is full of empty beds and I think we should make the most of one of them. You can show me just how much you’ve missed me, yes?” Keeping his voice deep and low the way he knew drove his wife insane, Darko allowed his hands to wander slowly over the soft curves hidden by her clothes.

Elena wriggled her ass into Darko’s lap and arched her back just so, pressing eagerly into the touch she loved and missed so much. She leaned her neck to one side, exposing it to his kisses as her hand slipped between the buttons of his shirt, skimming the plush chest hair beneath. “I think I’ve worked up quite an appetite while you were gone, and now that you’re here, well, the feasting shouldn’t be delayed a moment longer, should it?” she whispered breathily.

Groaning at the friction working against him where he was suddenly, painfully hard, Darko fished in his pocket for his phone and quickly pressed speed dial for Vasile. “You have five minutes to find me an empty bed in a very fucking private room.” Not giving the other man a chance to reply, Darko ended the call, stuffed the phone back in his pocket and stood, supporting Elena’s weight with two big palms cradling her ass as she wrapped long legs around his waist. Stealing another kiss from her laughing lips, he smiled against them. “Wicked woman, how I love you.”

Will was more than a little anxious about meeting Darko’s wife. As it was, he wasn’t eager to leave Nigel’s side, but after a stern talking to from Darko and Vasile, he knew he had to do this for Nigel, to secure his place and make sure no one tried to come in and think they could take advantage of them with him incapacitated. And Elena was here to coach him and help him play the part. What part, he wasn’t exactly sure yet. He sat there in a booth in the private back room of the club reserved for parties, sweating and nursing a drink, when a stunning woman entered the room.

She was a tall brunette, long, silky hair in soft waves, and big green eyes. She wore a bit of mascara but no other makeup adorned her nearly translucent complexion but for a dramatic, blood red lipstick. Elena was dressed in a crimson, sheer blouse with a black camisole beneath and long, billowy black slacks that had slits running up the sides of both legs. The look was completed with black, strappy Louboutin stilettos.

As she slid into the booth beside Will, she smiled cat-like and immediately took his hand, seeing how nervous he looked. “I’m Elena. Of course, you are Will Graham, Nigel’s beloved.

Nigel and my Darko are like brothers, and so you and I are something like brother and sister, you know? We are family, love. So don't be so nervous. I'm your friend and I'm here to help you, and if you can see into people's hearts like Darko says you can, maybe you see mine now, no?" She had a considerably softer look in her eyes as she gazed at him, and normally never let her walls down so quickly. But Will's eyes...he was indeed a handsome young man, but his eyes were like nothing she'd seen before. He exuded a kind of lovely healing aura. There was sadness and loss there, but something else so vulnerable that let her feel she could trust him.

Will felt the same. Even as she began to speak in that low, raspy way that all the Romanians seemed to have, he saw in her deep green eyes a sweet, good-hearted girl, one who was devoted to her man and had noble intentions. There was a streak of manipulation there, to be sure, but he could see she only used it to protect those she loved, like a fierce mother bear. Will knew immediately Elena was a good woman, and he exhaled and smiled at her. "I see it. Thank you, Elena."

The elegant woman leaned back and smiled as a man in a tuxedo entered the room to bring her a drink, swiftly leaving. She took a sip and smiled widely at him, looking him up and down. "You're so lovely, you're going to make this very easy for me...well, on the outside that is. You've got a stubborn streak I see. But I like that. So do I. You don't want to give that up, but you can use it to work things in your favor. That's an advanced lesson for another time though- and you *never* tell Nigel or Darko about it," she said, pointing a well manicured, long red nail at him.

Will nodded quickly and smirked. "My lips are sealed, sis. Is it too soon to call you that?" he asked innocently.

Elena laughed, a lighter, more girlish sound. "I love it, *iepuruș*," she replied.

Will squinted at her. "Dare I ask what that means?"

"It's a term of endearment, a pet name, it literally means 'bunny'. I can't help it, darling, you're as adorable as a bunny with your curls and big blue eyes," she said smiling and touching his cheek affectionately. It was as though they had known each other for years. Will felt completely comfortable with her already.

Over the course of the next few hours, Elena and Will discussed his wardrobe, how to act when he was with Darko and Vasile at business meetings, how he would 'read' their partners and present himself with an air of mystery. She explained to him how the Eastern Europeans

were a particularly superstitious people who were likely to believe they would not be able to pull anything over on men who had a clairvoyant with them. They'd smear a bit of kohl around those baby blue eyes, arrange his curls just so, put him in a loose, black silk shirt and jeans with boots, and the rest was up to him. Will could do brooding, pouty and mysterious all day long.

Confident she had talked it through and Will was ready, Elena went to Darko to let him know it was only a matter of getting him dressed and made up, once they had a meeting scheduled.

Will scrutinized himself in the mirror skeptically as Elena stood behind him, spraying and fluffing his chestnut curls, wrapping tendrils here and there around her finger to encourage his natural ringlets to form. "Are you sure about the eye makeup?" he asked, surprised at how much larger the kohl made them look. The blue stood out, like pale sapphires against his creamy skin.

She turned him to face her, smudging and blending cheek and lip stain over him, one finger tapping the pad of his Cupid's bow to define it. "You're perfect, darling. They are going to go wild for you. Be utterly distracted no matter what their sexuality," she said with a smirk. She stepped back, heels clacking against the linoleum floor of the restroom in Nigel's club.

The door pushed open, Darko walking in without looking up from the messages he was sifting through on his phone. "Darling, I hope you are almost done because the last of the men just arrived and while it's always a good tactic to make them wait long enough to become nervous, we don't want them to get *too* restless..." His voice trailed off as he glanced up and then just stood gaping at a very transformed Will. "Mary Mother of God, you've turned him into a fucking gypsy honeypot!" Eyes roving up and down the boy from long legs sheathed in tight black jeans, over the form-fitting black silk tee to the kohl-rimmed eyes and tousled hair, Darko could only shake his head in disbelief. "Nigel's going to fucking *kill* me..."

"Ahh, he won't kill you, my love. Only if you fuck him, and then I'd kill you first," she laughed in her smoky yet feminine way.

Will had to blush at Darko's reaction and her comment, though it was, of course, a joke. He even managed a grin. "Come on, it's all Elena's work really. Sure hope it works," he said, looking more seriously between the two of them.

"They'll be eating out of your palm, right?" Elena said, slinking up next to her husband and kissing his cheek as she slipped her arm into his.

"The stupid ones will be, anyway," Darko grumbled. Giving Will a hard look, he quirked an eyebrow at him. "Can you handle what's going to happen in that conference room, Will? The way those men will look at you, either with disdain because they think you're nothing but Nigel's little fuck toy or with lust because they want you for themselves? Will you be able to ignore it, avoid becoming overwhelmed and let them think what they want until it's time to show them differently?"

Will cast a dark look at him and smirked. "I'll get some satisfaction imagining what Nigel will do to them when I tell him just how they did. I will want to watch. Maybe even play a little myself, you never know," he said with a kittenish quirk of a brow. "Trust me, I'm nervous. But he needs me for this. I will do whatever it takes...as I told you, Darko."

The older man made a vague noise in his throat, letting it go for now. Perhaps there was something darker in the boy that he had missed seeing before now. Something only Nigel had been able to see from the beginning. Either way, they would be finding out shortly. Quickly he outlined how the next hour or so would go, letting Will know what he could expect.

"There are fifteen crew captains invited to this meeting and each of them will bring their second along, so thirty men in the room plus the three of us and our security. I want you to focus on the captains, weed out the loyal from the overly ambitious. Drinks will be served first, everyone with chat and socialize for a little while before things get serious. I won't introduce you when we go in, it's better to let them wonder about who and what you are as you circulate the room, looking them over but not engaging too heavily with any of them. Elena will stay with you, move with you through the room, giving you whatever information you might require as I've given her all the background information you might need on any of them. Once you've identified who you feel might be the top threat or threats if you feel there are more than one, let me know discreetly and we will begin the meeting. After that, you will need to follow my lead. I won't know the best time for you to showcase your little party trick until it arrives."

Butterflies began flitting about in his belly; Will was both excited and nervous now. Glancing at himself in the mirror, he knew why Elena was so skilled at what she did. He did look damn good. He knew if Nigel saw him what he'd say...and do. An ache penetrated his heart at the thought, but he put on a brave face and straightened his back and shoulders. He would make Nigel proud and do this to protect his business. "I got it. I admit, it feels a little better knowing you'll be with me, too," he said to the tall, beautiful brunette beside them.

"I will take good care of you, but I doubt you'll need my help at all. I have faith in you, Will. After what's he's been through...Nigel is a good judge of character, and if he chose you and allowed himself to fall in love, it was for a reason." She was referring of course to someone from his past. But Nigel had learned the hard way how to not be too blinded by love.

Moving to stand directly in front of the younger man, Darko reached out and gripped his shoulders firmly, making sure he held the nervous gaze with his own. "You will do fucking fine, Will. If you can handle loving Nigel, you can handle this. Are you ready?"

A quick nod and Darko led them out of the bathroom and down the hall to the large conference room where Nigel's crew chiefs waited for them. Nodding at the two security men guarding the door, Darko swept into the room with Elena and Will strolling casually in behind him. Stalking to the center of the room, his face carefully schooled into cold indifference, he carefully watched the room's occupants initial reaction to their abrupt arrival. It was an interesting mix of unease, surprise and carefully contained aggression. Accepting the drink Vasile brought to him, Darko allowed himself to be drawn into conversation with a few of the captains while pretending to ignore Elena and Will as they began to move through the room.

Will followed Elena around like a little puppy, letting her introduce him here and there as simply "her friend, Will." He met each one with a cat-like smile and nod, shoulders back and spine arched just enough to accentuate his assets. Some devoured him with hungry eyes, others looked at him with disgust. The ever-confident and poised Elena took two glasses of champagne from a waiter's tray and brought him to one particular table that Darko had expressed interest in, told her to look out for. As they approached, Will began getting nervous.

Two men sat at the table; one slightly older than Nigel, tall with dark brown hair and sharp features. He was well dressed but had an air about him if someone with low confidence trying to conceal it and trying too hard. Will hadn't even spoken to him yet, but the aura of thinly veiled desperation was clear to him.

The other was young, casting frequent looks at his companion as though seeking something akin to validation or guidance. Will wasn't sure just yet. He was of a slender build with a shock of red hair and wire-framed glasses. A bit too studious looking for this profession, but he was likely a numbers guy, not muscle.

Elena placed a hand on their table and leaned down. "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I've someone I want to introduce to you. This is Will. Will, please meet Marcus and Drake, two of our newer members. Locals, from Brooklyn, yes?" she asked, smiling in her feline way and pulling Will forward by his arm.

Both men made polite enough noises at Elena before turning their attention to Will. The younger of the two, the red-headed one, Drake, his gaze held a wary curiosity and he nodded in Will's direction without comment. Marcus, however, was nowhere nearly as discrete, leering openly and allowing his eyes to wander Will's body suggestively. The man's smile was oily rather than charming, full of lust and banked hostility. "Ah yes, the cop Nigel turned into his own personal whore. Too bad the boss didn't keep you on a shorter leash instead of letting you run around causing so much trouble and disrupting our business. You've cost us all a lot of money, you know?" The man made sure his voice carried, obviously wanting his criticism of Nigel to reach the ears of the other captains.

Will felt his temper flare, rising like a fire in his belly, but Elena's sudden hand on the small of his back brought him to awareness. He had to intimidate these men and retain a measure of control to do so. He smiled at Drake but then turned a sharp eye to Marcus. "Nice to meet you too. Do you greet Nigel the same way?" he asked, licking his lips deliberately.

The seated gangster's face colored an unflattering shade of red, anger twisting his features into an ugly snarl. "Oh trust me, *Will*, I would much rather be taking this up with Nigel instead of wasting my time with his little whore, but since he's hidden himself away like a slinking dog to lick his wounds, I'm afraid it will have to wait." Standing up, the taller man deliberately crowded into Will's space, trying to intimidate. "Unless of course, you want to play nice and tell me where your master has holed himself up at? Then we can get the inevitable over with today and get back to business without that lovestruck idiot fucking everything up."

Before things could escalate any further, Darko's voice boomed across the room. "Marcus, that's enough! Sit down before you end up very, very dead. The boy is more than what he seems and probably much more than you can handle." Ignoring the glare sent his way, Darko

waved at Elena to escort Will to the seats reserved for them at the right and left of where he stood at the head of the table as he called the meeting to order.

Will didn't react to the posturing with fear- he'd handcuffed worse than this blowhard- and kept his blue gaze right on him. He smirked and arched an eyebrow, a deadly look in his eye.

Quickly taking the opportunity Darko created in diverting attention, Elena tugged Will by the arm to the places reserved for them. "Come on," she whispered to him discreetly.

Darko remained standing after everyone else had taken their seats and he let the sudden quiet stretch on a bit as he casually lit another cigarette. Only when it had reached a decidedly uncomfortable pitch did he speak. "You've all heard the rumors floating around on the streets, that Nigel is dead or dying, that the organization is falling apart and the Russians are gunning for us over Anatoli's unfortunate demise. Some of you are panicking, have come to me whining and mewling like helpless children while others have decided this might be a time of opportunity." Pausing to look at each of the men seated around the table, Darko drew on his cigarette and blew the smoke out with a smirk. "So, like a dutiful Papa, I am here to straighten things out and keep you all from doing something stupid that Nigel will have to kill you for later."

Darko let that sink in, crushing out his cigarette in an ashtray before slowly beginning to circle around the table. Many of the seated men looked relieved that someone was taking control, the reigns of power being taken up in strong, if not familiar hands, while others remained carefully blank. Marcus and one or two others made sounds of derisive disbelief that made Darko smile evilly.

"Ah, I see a few of you have been listening a bit to hopefully to the rumors saying Nigel is dying." Coming to stand behind where Marcus sat, Darko placed both hands on the seated man's shoulders in a friendly gesture, leaning in to speak close to his ear. "That is good! It will make the other part of my job here so much easier." Releasing him, Darko continued his stroll around the table. "You see, my friends, it occurred to me that this is the perfect time to rid ourselves of any undesirable elements in our organization. To sort the wheat from the chaff, so to speak. And any man stupid enough to even consider a wounded beast an easy target has no place among us. You all know what kind of man it is that you work for. Think carefully. Do any of you doubt that Nigel would be at his most dangerous, wounded and with his back against the wall?" Another pause to let them consider this new angle before playing his final card in this game.

“Nigel will recover from his injuries, I assure you. And I intend to hand him back what he has built in pristine condition with only men loyal to him filling his ranks.”

“Right,” Marcus laughed rudely. “And how are you going to manage all that, old man? Magic?” There were a few nervous laughs following the brassy challenge, but not many. Darko just smiled.

“Exactly.” Motioning for Will to stand, Darko stepped back a pace. “You all think Will nothing more than Nigel’s pretty little pet, but he is so much *more*. You’ve forgotten what kind of man Nigel is, letting yourselves be fooled into believing he would ever allow someone *weak* into his inner circle. You are about to find out just how wrong you are.” Leaning in, he whispered loudly in Will’s ear, “Time to show them your teeth, *lupul mic*.”

Will straightened his spine and walked around the room, evaluating each person through his kohl-smudged, haunting eyes. “Many of you, like Marcus, have seen me for what you want to think I am. As he so eloquently put it, Nigel’s *whore*. And that’s exactly what I wanted, distraction while I saw you, each of you, for who you really are. Not what you want people to see.” Will’s voice had deepened, a clear and articulate, emotionless tone of authority and confidence. It was quite an effect, and there were quick glances of disbelief scattered around the room as he spoke.

“Take Marcus here as an example. This man has been riding Nigel’s coattails and eyeing his position ever since he got here. He’s not one of you, not from the Motherland, is he?” Will gestured towards Darko, Elena, and a contingent of Romanians clustered in a group of their own.

“Marcus, you have the stink of a man who suffers from an inferiority complex and goes to great lengths to compensate. But the lady doth protest too much, isn’t that right? You lack the skills, intelligence, and courage to ever be able to handle leading an organization like this. So you’re circling the drain, perpetually doomed to play a supporting role, second fiddle, the sidekick, if that. I see what others can’t and I see exactly the kind of man you are. I can see it on some of your faces even now,” Will said, nearing Marcus once more, brows furrowed in a serious expression, all traces of flirtatiousness gone.

Marcus felt his face drain of color as the words hit their mark. The humiliation of his first meeting with Nigel, of being told in no uncertain terms that he could either submit and join the Romanian’s organization or face having his crew wiped out flashed across his mind along with the helpless rage of knowing he wasn’t strong enough to stand up to the more powerful gangster. And even before that, the endless struggle to be taken seriously by the men he had grown up idolizing back in Brooklyn, the fear that no matter how tough he tried to appear, everyone was laughing at him behind his back. That fear and insecurity leading him to move

operations to New Orleans, to start over where no one knew about his past failures. But that had turned out to be a bust too, hadn't it? Sure, he had done alright, but for some reason, he had never been able to hit that big score or make the big deals, always a hanger-on, always on the fringe of success without quite making it to the top. And now, this fucking slut, Nigel's little boy toy, had laid it all out for everyone in the room to see.

Blood rushed back into his face, flushing it ugly with anger and humiliation as Marcus pushed to his feet, his chair toppling over behind him with the force of his movement. The men on either side of him read the signs of impending violence and were scrambling to get away from the enraged mafia captain. Completely focused on Will, Marcus paid them no mind as he reached for his belt, pulling the knife hidden behind the buckle out and gripping it so tightly his knuckles turned white.

"You fucking little cunt, I'll teach you to run your fucking mouth!" Snarling as he closed the distance between himself and the source of his humiliation, Marcus held the knife low, aiming to viscously gut the younger man.

Will had the advantage of appearing lithe and delicate, but looks were very deceiving. His instincts were fast, and he shoved the heel of one hand up against Marcus' nose, using the distraction to deflect the knife in the man's hand. He grappled with him, attempting to wrest it away as blood began to gush from his nose. Being a cop, he was a skilled fighter; even still, Marcus managed to cut Will's arm on the blade. Not a severe wound, and he kned him in the abdomen in an attempt to get him on the floor. "My mouth has gotten me in trouble before. Luckily I know what to do with trouble," he huffed through clenched teeth.

Marcus growled furiously and struggled to regain his footing, but Will was faster and had him on the ground in moments. As he reached for the knife, the bigger man found his legs again and reared up, standing and slamming Will against the wall with all his might. The air left his lungs, and Will gasped, one hand shooting out to wrap around his neck. Marcus dropped the knife and Will used the moment to his advantage, a left hook connecting with his jaw. As Marcus stood there disoriented, Will bent down, grabbed the knife, and with teeth bared, jammed the blade into his carotid artery, immediately pulling it back out.

Marcus blinked at him in shock as blood began to spray all over Will, the wall and the floor, and he gurgled feebly as he began to slide down to the floor. The light left his eyes and he was dying, slowly, as life bubbled out of the wound.

Covered head to toe in Marcus' blood, Will turned to face everyone in the room. "That's...what happens to anyone who defies Nigel. Is there any question where my loyalties lie now?" he spit out defiantly, blue eyes circled in kohl dark and dangerous.

Things wrapped up quickly after that, Darko ordering the removal of the body before looking around the room with a cheerfully menacing smile. "Anyone else harboring delusions about making a grab for power?" When only silence met his question, he laughed and clapped his hands together once in mock humor. "Good! Then we can move on to other matters."

Glancing over to where Will still stood, now wiping ineffectually at the thick blood coating his face and neck, Darko leaned over to whisper in Elena's ear, "Darling, I don't think we need Will for the rest of the meeting, why don't you take him back to the clinic, let him shower and see Nigel. It may help settle him."

Elena nodded, a look of quiet pride on her face. She was impressed and just as shocked as everyone present, but betrayed none of it, crimson lips curled into a smile. Wrapping one well-manicured hand around her husband's tie, she tugged gently as she leaned in to kiss him. "Very good idea, my love. I think I will retire for the night myself. I'll be waiting for you, hmm?" She said.

Darko watched her guide Will out of the room, both of their heads held high and a decided strut in Elena's swaying gait. That woman would be the death of him, he thought to himself, but he would die a happy man.

Elena led the disheveled, blood-covered young man back to Nigel's room. "You are a very unique and brave one, Will. I saw before what Nigel is so enchanted with, but now everyone knows," she smiled.

Will attempted to wipe his face, laughing at his bloody hands. "Thanks, I think," he replied, waving at her before she turned to leave. "Goodnight...and thanks for everything you did."

“You’re welcome. Goodnight,” Elena replied, turning to leave with a grin.

Will turned towards Nigel’s bed as the door closed, and approached him. His chest burned as he looked at the face of the man he loved, wanting more than anything to see those beautiful, golden eyes open. Impulsively, he leaned over him, trying to keep blood off the bed, and kissed him, lips pressed hotly against his beloved’s. “*Te iubesc, Nigel,*” he whispered, throat hoarse with emotion.

Voices reached Nigel from what seemed like a great distance, drifting closer and then fading into echoes before they finally settled into quiet murmurs. Slowly coming back to himself, Nigel gradually became aware of the bed he was laying on, the soft beep of the medical machines and the mild annoyance of what felt like bandages around his head and torso. *What the hell had happened to him?*

Attention divided between trying to remember and finding the strength to pry open eyes that seemed matted shut, Nigel was distracted from both efforts by the press of soft, familiar lips against his own. It was a touch that never failed to stir him and it did not fail to do so now, Nigel’s eyes fluttering open even as his lips parted beneath the gentle pressure of Will’s. At first he thought his vision must have been affected by the shot he had taken to the head and he blinked furiously to try and bring Will’s face into focus before giving it up as a bad job and letting his lids slide closed again to better concentrate on the sheer joy of having his beloved close to him again. Nigel didn’t believe in too much, had never been a man of faith, but he would be forever grateful to whatever powers that existed for the miracle he had been given. Nigel still couldn’t remember exactly what had happened that night in the warehouse, but from the way his head was throbbing and the painful stitch in his side, he was fairly sure he had come perilously close to dying. Reaching up with a weak hand, he ran trembling fingers through curls that seemed matted with something thick and tacky. Tugging gently, he eased Will’s mouth from his, letting their lips linger and cling before finally separating. Nigel cleared his throat, dry and thick with disuse. “Hello, darling.”

Will opened his eyes and gasped in disbelief before touching Nigel’s face, as though feeling him would keep this memory real. Cradling his face in both hands, he didn’t even pay attention to the blood he was getting on Nigel. “You’re...are you really awake? Nigel...” Will kissed him again, overwhelmed with emotion from the moment he’d been waiting for what seemed like forever. Tears fell from his eyes and smeared with makeup down his face.

Nigel let himself be kissed and petted, enjoying the love and happiness spilling over in Will's voice and touch, smiling when Will finally pulled back enough for Nigel to see his beautiful face. And again with the blinking, because there was either something wrong with Nigel's eyes or his darling was covered in drying blood that was beginning to flake and...makeup? *What the fuck was going on?* Confused and more than a bit alarmed, Nigel ran the pad of his thumb over the corner of Will's eye, the pad coming away smeared with what looked like eyeliner. Urging Will close again with a firm tug, Nigel nuzzled the boy's temple and inhaled the salty iron scent of blood. Pressing a kiss there, the older man rasped a simple question to which he was sure there was a very complicated answer.

"Darling, when exactly did you start wearing makeup and more importantly, *who the fuck did you make bleed tonight?*" Nigel was fairly proud of how calm he sounded considering the fact that the first thing he had seen upon opening his eyes was a blood splatter Will. Albeit, the only thing enabling that calm was the certainty that none of the blood on Will's face was his own. And maybe whatever drugs were running through the IV stuck in his arm, if Nigel was being honest.

Will was trying to be gentle, he really was, but he was so incredibly excited to feel the warmth of *his Nigel* again, and he was overwhelmed. He had almost forgotten how ridiculous he must look. "The makeup was the means to an end, and that end was Marcus. It is a long story...but he's a traitor or was about to be, and he tried to kill me, in front of everyone. Instead, I killed him," Will said. "Darko and Elena were there. Everyone was there. All your men saw it happen. God, Fucking hell Nigel...how do you feel? Are you in pain? Can I get you water?" Will whispered, pulling back as he knew he shouldn't lean any weight on the injured man.

Nigel felt his mouth gaping and snapped it shut without saying a word, head falling back against the pillow and eyes sliding shut as he tried to make sense of the nonsense Will was spewing. Because it *had* to be nonsense. Because if it wasn't, that would mean that his lovely boy had somehow managed to put himself in the middle of yet *another* shit storm while Nigel had been busy pulling a Rip-Van-Winkle. And apparently, Darko and Elena had been in on it.

Opening his eyes warily, Nigel peered up at Will's anxious face with a grimace, afraid to ask but needing to know. "*Just how the fuck long was I out, Will?*"

Bullet Wounds and Wedding Rings

Chapter Summary

I've missed you, Nigel..."

Nigel could see Will's hesitation, understood it and just didn't fucking care. Will had set this scene and Nigel was going to make sure he played it out, bullet wound or no. Making a tsking noise, Nigel motioned with the barrel of the gun, "Did you now, darling? Well, show me then. Drop the towel."

Or...

All wild rides eventually reach their destinations. We don't own it, but damn, it was one hell of a ride, wasn't it?

Chapter Notes

This adventure started as an experiment in seeing if I had chemistry writing with my friend, Rebecca, and intended as a quick one-off piece. The muses took on total lives of their own in a way we hadn't planned, and it went from violent dub con quickie to oh no they're cute, catching feelings and getting fluffy. Who would ever in the world think two guys like Nigel and Will Graham would be fluffy?! Ours - in my opinion - is just the right amount of tough, badass killers and emotional, intense and funny, sassy lovers. I'm eagerly looking forward to my next project with Rebecca, and we hope you stick around and subscribe to read more as well. Thanks!

Love, Alone...

Hi! CS here,

To everything, there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven. And as Nigel would say, Fuck that shit. We make our own fates. This part of the story may have drawn to a close and we may never revisit it again on paper or digital medium, but in mine and Alone's hearts and minds, this is a never-ending story and we will continue to believe that our boys are out there, living life to the fullest, loving and laughing and raising their own brand of hell. So thanks for coming along with us and for all your support and comments. It meant the world to us.

Love and Hugs,

CS

Crimson mingled with soap suds, swirling around his feet, and Will leaned against the tile and closed his eyes. Violence still sat there in his mind's eye; the red, furious face of the fucking traitor who'd imagined he could take down his beloved. Who bought into the charade he had set up with Elena and Darko, that he was nothing more than a tarted up little young thing, a harmless trollop Nigel was using for pleasure. The plan had gone perfectly as far as outing and sending a message to anyone who had any vague ideas to try and take advantage of Nigel being out of commission.

This was a family. Family sticks together. And Will had chosen a side. There would be no going back now. Standing in the shower and watching that man's blood go down the drain, he found he didn't have any regrets. He loved the man out there in that bed. He said it and *meant* it.

Funny how good really hot water feels on stiff muscles after a few minutes. Everything loosens up and relaxes and...the minds wanders. No phone, no television. No distractions. Will turned around and leaned his back against the wall, head back as the water pelted him, and bit his lower lip as his hands wandered down his smooth chest, flat belly, that little trail of hair that led down...

Fuck, he missed Nigel. Missed those full lips, that smoky breath, that lisp, his accent, big, rough hands, sharp, crooked teeth and the way he'd sometimes nip, other times outright bite. And that fat, uncut cock...

He was moaning. Long, slow, wet strokes of his hand up and down his cock, Head thrown back and mouth hanging open, panting as beads of pre-come dripped down unnoticed in the streams of hot shower water. Billowing clouds of steam wafted around him as he pictured that first time, bent over his own squad car like a whore, wrists cuffed, begging for it...

"Ohhhhh fffffffucck.....yaaaahhhh...."

Nigel's sleep was restless, pain and irritation keeping him in a light doze that failed to yield itself to the healing sleep his body craved. Pain because his own innate sense of paranoia had

made him refuse to allow his doctor to administer the full dose of analgesics his injuries called for and irritation over the long and complicated explanation of Will's most recent activities on his behalf. The former had kept Nigel alive too many times to be ignored and the latter...well, that was a direct result of what made having Will in his life so exciting. His darling was ever unpredictable.

Having allowed only enough of the pain medication to make things tolerable, the soft moans coming from behind the closed bathroom door were enough to have those golden eyes sliding open, one hand stealthily making its way under the pillow to grasp the butt of the gun he had insisted on having before allowing Will to coax him into trying to sleep. It was bad enough he was stuck flat on his back in a damned bed like some invalid, Nigel would be damned if he was going to be completely left completely helpless if trouble found him.

Scanning the room to confirm that no one had entered while he dozed, Nigel's gaze traveled back to the bathroom door. The moans were getting louder, the occasional soft hiss of a curse clear over the sounds of the shower. Pushing the button on the bed controls with the hand not currently holding his gun, Nigel managed to get himself sat mostly upright as he listened to the increasingly louder and intriguing noises coming from behind the door. Will didn't sound like he was in pain, but he could be wrong. Nigel wouldn't put it past the younger man to have hidden any injuries he might have gotten pulling off his and Darko's hairbrained scheme. Or even worse, Will was not so quietly having a nervous breakdown on the other side of that door, trying to keep Nigel from witnessing him falling apart as the weight of taking a life crashed down on him. For all of his bravery, Will was still young and so damned sensitive. There was no telling what form the guilt of killing on Nigel's behalf might take. The older man was all too familiar with all the ways ghosts could haunt a man. With that thought in mind, Nigel threw back the blankets and swung his legs over the side of the bed. Or at least he tried to. The bullet wound in his side protested loudly at the attempt, making black dots swim in Nigel's vision as he fought not to pass out. Gasping for breath, Nigel conceded that he wasn't going anywhere anytime soon and leaned back against the raised support of the bed. Plan B it was then.

Laboriously drawing up the leg on his uninjured side until it was bent with his foot flat on the mattress, Nigel braced his forearm on his knee to steady his aim as he pointed the gun at the bathroom door just in case he was wrong and someone had snuck in while he was sleeping and Will wasn't alone in that bathroom, Nigel drew in as deep a breath as he could manage while panting around the pain all the moving around was causing. Raising his voice to be heard through the door, he called out.

"Will." The noises stopped and after a moment the shower turned off but the door to the bathroom remained closed. "Will, get your ass out here!" Nigel barked, hurting and tired and just a little worried he was going to look stupid when Will came out and was just fine and

would immediately start wondering why his lover was sitting propped up in his hospital bed with a gun pointed at him but Nigel's paranoia had him by the balls right now and he'd rather risk looking like a fool than to be wrong and caught by surprise.

Gun or no gun, surprise still managed to gut punch him when Will came running out of the bathroom, soaking wet and wearing nothing but a towel. A very suspiciously *tented* towel that promptly fell to the floor as the younger man's hands flew above his head as soon as he saw the gun.

Will's hand flew up in a panic when he saw the gun pointed at him, utterly forgetting just how loosely he'd tied the towel around his slim hips...that is until it registered how breezy it had suddenly become, and where Nigel was staring. Mortified, he scrambled for the towel, hastily picking it up and securing it again, the apples of his cheeks dark as he avoided Nigel's eyes. "Sorry..."

Nigel *knew* he was too injured to do what his instincts were demanding of him, but the useless arousal coiling hot in his gut didn't give a flying fuck. Skin still wet and pink from the shower, Will stood before him like a vision straight out of a dirty dream, faced flushed with embarrassment and arousal. The towel the boy clutched did nothing to hide what he had been doing and what Nigel had so obviously interrupted. Nigel's gaze took all of this in, sweeping Will from head to toe before settling back on the younger man's blushing face and over-bright eyes. Nigel's eyes narrowed, head tilting as he considered the situation. He may not be able to take care of Will the way he normally would right now, but there were other ways to meet his boy's needs and Nigel was a *very* creative man when the situation called for it.

Thumbing the safety back on, Nigel kept the gun casually propped where it was while letting a bit of a leer curl his lips. "Well now darling, what is it you're apologizing for? Touching yourself without my permission or trying to hide it from me like a naughty little boy and getting caught at it?"

Will bit his bottom lip, looking up at Nigel through his lashes. God, his chest ached for how much he wanted to reach out for him, how he had missed him. He didn't want to treat him gingerly but also didn't want to further injure him, so he stayed where he was, and rubbed his jaw shyly. "Maybe a bit of both, to be honest. I've *missed* you, Nigel..."

Nigel could see Will's hesitation, understood it and just didn't fucking care. Will had set this scene and Nigel was going to make sure he played it out, bullet wound or no. Making a *tsking* noise, Nigel motioned with the barrel of the gun, "Did you now, darling? Well, show me then. Drop the towel."

Oh...a *show* then maybe...if that was what his Nigel wanted...Will blushed an even deeper shade of pink, licking his lips, and paused only a moment before shifting his hips and stepping closer. He took one more step forward, and big blue eyes looked up dramatically as he pulled the towel away, cock still hard and red-tipped from the warmth of the shower. It bobbed obscenely, long and cut, his dark nest of pubic hair unashamedly thick, and he gave Nigel a demure smile. "Well?" he said softly.

Heat flared in Nigel's eyes, the sight of Will's arousal never failing to spark an answering need in Nigel's blood. Almost groaning as he felt his cock twitch and knowing it was futile, Nigel's voice rumbled deep from his chest, "Well in-fucking-deed. Seems to me that you've been dirty in a way a shower won't help with, angel. What's to be done about that?" Not waiting for an answer, Nigel tipped his head towards the bed pushed up next to his. "Up on the bed, Will. Flat on your back, eyes on me."

The commanding tone he took sent a shot of arousal straight down Will's spine. *That was his* Nigel, and a subtle smirk curled his lips when he heard it. Will climbed up just as he'd been instructed, taking a bit of time in doing so. He arched his back, curving out his ass and looking over his shoulder, then carefully lowered himself down, letting his limbs pool languidly across the sheets, focusing his gaze on the Romanian once fully reclined on his back. Bending his knees, he spread open thick thighs, cock resting between his legs and hands carefully placed flat on the bed. "Is this as you wanted?"

Watching the little show Will was putting on with hooded eyes, Nigel all but purred his approval when Will lay spread out like a feast for his enjoyment. Carefully turning onto his side, mindful of his injuries, and *Goddammit*, did he hate the fact that he had to mind them at all, Nigel anged himself so that when he reached out, it was no strain at all to run the barrel of his gun along the throbbing length of the boy's erection. Smiling at the gasp the slow slide of the cold metal against heated flesh drew from between Will's lips, Nigel hummed in agreement. "Perfect darling. And you're going to stay just like that, with those misbehaving hands of yours pressed to the bed, until I say otherwise." Another caress drew a hitched breath before Nigel withdrew the touch of the gun. "Aren't you, angel?"

Will had no idea he had a gun kink, not until his cock twitched tellingly against the cold barrel of the gun Nigel teased him with. He gasped, nodding too quickly. "Of course," he said

a little breathlessly. "I'll do just *exactly* as you ask." Gods, had it only been a few days? It felt like months, every nerve ending in his body was alight for Nigel, missing him, wanting him, and even with his beloved in this condition, still bruised and bandaged, he was sexy as *fuck*. Hair in his eyes, that hungry, dangerous gleam. He felt heat wash over his cheeks even now, displayed as vulnerable as he was.

Nigel's lips curved in a knowing smirk, sharp eyes not missing the telling blush spreading endearingly across his lover's already flushed face, nor the aborted little thrust of narrow hips as the boy chased the cool caress as it was withdrawn. Sweet and needy, laying sprawled against the crisp white sheets, his angel was beautiful and tempting. With an ease borne from years of familiarity, Nigel dropped the magazine and ejected the chambered round with sure hands, catching the bullet as it flew from the gun and returning it to the magazine before shoving the clip back under his pillow, eyes never leaving the debauched vision waiting less than patiently beside him.

With the gun now rendered completely safe, Nigel locked his gaze with Will's, watching as the pale blue darkened, pupils dilating with want the further the tip of the barrel traveled up the smooth, soft skin of a trembling thigh. His smile was all teeth at the needy whimper that escaped from between bitten lips when the caress stopped short of where Will wanted it most. "You're fucking filthy, darling. Look at you," Nigel cooed in mock sympathy. "You always want what I give you, no matter how twisted. Fucking perfect."

Will's breath was shaky, and the humiliation of just exactly how eager and desperate he was for Nigel, for release, was almost too much. "*Please* ..." he begged, the end of his plea broken. He knew it would be weeks before he could get what he really wanted- a rough, hard fucking from Nigel's fat cock- but until then...gods, until then he would gladly take whatever Nigel was offering.

"Mmmm....so pretty when you beg, darling. And as much as it makes me want to fuck you raw right now, I'm afraid we may have to improvise a bit." Nigel traced the barrel back down the way it had come before setting it down on the sheets between his boy's legs before reaching up to cup and roll Will's sack with a warm palm. Watching avidly as the younger man squirmed and writhed beneath his touch, Nigel felt his own heart increase its beat, arousal heating his blood even as it was futile. "So here's what's going to fucking happen, darling. While I play with you, taking my time making you feel so fucking good that you'll keep making those beautiful fucking needy noises I love so much, you're going to tell me all about the dirty little fantasies you were having while you were jerking off in the shower without permission. And if you're very, very good, I might even let you come before the night's over. How does that sound, angel?"

Will looked up at Nigel, hands at his sides. "I'm not in much of a position to argue, now, am I? So where shall I start, at the beginning?" He asked, hoping the snarky, sassy tone would provoke his lover. It wouldn't be that rough, he knew, but they could still have a little fun.

Squeezing gently in reprimand for the snarky tone, Nigel hummed his agreement before releasing his hold to run a broad palm up over Will's flat stomach and chest, flicking a flat nipple casually in passing before slowly wrapping long fingers around the column of the younger man's neck. Relishing the feel of soft skin under his palm, the soft bob of the boy's Adam's apple as he swallowed in anticipation, Nigel drew him up into a gentle kiss that was all the more intense for the restraint humming just below the surface. "No, you're fucking not, darling, and of course from the beginning. I want to hear every dirty, filthy thought that ran through your head while you were stroking yourself. I want to hear from your own lips what it was that made you moan so fucking loud I could hear you through the fucking door. I want to know what makes my boy so hard he would disobey even knowing I'm right in the next fucking room." Pressing another kiss to the soft lips held so close to his own, Nigel smiled. "And you're going to tell me, sweetheart, even if I have to play with you all night."

Will's eyes widened at that, knowing Nigel just might do that, and knowing he might not be able to hold himself back, either. "Well, to be honest, I was thinking about your lips. Your mouth. On me. I...uhmmm," he paused, looking away and blushing deeply, "I really like your lips and how they feel on my body," he said in a breathy, quiet voice. He felt almost shy making the confession, after everything that they'd done, all the kinkiness, that something like a blow job would be his go-to fantasy. He feared Nigel would find it boring.

"That's a good start but I think you can do better. After all, angel, I'm a man that loves fucking details." Releasing Will's throat, Nigel slid his hand down, pressing against the smooth, hairless muscles of the smaller man's chest, pushing him to lay flat against the sheets once more. "Now, this fantasy you have about my mouth...which particular time did you have in mind?" Running the back of his fingers down the fine trail of hair leading to Will's groin, Nigel rumbled low in his chest, appreciating the way the muscles jumped and twitched beneath his touch.

Will thought back, hips arching up under Nigel's hands, eager for more contact, anything he could get. His cock moved, the tip contacting the edge of Nigel's hand, and he let out a moan as a fresh bead of pre-come dripped from the tip and down the side. "Coat closet at the club, that one night when...ahhh...fuck...when we had all those spring breakers in town. That big college football guy was flirting with me. You got jealous even though I didn't so much as look at him. You blew me in the closet. Got down on your knees, pulled open those skin-tight leather pants you'd bought me yourself. Yanked em down and sucked me to the... *fuck* ...back of your throat...you remember?" He panted.

Leaning carefully down, ignoring the sharp but blessedly brief pain in his side, Nigel nuzzled into the soft, humid skin of Will's throat, pressing smiling kisses into the damp skin. "I remember. I remember the way you looked in those fucking pants. Like a wet dream walking..." Hand wandering lower, Nigel stroked slowly, teasingly while continuing to mouth alone Will's jaw, nipping and sucking as he went. "I also remember the sweet, needy sounds you made while I swallowed you down, the way you begged me to let you come after only a few minutes. The way you almost cried when I told you no, that you'd have to fucking wait until I was buried balls deep in your tight little ass before you could."

The burning in said balls even now was nearly unbearable. A pulsing heaviness, a mind-numbing need that screamed *Want Want Want* like a mantra over and over. The mere memory of how good it felt, and now, those same soft, full lips on his neck. He pushed against Nigel's hand. "Yeah, I remember. It was cruel. So fuckin' mean, god..."

"Yeah, it was and you fucking loved it. And you're going to love this, too. Reach over there in the stand and see if you can't find something to make the way I fuck your sweet little hole with as many of my fingers as I can fit in there a bit easier on you." Leaning down as far as the wound in his side would let him, Nigel murmured silkily, "Because I promise you, darling, I'm in no mood to be gentle."

Will shivered at the words, at that voice he'd missed so badly, and those hands he'd wanted on his body for what felt like far longer than it had been. He stretched up, long, lean muscles rippling under pale skin, and opened the drawer beside the bed to look for something. Realizing it might take a bit more effort, he laughed a little, hoarse and dry, and rolled onto his belly, the ripe swell of his ass now exposed to the hungry eyes of his lover. He deliberately arched his lower back a bit, grinning to himself as he rummaged through the drawer, finally finding a bottle of lotion that would work. He lingered and finally turned around, biting his lip with a blush as he lay on his back again, knees bent, and handed Nigel the bottle. "This should work, hmm?"

Nigel grinned back at his boy, loving the sassy spirit that was such a huge part of why Nigel loved him so very fucking much. "It's your ass, angel..." Pumping an over-generous amount of the cool lotion into his palm, Nigel rubbed it around his hand to warm it a bit before taking Will's hard length in hand and pumping him with his slicked fist just to watch the younger man squirm with pleasure before leaving off to trail fingers down to rub firmly between Will's cheeks. "Almost four days, Will. Four days that I haven't been between your legs, fucking you, taking what's mine. You'll be so fucking tight...I'll have to work my fingers in one by one, won't I? You'll squirm and whine...start fucking begging me to hurry and give you more even though what you've got is hurting your poor little hole so good already..."

Nigel crooned the words, rubbing more of the lotion into the delicate skin he was playing with.

Will's mouth dropped open, head back and eyes closed as he let out a long, low moan. That one stroke took all he had not to come. It was too much, and he'd been hard for so long, but he focused as his thighs fell open, heels pushing against the sheets. He hiked his ass up a little more, giving Nigel easier access, not wanting him to have to exert too much effort or harm his injured side. "God...please. I'm not that tight. You can just, just do it already," he whispered a dark smirk on his lips. "Be rough if you want, hmmm?"

"God, you're fucking beautiful...the way you move..." Nigel's eyes roved hungrily over Will, taking in every inch of his pale skin, greedily eating up the way the younger man writhed and squirmed, the way his legs splayed wide in welcome and his hips rocked eagerly against where Nigel caressed him. Taking the invitation Will's tilted hips offered, Nigel began pushing his middle finger into the tight heat of his lover's body, both moaning as the furled rim tightened before giving reluctantly to allow the invasion. "There you go, just like that, darling. Let me in like a good boy." Not waiting for Will to relax much more despite the tender words, Nigel began pumping the thick finger working the tight passage open relentlessly, moving just a bit faster, just a bit more roughly, just the way Will liked. Sooner than was probably wise, Nigel added a second finger, sliding it in along with the first, panting as he watched the stretched skin clinging to his digits swell and redden.

The pleasurable stinging burn Will sought shot up his spine and set his nerves ablaze; his body predictably fought against the invasion, muscles tensing on instinct for several seconds until he coaxed them to relax. He felt the lotion heat to his body temperature and melt around the thick fingers inside him, and as the burn gave way to that feeling of fullness he craved, he pushed back for more. He knew he'd be sore, but he was always sore after Nigel. He loved it. Will looked down and licked his reddened lips. "More, please," he begged, toes curling.

"Greedy little thing...my precious angel, my only fucking love, you've only to ask."

Stopping only to squirt more lotion onto his fingers, Nigel pushed back in, twisting and screwing and pushing his way into the loosened opening, watching as the long digits disappeared into Will's eager body and internally cursing the long weeks it would take to heal enough before it would be a different part of his body pushing into the heat that was Will.

Knuckles deep, Nigel curled his fingers, seeking and finding the nub of Will's prostate, rubbing firmly and snarling at the keening wail it drew from his boy's lips. "Are you close, darling? I think you are, the way you're squeezing down on my fingers, the way your ass is sucking me in, you fucking have to be close." Fucking Will with three fingers now, Nigel picked up the pace, rough and fast and grazing his writhing lover's sweet spot with every thrust.

Will's hips came off the mattress when Nigel hit that sweet spot deep inside, the sound from his throat high and ashamedly wanton. The rosiness in his dewy cheeks deepened, fingers splayed against the bed and fisting against the sheets as he tried hard not to come yet. A fresh bead of pre-come oozed out, and he panted helplessly. "I need to come, please please Nigel, god fucking damn it let me come...."

"Damn, you're fucking hot when you beg..." And he was, face and neck flushed with need, skin glistening with sweat, lips bitten red and eyes glassy as he pleaded sweetly for release. "Never could say no to you, gorgeous. Go on, then, darling. Touch yourself, pump that pretty cock of yours and let me watch you shake apart for me. Cum for me, Will..."

Will's hand flew down his trembling belly to his cock, long fingers wrapping around tight, and blue eyes blown black with arousal focused entirely on Nigel. Within a few strokes, he erupted, hot streams of come landing up his chest and flat stomach as he cursed roughly. God, it felt so fucking good to come after the endless teasing and need. His balls emptied, and it felt like he just kept coming and coming. "Oh, fuck, Nigel, god ... fuck..." he was sweaty and panting and lay with a besotted look, staring up at the Romanian.

Slowing the thrust and roll of his hand as he watched the younger man come undone, Nigel could only stare, breathless at the incredible creature that let Nigel call his own. "Do you have any fucking idea how much you mean to me, angel? How fucking bleak my life was before you blew into it and turned everything upside down and inside out?" Drawing the spent boy up from his sprawl, Nigel brushed his lips gently across Will's. "Never going to let you go, sweet boy. Never."

Will was still shaking and felt himself grow emotional in the wake of his climax, the words Nigel spoke sinking into his heart deeply and winding through. He clutched him, careful not to grab too hard to anything critical, kissing him back. Two teardrops spilled from his eyes and didn't try to stop them. He wasn't ashamed of his feelings. "I love you. With everything. With all of me, I love you," he whispered.

Pressing a kiss to Will's sweaty curls, Nigel leaned heavily against the raised back of his bed, drawing Will down to lay against his chest and just let his mind drift. So much had changed since Will. His life was brighter, the boy's light reaching into the darkest recesses of a heart Nigel had long considered frozen, warming it and infusing it with happiness and a lust for life like nothing Nigel had ever known. For all the ugliness Nigel had introduced into Will's life, he still retained the innocence that had drawn the older man to him from that first fated

meeting. Even now Will's eyes were clear, only love for Nigel burning in that bright, untarnished gaze. It was humbling, to say the least.

But things would be different now that Will had spilled blood. Will could never go back to the life he had built for himself and that Nigel, by the simple act of being with him, had all but destroyed. Will had given up so much just to be with him without even having to be asked. The younger man had such a generous and giving heart and Nigel swore silently to himself to guard it always, to do whatever was in his power to never make Will regret having done so. Whatever the future held, Will would never have to doubt he was loved.

“Soul deep, angel. Soul deep.”

THREE MONTHS LATER...

The picture, even in the stark black and white of newspaper print, captured the happy couple in brilliant detail, conveying the joy and happiness of the moment in beautiful clarity as they stood on the courthouse steps. The younger man, all dark curls and shy smile, was radiant in his suit, a simple white carnation pinned to his lapel and his arm wrapped securely in that of his new husband's, who stood proudly by his side, smiling down with what could be only be called absolute adoration. The caption below was as simple as the couple it described was not:

“Mr. Nigel Ibanescu-Graham and Mr. William Graham are proud to announce their marriage today. The happy couple was joined in matrimony at the Algiers Courthouse in a civil ceremony with only close friends of the couple present as witnesses. A tour of Europe is planned for the honeymoon.”

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